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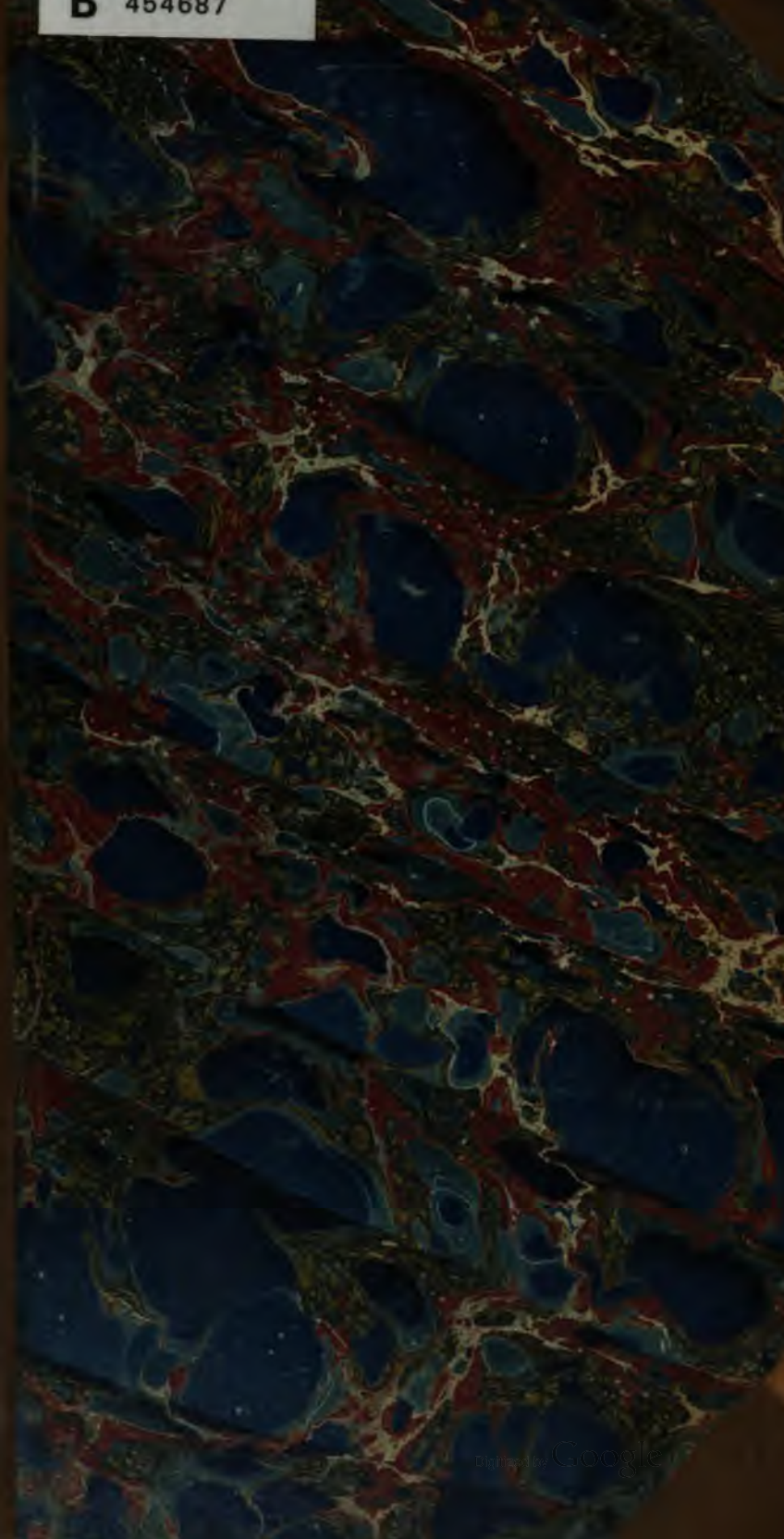
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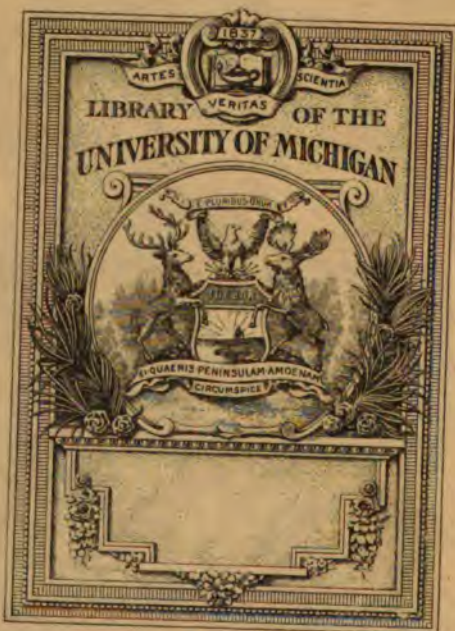
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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE NILE BASIN.\*

THE claims to have discovered the head reservoir of the Nile put forward by Captain Speke, have led to no small amount of discussion. M. A. d'Abbadie, who planted the tricolor flag at the source of the Blue Nile, still advocates for that tributary the honour of being the Nile *par excellence*. There is no doubt that the Blue River (Bahr el Azrek) was regarded by the Portuguese, up to the seventeenth century, as the true Nile, just as the Black River (Bahr el Aswad or Atbara) had been so considered by the Christians of Abyssinia till the eleventh century, when the plain country between the two rivers passed into the occupation of the Muhammadan people who still possess it. These views of the matter have been fully discussed by Dr. Beke, in his work on "The Sources of the Nile," where he says, page 3, "Had the Portuguese but known the White River (Bahr el Abiad), as did the Greek geographer whom they followed, and as we ourselves do, there would have been little to amend in their opinions with respect to the upper course of the Nile." This in reference to the views as pertinaciously upheld by Dr. Beke, regarding the "Godjeb" being the head tributary to the Nile, as M. d'Abbadie holds by the Bora Rock and its water-course, the Uma.

A distinguished geographer, whose opinions are alike far removed from either national or personal influences—M. Vivien de Saint-Martin—replied to M. d'Abbadie (*Procès-verbaux des Séances*, p. 470), to the effect that Herodotus describes the Nile as flowing from the west (which, while it places the Blue River out of the field, does not establish the claim of the White River); that the White River is the Astapus of Eratosthenes, which was the Nile, as also the Nile of Ptolemy, although the Alexandrian geographer made the Astapus a tributary; and that Nero's exploratory expedition was directed to the White River, which was always held by the people of Meroe to be the main tributary to the Nile.

The question, however, involved further the decision as to what really contributes the main tributary and the sources of a river. Dr. de Moussy argued the simplest view of the subject, that a spring and its effluent,

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\* The Nile Basin. Part I.—Showing Tanganyika to be Ptolemy's Western Lake Reservoir. By Richard F. Burton. Part II.—Captain Speke's Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By James M'Queen.

Le Livre du Capitaine Speke sur son Voyage à la Recherche des Sources du Nil, et Actes de la Société Procès-verbaux des Séances. (6 Mai, 1864.) Bulletin de la Société de Géographie, tome vii.

Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. viii. No. vi. October, 1864.



which is the most remote from the mouth, is, wherever it may be, the source of a river. This is the only possible view of the subject that is consistent with physical facts. That the sources of the Danube may be pointed out in the court of the Castle of Donauwerth, when the Berg, the Brigach, and the Urach come from the more remote portions of the Black Forest, only shows that local tradition will sometimes supersede the facts of the case. Such legendary show-places can have no weight with the geographer.

It has also been argued that where a great river has several tributaries, each tributary having also its various affluents, constituting each its own peculiar hydrographical basin, that the whole amount and extent of such basin should be taken into consideration, in order to determine which tributary should be considered as constituting the head waters of the main stream. If such an arbitrary mode of determining the fact was admitted, the claims of the Blue River, with its numerous Abyssinian tributaries, would certainly rival those of the White Nile, as far as we are at present acquainted with them, even if we include the tributaries of the Gazelle Lake (Bahr el Ghazal) in its hydrographical basin. When, however, the tributaries to the Bahari-ngo or Bahr Inju, and to the Victoria Nyanza from the eastern mountains, and to the Little Luta Nzi from the west, shall have been traced, it is probable that the White Nile will carry the day even in this point of view. But we cannot help thinking that such views, as well as the subordinate ones of the different character and colours of affluents, as well as the history of their colonisation and recognition as with respect to the Mississippi and the Missouri, as argued by M. de Quatrefages, ought to give way before the more conclusive fact of "the most remote of all sources." The Nile itself is precisely an example of the inconvenience that would accrue from adopting any such arbitrary classifications. The Black River is the most muddy tributary, and the one that contributes most to the fertility of Egypt. As thus, in fact, in part creating the country, and viewed in this sense, its claim to be considered the true Nile would be indisputable. Again, the earliest colonies which went to constitute the ancient kingdom of Meroe were founded on the Blue River, which would thus, in some sense, be considered as historically the true Nile, the White Nile having only been more recently explored (although anciently known), and even not as yet colonised, save by the poor slave-hunted Shilluk, Denka, Bahari, and other Ethiopic tribes. But viewing the question in the simple point of view as to which is the most remote source from the Mediterranean, there can be no question as to the claims of the Victoria Nyanza to be considered as one of the head reservoirs of the Nile.

This established, the question as to which are the most remote tributaries to the Victoria Nyanza in the first place, and to the White River, of which the Nyanza is but a tributary, in the second place, present themselves in all the interesting perplexity of disputed points. It is in connexion with these points that M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, following M. Maltebrun, says, in his notice of Captain Speke's work (Bull. p. 204): "As to the principal question of the sources of the Nile which the traveller thinks that he has determined, there are many great reserves to make. No, Captain Speke has not discovered the sources of the Nile. He has not explored Lake Nyanza, and knows nothing of its tributaries

to the east, which come down most assuredly from the mountainous massive of the Kenia and the Kilima-njaro; he cannot even affirm in an absolute manner that the river which the expedition rejoined in the third degree of latitude, and which flows past Gondo Koro, is identically the same as that which flows out of the Nyanza, the same in the sense that it shall not have received in the unexplored interval an affluent of such magnitude as to have a right to the first rank."

We have already dwelt in our notice of Captain Speke's book upon the first deficiency. That the information obtained by the lamented traveller from the Arabs, that all to the east of the lake was "rolling ground, intersected by rivalets and runnels, but with no rivers," and beyond a "rolling plateau, with occasional salt plains and lakes," is open to the greatest doubts, there can be no question. It is impossible but that a range of mountains, of which the snow-clad Kilima-njaro and Kenia constitute the culminating points, must have westerly water-courses. In crossing from the coast to Kaseh, Major Burton and Captains Speke and Grant met with no large stream that would indicate that the westerly waters of the Kilima-njaro flowed in that direction. If they do not, then, flow directly to Lake Nyanza, they may follow a north-westerly course, possibly like the Dora in the Vale of Aosta, along a longitudinal valley, or by plateau lakes to the basin of the Bahari-ngo. We know positively, from information by Krapf, that a river flows in a north-west direction from Kenia to the lake variously designated Bahari-ngo, "the great water," Baringo, and Bahr Inju, "the narrow lake," and the existence of the same lake, as at certain seasons constituting a portion of the basin of the Nyanza, was confirmed by information obtained by Captain Speke.

It is, however, a most important point, and one that is constantly overlooked in connexion with M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's objections, that supposing the sources of the Nile to be in the mountains of Kilima-njaro and Kenia, the East African Ghants of Burton and Beke's Mountains of the Moon (only that the latter has given them a far too easterly course in their northern prolongation in order to get his imaginary Godjeb into the map), such sources will be only a trifle farther removed from the Mediterranean than the head of Lake Nyanza, and if it turns out that the westerly affluents of Kilima-njaro do not long belong to the basin of the Nile, and only those of Kenia, they will not be so remote.

There is another point connected with this view of the subject which has also been overlooked in the controversy. Captain Speke reached the Kitangulú Kagera, or river, which he had ascertained fell into Lake Nyanza on its western side in the year 1858, on the 16th of January, 1862. "Once over," he says, "I looked down on the noble stream with considerable pride. About eighty yards broad, it was sunk down a considerable depth below the surface of the land, like a huge canal, and is so deep, it could not be poled by the canoe-men, while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour.

"I say I viewed it with pride, because I had formed my judgment of its being fed from the high-seated springs in the Mountains of the Moon solely on scientific geographical reasonings; and from the bulk of the stream, I also believed those mountains must attain an altitude of 8000 feet or more, just as we find they do in Ruanda. I thought then to myself, as I did at Rumanika's, when I first viewed the Mfumbiro

cones, and gathered all my distant geographical information there, that these highly-saturated Mountains of the Moon give birth to the Congo as well as to the Nile, and also to the Shiré branch of the Zambesi" (p. 263).

The expression here used, "give birth to the Nile," plainly implies that Captain Speke viewed at that time the sources of the Kitangulú as the head springs or waters of that river. But this is a question of exceeding delicacy. Lake Akanyara, viewed in the present state of our information as that source of the Kitangulú which is the most remote from its junction with the Nyanza, and therefore as its head water, is very little farther removed from the mouths of the Nile than are the southern extremities of Nyanza or the flanks of Mount Kenia. If any tributaries flow from the south into the Nyanza, or from the heights south of Kenia into the Bahari-ngo, they would be more remote than the head waters of the Kitangulú.

Captain Speke appears himself to have somewhat modified his views in the progress of his work, for at p. 467 he says: "The most remote waters, or top head of the Nile, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe." According to Captain Speke's own map, this statement is not precisely correct. The distance measured off on that map from Khartûm to the extreme of Lake Akanyara and to Urima, at the extreme of Victoria Nyanza, leaves a balance of eighteen miles at least in favour of Lake Akanyara, or, in other words, the extreme end of that lake is eighteen miles farther from Khartûm than the extreme point of the Nyanza. If a river, or nullah, however, flow into Lake Victoria at Urima, or at its extreme southerly extension, as is marked on Captain Speke's map, it is impossible not to suppose that such a stream comes from a distance of more than eighteen miles, and hence supposing, as the captain avers, from information obtained from Arabs, that no other rivers flow into Lake Nyanza from the east—a state of things which, as we have before observed, is very improbable—the sources of the Urima River will be the head waters of the Nile, as far as Lake Nyanza is concerned.

The next consideration associated with the criticisms of the French geographers in regard to Captains Speke and Grant not having positively determined that the stream which the expedition joined under the third degree of (north) latitude, and which flows past Gondokoro, is identically the same as that which issues from Lake Nyanza, the same in the sense that it shall not have received in the unexplored interval any affluent sufficiently considerable to have a right to the first rank, involves several points of great interest.

Dr. Beke and Messrs. Vaux and Hogg have, as well as Major Burton, advocated the claims of Lake Tanganyika to be considered as the head reservoir of the Nile.

As the course of the rivers flowing in or out of Lake Tanganyika has never been satisfactorily determined, this view of the subject is not so illusory as has been argued by some. The difference in elevation

between Lake Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika has been proximately determined at 1896 feet (Lake Nyanza 3740 feet above the sea; Tanganyika 1844 feet), and this difference, although Major Burton admits that the observations at the latter lake were made under such difficulties from blindness superinduced by sickness, that they can only be taken approximatively, is still so great as to at once forbid any theoretical attempt at making the one flow into the other. Add to this, that Captains Speke and Grant, by their recent journey from Kaseh along the western side of Lake Nyanza to the Nile, must of necessity have crossed any affluent from Lake Tanganyika to Lake Nyanza, but they met with none of importance save the Kitangulé, and its stream flows from too high a country to admit for a moment the idea of its being the outlet of Tanganyika. Rumanika, King of Karagué, also took Captain Speke, on the 3rd of December, 1861, on a special trip in order to show him "how the Kitangulé River was fed by small lakes and marshes, in accordance with my expressed wish to have a better comprehension of the drainage system of the Mountains of the Moon."

Major Burton gave it as his opinion at the meeting of the British Association held at Bath, September 16, 1864, that Lake Tanganyika was Ptolemy's western head lake, or reservoir of the Nile, and Lake Nyanza the eastern. They were told, he said, by the Arabs that the river issued from the lake, but afterwards they were told that it came into the lake; and after remaining there three months in perfect misery, they were obliged to depart without having settled by ocular examination a leading point upon which Major Burton is now at variance with Captain Speke, as also with his own published results.

The "Mountains of the Moon," as sketched upon the map, encircling, first, the head of the lake and then that of Lake Rusizi, by Captain Speke, are, there is every reason to believe, a mistake; but there can be no doubt as to the existence of a group of mountains of which Mfumbiro, however much its elevation may have been over-estimated, appears to be the culminating point, since Captain Speke saw such with his own eyes, and it would further appear that these mountains constitute the dividing range between the upland basin of the Nile and the lowland basin of the Rusizi and Lake Tanganyika.

Dr. Beke says: "Lest it should be imagined that I wish to make the waters of Lake Tanganyika run up-hill, it is proper to explain that the range of lofty mountains bearing the name of the Mountains of the Moon, shown in the map of Captain Speke's 'Journal' as encircling the small Lake Rusizi at the north end of Tanganyika, has no truth in existence, except on paper. . . . If, then, this hypothetical range of mountains is removed from the map, it will be seen that there is room left—and, so far as may be judged by the relative levels, there is ample fall—for Lake Tanganyika to join the Nile."

In Captain Speke's map, published by Stanford, Little Luta Nzige is, it is to be observed, marked as being 2200 feet above the level of the sea, while Tanganyika is only 1800 feet; the Mountains of the Moon, encircling Lake Rusizi, are also omitted. As no one, except, perchance, Mr. Baker, has yet visited Little Luta Nzige, we must suppose the elevation given to be merely approximative, but still it would appear to be

rather in the basin of the Nyanza and of the White Nile than in that of Tanganyika.

It is manifest that it was the original impression entertained by Major Burton, in opposition to Captain Speke, who started for Nyanza in pursuit of the sources of the Nile, that Lake Tanganyika constituted one of the head reservoirs of the great river. When at Uvira, the most northerly point which they reached on the lake, and the three sons of Sultan Maruta all asserted, "and every man in the host of bystanders confirmed their words, that the 'Rusizi' enters into, and does not flow out of, Tanganyika, I felt sick at heart," says the intrepid explorer, so great was his disappointment. (*The Lake Regions, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 117.)

At page 146, Major Burton says: "At the northern extremity of the Urundi sea-face, and at the head of the Tanganyika, lies the land of Uzige; it is rarely visited except by the Lakist traders. This people, who, like their neighbours, cannot exist without some form of traffic, have, it is said, pursued the dhows of the earlier Arab explorers with a flotilla of small canoes; it is probable that negro traders would be better received. In their country, according to the guides, six rivers fall into the Tanganyika in due order from the east: the Kuryamavenge, the Molongwe, the Karindira, the Kariha, the Kibaiba, and, westernmost, the Rusizi or Lusizi. The latter is the main drain of the northern countries, and the best authorities, that is to say those nearest the spot, unanimously assert that it is an influent!" It is manifest from his map that Captain Speke adopted this view of the subject, and that what further oral information he was able to obtain corroborated what was supposed to be ascertained on the occasion of the first expedition—that Lake Rusizi poured its waters into Lake Tanganyika.

Still, in the absence of positive demonstration of the fact, it is impossible not to admit that a doubt hangs over the whole question. When Major Burton says that the "Lakist traders" pursued the dhows of the earlier Arab explorers on Lake Tanganyika, no one has yet ventured to suggest whence came these Arab boats? If Lake Tanganyika really poured its waters, as Hamid bin Sulayyam and the Msawahili assured Major Burton, into Lake Rusizi, and they flowed thence by Little Luta Nzige Lake into the Nile, the Arabs would simply have come up the Nile in their dhows, or barks, to Lake Tanganyika.\*

With regard to the levels, as far as these are known, we have the difference between 1844 feet, the elevation of Lake Tanganyika above the sea, and 1605, the elevation of the Nile at Gondokoro, or as the waters of Little Luta Nzige flow into the Nile above that point, but below the Karuma Falls, where the elevation is 2000 feet, we may say at an elevation of 1650 feet. This would give a fall of 194 feet from Lake Tanganyika, by Lake Rusizi and the Little Luta Nzige to the Nile, a distance of about 400 geographical miles, or  $67\frac{1}{2}$  feet per hundred miles, and about 8 inches per mile.

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\* It appears, however, that the Arab traders and travellers in these realms sometimes construct dows, or dhows, on the lakes themselves. Dr. Livingstone found two Arab traders engaged in building such a boat to replace one that had been wrecked in crossing Lake Nyassa at Kotakota Bay, in lat. 12 deg. 55 min. S.



Mr. Cooley pointed out (*Ath.*, No. 1889) from Dr. Beke's own elaborate disquisition on the level of the Nile (*The Sources of the Nile*, p. 36), that when the latter geographer adopts 1900 feet for the approximate height of Gondokoro above the ocean, he makes Tanganyika 70 feet lower than the Nile at that point. (Taking 1844 feet for the elevation of the latter, the difference would appear, according to Dr. Beke's estimates, to be 46 feet.) But the fact is, that much difference of opinion exists as to the elevation of Khartūm and Gondokoro. The most reliable observations appear to be those of Dovyak, made for several successive months at Khartūm and at Gondokoro during a whole year, in which respect they differ much from those made by Russegger and Captain Peel, and which, calculated by Professor Kreil of Vienna (see Beke, and also Ravenstein, *Introd. to Krapf*, p. xxix.), give to Khartūm an elevation of 882 English feet above the level of the sea, and to Gondokoro an elevation of 1605 feet. This would give a much less amount of fall—only 239 feet, or, as we have estimated, 194 feet—between Tanganyika and the Nile than what would be deduced from Speke's section attached to his map of Equatorial Africa.

The fact of the Little Luta Nzige joining the Nile below the Karuma Falls, would seem to corroborate this view of the subject, however much it may be militated against by the information obtained by Speke. The little dependence that can be placed upon information so obtained, is sufficiently attested by the fact that Speke several times asserts that it is sufficient that a native should say that a river flows out of a lake, to believe that it flows into it, and *vice versa*!

Both Speke and Dr. Murie, struck with the sluggishness of the waters of the Nile below the Falls, have suggested that Little Luta Nzige may be a backwater. It is not impossible that, considering the low level of the Luta Nzige valley, whether connected with Tanganyika or not, and the slight fall of that water-course, that at certain seasons the more impetuous current of the highland reservoir of Lake Nyanza may rush back into the more westerly lake, as the Nile waters may also do into the Gazelle Lake, thus maintaining, by a very providential arrangement, the flood of the lower Nile a longer time than would otherwise be the case.

Admitting also this view of the subject, it would not militate against the supposition of Lake Nyanza inundating a large portion of Uganda and Unyoro in ancient times, or even now at times of flood, when it would pour its surplus into Little Luta Nzige as it did when explored by Speke, by several different channels into the Nile. Lake Nyanza may, indeed, be considered as in a state of transition; its permanent or legitimate condition would be, when the Ripon Falls are so reduced as to lead its waters out by one channel, as is the case with most other lacustrine expanses. The Mfumbiro Mountains would, in such a case, as before observed, be the dividing ridge between the highland expanse of Lake Nyanza and the lowland valley of the Rusizi, the ancient kingdom of Kittara occupying the country intervening between the two. With a fall so slight as that indicated, the greater portion of this latter lowland valley would thus be essentially lacustrine, and hence, possibly, as shown by the presence of Arab dhows on Lake Tanganyika, there would be unin-

interrupted navigation from the mouths of the Nile to the extremity of the great lake.

It seems highly improbable, however, that if such a line of communication existed, it should have remained so long unknown. Its existence would not only be opposed to the old theories of Lacedæ and Ritter, advocated by Sir R. I. Murchison, of a continuous central African upland—a theory which is also opposed by what we know of the Okavango or Chobe, the main tributaries of the Zambesi, coming down from the almost littoral mountains of Western Africa—but it would constitute the most ready means of reaching Central Eastern Africa, and of carrying civilisation and good tidings to many a benighted nation of the interior, and of opening the country generally. Tanganyika is said to be connected during the rainy season with Lake Rukwe, and whether by that route, or by the old Portuguese track from what was Cazembé town, on Lake Movo to Tété, a ready prolongation of this great interior highway presents itself to the Zambesi.

Several maps of the sixteenth century are in existence, which represent the Nile as having its origin from three lakes, viz. Bahari-ngo (if it is not the same, or part of Lake Nyanza), Lake Nyanza, and the Little Luta Nzige. One of these, published at Basle in 1538, represents the three several lacustrine systems, and further supplies the information that the waters of the river are increased by streams flowing from the snow-clad mountains of East Africa, which are designated as "*Montes Luna nivosi unde augetur Nilus.*" Any claims, then, on the part of geographers—excepting actual explorers—to assert priority in modern times, whether of first identifying the eastern chain with the Mountains of the Moon, or of first advocating the inclusion of Lake Nyanza within the basin of the Nile ("Who Discovered the Sources of the Nile?" Williams and Norgate, 1863), must give way before these anterior determinations, which have again themselves to yield priority to the old Alexandrian geographer, Ptolemy. All that has been really wanting, and is yet wanting, are the topographical details.

Mr. Cooley holds that Lake Nyassa has a north-western prolongation, and that it is continuous with Tanganyika, forming an elongated lake, called Nanja Mucúro.\* Dr. Livingstone, in his last journey, explored highlands north-west of Nyassa, with a delicious air, adorned with hill and dale, and fringed with evergreen trees. There were also running streams, one flowing as a river to the Nyassa, and one to the Zambesi, and beyond the watershed the Moitawa, which flows into a small lake, called Bemba, and from this river issued, according to native and Arab report, the River Luapula, which, flowing west, forms Lake Mofue, and then passing the town of Cazembe, turns to the north, and is lost in Tanganyika. The latter correspond to the Lake Movo and the River Lunde of Ravenstein's sketch map of East Africa. With regard to the existence of a large river flowing into the northern end of Nyassa from Tanganyika, Dr. Livingstone was assured by all the natives of whom he inquired, that there was no such stream, but that two small rivers alone enter the lake from the north. Captain Speke expressed his belief that at one period there might have been a union between Nyassa and Tanganyika, and

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\* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. viii. No. vi.

he thought there was still a river connexion between them. The connexion of Tanganyika with Lake Rukwe during the rainy season would seem to lend further countenance to this view of the subject, and if this were the case, we should have the remarkable phenomenon of a watershed between Nyassa and Tanganyika in dry seasons, and of waters possibly flowing from the latter lake in the rainy season northwards to the Nile and southwards to the Zambesi—just as the waters of Livingstone's Lake Dilolo flow north to the Congo and south to the Zambesi. Captain Speke, in a letter to the *Athenæum* (No. 1891), himself admits that all the Arab traders spoke of the lakes as joining one another. Persons entertaining two apparently opposite opinions, as Mr. Cooley, that Tanganyika flows into Nyassa, and Dr. Beke, that Tanganyika flows into the Nile, may thus turn out to be alike correct—at certain seasons of the year, or in a former condition of things. The elevation of Lake Nyassa, given by Dr. Kirk as 1520 feet above the level of the sea, or 324 feet below Tanganyika, affords, however, a greater amount of inclination between Tanganyika and the Zambesi than between that lake and the Nile. Dr. Kirk, who has navigated the Nyassa, remarks that if the Tanganyika flowed into the Nyassa there would be far more water in the latter lake than flowed out, or the loss of which could be accounted for by evaporation. The natural productions of the two lakes also differ. Of the fish brought from the Nyassa every one was a new species. The shells were also found to be as peculiar as the fish, and differed essentially from the shells brought by Major Burton from Lake Tanganyika.

It would seem improbable that a vast body of water like Tanganyika should have no outlet; yet if we adopt the two statements, that of Speke that the Rusizi flows into it from the north, and that of Dr. Livingstone that the Luapula flows into it from the south, it would be left in that peculiar position. Dr. Kirk, however, asserts (*Proc. of R. G. S.*, vol. viii. No. vi. p. 262) "that the Arabs spoke of the Luapula running to the northward into a small lake; but on being examined, it appeared to have no connexion with the Tanganyika." Mr. M'Queen, a distinguished African geographer, who has laboured for upwards of half a century in deciphering puzzles of this kind, also declares that there can be no connexion between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika—that such connexion is impossible, and that the country between Tété and Cazembé has been often traversed by the Portuguese, and nobody had ever heard of a connexion between them, or was such marked in the old Portuguese maps. It would perhaps have been more satisfactory had the veteran geographer said that the country between Cazembé and "the coast" had been often traversed, and nobody had heard of a connexion.

Speke was much disappointed with the Bahr el Ghazel, or Gazelle Lake. "Instead," he says, "of finding a huge lake, as described in our maps, as an elbow of the Nile, we found only a small piece of water resembling a *duck-pond* buried in a sea of rushes" (p. 609).

A considerable tributary to the White Nile, called the Asua, it is to be observed, had been met with before this, not far from the junction of the Little Luta Nzige, only on the right bank. This tributary, according to Major Burton, flows from the Bahari-ngo, and constitutes, according to him, the true eastern branch of the White Nile. This is quite possible, and according to the positioning of places given in Burton's map, the

affluent from the Kenia to the said Bahari-ngo would be as remote as the southerly extreme of Lake Nyanza.

But to return to the Gazelle Lake. It can be readily imagined that Captains Speke and Grant, hurrying home with the important intelligence of the discovery of the outlet of Lake Nyanza, should see only their own river flowing through the duck-pond with "majestic grace;" but we know better things of this vast collection of more or less stagnant waters and marsh. We know from Mr. Petherick's several navigations of the lake, as well as from the explorations of French travellers, that it is—at all events, at the season of inundation—a very considerable sheet of water. Petherick, on his first journey, navigated it for six days, but was so baffled by the reeds as to be unable to reach the shore. Afterwards, when better acquainted with its winding and intricate channels, it still took five days and nights to navigate from its outlet at the Nile to its termination at Kyt Island, and Mr. Petherick estimated it at about a hundred and eighty miles in length. (Egypt, &c., p. 388.) Besides reeds, papyrus, and other dense vegetation, there is a tree called the ambash, or pith-tree (*Herminiera elaphroxyton*), which grows so rapidly in these climates that in three years it nearly choked up the channel of the lake. (Notes on Captain Grant's Collection of Plants, by Dr. T. Thomson, F.R.S.) Dr. Heuglin, a botanist, who accompanied the Dutch ladies, the Baroness A. van Capellan and Mrs. and Miss Tinné, in their navigation of this lake, calls the "ambadah" *Anemone mirabilis*, and he compares its forests to rows of well-used brooms, very fragile, and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The remarkable explorations of these Dutch ladies have confirmed what had been previously announced by M. Brun-Rollet and other French travellers, that there are other lakes in the same hydrographical depression—notoriously Lakes No or Nū and Rek, upon the latter of which is the Mishra Rek, or Port of Rek. The steamer had on this occasion to be towed through the thickets of reeds and other obstructive plants.

This hydrographical basin is fed by tributaries of various magnitude and importance from the north-west, west, and south-west. The latter are exceedingly numerous, and they come from the country of the Dūr or Dor, the Jūr, the Nyam Nyams, or "men-eaters," and the Nyam Bahari. Petherick marks a main branch, but does not name it. Messrs. Poncet, in their elaborate map, make the chief tributary the Bahr Jūr, and mark the others as being chiefly artificial canals.

The main tributaries from the north-west are the Bahr el Arab, which, with its affluents, waters the region of Dar-fūr, and the Misselad, or Massalyt, also called in other portions of its course Illes, Kailāh, Um el Timan, Iro Bahr, names also of its tributaries, all of which flow from Waday. It is uncertain, however, whether the Misselad flows from Lake Fitri, in Waday, to the Nile, or whether this latter lake does not constitute a basin apart from the Misselad, which flows to the Gazelle Lake.

The most important, however, and central western tributary to the lake, has been called Bahr el Ghazal, Apabū, Kuwān, Bahr el Ullū, or Wāū, Nil et Nid, and Bahr el Lessel; and Lejean, a distinguished African explorer, has also named several other tributaries to the same river from the north and south. There is reason to believe that this little explored tributary to the Nile has its sources not far from those of the Shari, which flows into Lake Tehad, or Tsad of Barth, and the Benuwé which flows

into the Kawara, or Niger. There may be a dividing ridge between the two, but from the information obtained by Barth when in Adamawa of a great lake to the south-east, and by Vogel of a similar southerly lake, these rivers may have their origin from some great central lacustrine expanse or marsh, varying in its characters at different seasons of the year, just as Livingstone found in regard to the Liba, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kasye, or Upper Congo, both of which originate from one lake—the Dilolo.

There is, lastly, an unexplored hydrographical basin between the system as here depicted and the upper tributaries of the Congo and the great basin of the Rusizi, or Tanganyika. This also has been designated as the Liba, and connected with it is a great lake remarkable for an island, with the mausoleum of one Sülimān Ben Bigli. M. Lejean associates, from information derived from the natives, numerous towns and tribes with this basin, which he isolates from all others. There is, however, reason to believe that it is the same as Speke's Little Luta Nsige, on which there is, according to Speke's map, an island called Ghazi, or "the Holy." It is precisely on such a line of internal water communication with the Nile, formerly navigated by Arab dhows, that, whether extending to Tanganyika or not, we might expect to find the tomb of a distinguished Arabian chief and holy man. These Central African tributaries to the Nile, even if correctly laid down, would not, however, apparently in any instance, present such remote sources of the Nile as the nullah or river of Urima, at the extreme south point of Lake Nyanza.

We now turn to the easterly tributaries to Lake Nyanza and to the Nile. The western slopes of Kilima-njaro and its connected mountains would, at first sight, appear to be geographically associated with the basin of the Nile. But doubts have been thrown upon any such connexion. First, by Baron Charles von Decken, who ascended the mountain to an elevation of 13,900 feet, and ascertained that it attained a total elevation of 20,065, with a permanent snow-line at 17,000 feet; and further ascertained that there was another range of mountains extending a considerable distance to the westward, which, the baron said, precluded the idea of any rivers flowing westward towards Lake Nyanza. Secondly, by Captain Speke, who asserts, upon information derived from the natives and Arab merchants, that no rivers flow into the Nyanza from the east.

The doubts thus suggested are, however, not of a perfectly satisfactory character. A snow mountain of 20,000 feet in elevation, and where it is said to rain ten months in the year, must give off abundant waters to the west as well as to the east; and that these do not return to the east coast, is, to a certain extent, shown by the intervention of the chains of Ugono, 5000 feet high, and of the Arnaha, 4000 feet, as also by the non-existence of any rivers on the east coast save that of Pangani, which appears to drain the western and southern flanks of the mountain, and the Zave, Adi, or Sabaki, which appears to drain its northern flanks. To say that, because standing on Mount Kilima-njaro, a westerly range beyond precluded the idea of a river flowing in that direction, would be the same as if a person stood for the first time on Mount Ararat and declared that no river flowed to the Persian Gulf from the uplands of Armenia because the Taurus intervened, when both the Tigris and the Euphrates flow through that chain of mountains. The map of the



missionaries, published by Rebmann, and that of Krapf, the accuracy of which is confirmed by Baron von Decken, who found Lake Jipé, or Ibé,\* where the missionaries placed it, have a Lake Luaya at the western foot of Kilima-njaro, and a Lake Ro, as also several others† still farther to the west. Speke and Grant did not meet with any great river flowing from the north-east on crossing the country from the ocean to Lake Nyanza, so that the waters from the west of Kilima-njaro must flow to that lake, or take a northerly course to Bahari-ngo, or be lost in the country of the Masai. If we are to give credit to Speke's informants, one of the two latter categories present themselves, but little reliance can be placed upon information so obtained, as was shown both in Speke's first and second journeys. A remarkable declivity, sloping towards the interior, and called Ndunguni, appears to separate the Kilima-njaro group from that of Kenia, but the missionaries describe several lofty mountains as existing between the two, as well as south-west of Kilima-njaro; and Baron von Decken described the "range," not the mountain of Kilima-njaro, as being too high for him to see to the north. There must, therefore, in all probability, be other streams flowing to the westward of these mountains, and as they cannot well be all absorbed in the "rolling plateau, with salt plains and lakes," of Masai, some must reach Lake Nyanza, or have a common flow to the Bahari-ngo. If further researches should prove that waters flow from the actual base of Kilima-njaro, or from Mount Mloso, south-west of it, either to Lake Nyanza or to Bahari-ngo, such sources would be more remote than the southern extremity of the Nyanza, or even of the nullah of Urima, as far as we at present know of its course.

Little requires to be said concerning Mount Kenia, as the information which Speke obtained of the existence of a great lake, which he calls Baringo, to the east or north-east of Victoria Nyanza, goes to confirm the information first obtained by Dr. Krapf of a tributary to the Nile flowing from the western or north-western foot of that lofty mountain, with its outlying volcano, by that lake to the Nile. Speke says upon this point: "Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward; and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on the latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connexion between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connexion between my salt lake and his salt lake, which he heard was called Barinjo" (p. 468). Dr. Krapf himself spells the name Baringu, and he says that, according to his informant, "you may travel a hundred days along its shores and find no end" (*Travels, &c.*, p. 546). This is the description of a tributary to the Nile, rather than of a lake, and would seem to indicate, as is also now advocated we see by Major Burton, that the river Asua of Speke spreads out in its upper portion into a wide,

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\* M. V. A. Maltebrun gives credit (*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, vième série, tome v. p. 51) to Baron von Decken and Thornton for having "constaté l'existence du lac Jibé ou Jipé"—that is to say, established its existence; but it occurs under the name of Ibé in Rebmann's map, dated Rabbaï Mpiá, April 4th, 1850.

† Olmaniana, Neimascha, and Wasigniru, in Krapf's map.

sluggish, lacustrine bed, and hence its Arab name Bahr-injū—"the narrow sea or lake." Krapf also speaks of it as "a lake or chain of lakes." It is quite true what Speke says of this unexplored water system, that "in no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact, that the head of the Nile is in three degrees south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be." In other words, if the sources of the Bahari-ngo, or Asua tributary to the Nile, are derived solely from Mount Kenia, Kegnia, or Kirenia, as it has been indifferently written, and that lake or river does not receive any affluent from Kilima-njaro, it will not constitute so remote a source as the nullah of Urima, at the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza.

The more or less connected ranges of hills and mountains of which Kilima-njaro and Kenia constitute the culminating points south of the equator, are continued to the north by the Obala, reported to be of volcanic origin, and covered with perpetual snow, the Fah Dongo, Fah Klū, Fah Raiha, Fah Kuma—the two latter culminating points in the central snowy chain of the Himadū—Fah Dūle, Fah Dunga, or Hamatsha, discovered by Tremaux, and Fah Zoglū, on the Blue Nile.\* The word "Fah," which is found throughout the whole length of this East African chain of mountains, means simply "mountain" in the native dialects, and it has been applied incorrectly to the name of a country, as in the instance of Fahdongo, or Fondango; and to a station, as in the case of Fahzoglū, the great emporium of the Turks on the Blue Nile.

Snow mountains had been seen as far back as 1849, by Captain Short, when navigating the Jūb (see Krapf's map) in the direction of the upper White Nile, but we are indebted to M. Brun Rollet for first ascertaining that they were known to the Arab traders as the "Imadou," an appellation which we had shown elsewhere (*New Monthly Magazine*, Feb., 1863) would in its more correct etymology, Himadū, embrace like the Himalaya, the Sanscrit term Hima "snow," adopted by the Greeks in their Imaus, or Emaus, and Imadus or Emodus. It was known to Pliny that the word Imaus signified "snowy" (vi. c. 17). The resemblance of the name of Hæmus (Bal-khan, or Balkan) to the Sanscrit Hima, Greek Cheima, and Latin Hiems, is also generally admitted.

Fernandez de Enciso, in his "Suma de Geographia" (published as far back as 1530), and quoted by Cooley in his "Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 127, and by Beke in his pamphlet "On the Mountains, &c.," said, speaking of Mombas, "West of this port stands the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia (Kilima-njaro), which is exceedingly high; and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, in which are the sources of the Nile." The "Mountains of the Moon" of the Portuguese geographer corresponded then with the East African chain, and not with the "Mountains of the Moon" of Speke. Mr. Cooley, it is true, does not believe in the existence of either "Mountains of the Moon" or of any Eastern African chain whatsoever (*Ath.*, No. 1889), but the mass of information obtained by Krapf, Rebman, Brun Rollet, Trémaux, Peney, De Bono, Baron von

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\* Dr. Peney and De Bono also noticed a lofty mountain in the same range which they call *Ferica*, probably the same as Fah Raiha (*Bull. de la Soc. de Géographie v<sup>ème</sup> série*, tome v. p. 48).

Decken, and others, besides the statements of Fernandez de Enciso, and older geographers, leave little doubt upon the subject.

The erroneous theory of a great westerly curve of the Abyssinian river, or rather the great stream which in part waters the countries of Inarya and Kaffa (the latter the original country of coffee, and which gave its name to the berry), known as the Jüb, Go-jüb, or Godjeb, and Uma, and the existence of which has been so long and so earnestly advocated by Beke in this country, by Kloden in Germany, and by D'Abbadie in France—a theory which led to the French flag being planted on the Bora Rock at the springs of the Uma, as the supposed sources of the Nile—had, by its acceptance, the effect of placing the meridian of this East African anti-clinal axis, or, in other words, the central line of the eastern chain and dividing ridge—Beke's Mountains of the Moon (Sources of the Nile, and On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile)—with its eastern and western watershed too far to the east, in order to leave space in the west for this great imaginary spiral (see general map of the basin of the Nile to illustrate Beke's Sources of the Nile). The fact is, that the most central, massive, and remarkable portion of this chain—the Himadū—occupies the very region through which this great spiral tributary to the Nile was made to flow. The Catholic missionaries residing at Bonjah, the capital of Inarya—Bishop Massaja and Father Léon des Avanchers—have shown that the Uma, or Jüb, flows into the Indian Ocean, as was, indeed, long before surmised; and further, that it is navigated by Arab boats close up to Bonjah; while the exploration of the Sobat—the river supposed to carry the waters of the Uma, or Godjeb, into the Nile—on the other, or western side, by M. de Bono, has shown that river to terminate in branches flowing from the western flanks of the Himadū.

So far, then, concerning the known and supposed circumscription of the basin of the Nile, as discussed alike by travellers and by those who have made the geography of the interior of Africa the study of years, and among whom we may fairly class ourselves, at the expiration of some thirty years' inquiries and interest in the subject. They are the results of a fair, impartial, and unbiased inquiry and discussion. It is, then, not without pain that we turn to a work written by Speke's fellow-traveller, Major Burton, in which everything that it is possible to do to undervalue the former's exploratory labours and their important results is done, and that with a partiality that is more than suspicious. It was when travelling with Burton that Speke first discovered Lake Nyanza, and his less fortunate fellow-traveller seems never to have forgiven the brilliancy of an achievement which left him comparatively in the shade. Although in his maps he makes the Rusizi flow into Lake Tanganyika, he has now returned to his original theory, that it is possible that that river flows in an opposite direction, and that Tanganyika is one of the head reservoirs of the Nile. Not content with this, which would, as we have before explained, make Tanganyika also the more remote sources of the Nile, he positively effaces Lake Nyanza from the map. He avers that the lake discovered at Muanza is a different lake from that which pours its waters over the Ripon Falls into the White Nile, that the two are separated, according to native report, by a range of hills, out of which rises the Mwerango River, and that there is a road through the so-called lake;

further, that the southern part of the so-called Lake Nyanza floods the country for thirteen miles, whereas the low and marshy northern shore is not inundated; and lastly, that the so-called lake swells during the dry period of the Nile, and *vice versa*.

Now, granting all these statements as satisfactorily proved, there is nothing in them that at all militates against the existence of Lake Nyanza, or that would in any way authorise Major Burton to expunge the lake from his map. It is quite possible that there may be a difference of level between the northern and southern ends of the lake, and that at certain seasons a dry interval exists between the two, affording a road across. The result of such a condition of things would be, that although the Mwerango River might keep up a communication between the two (for to suppose that a river has its sources between two lakes is a most speculative hypothesis), still, under ordinary circumstances, it would be necessary that the waters of the lakes should rise before the two were converted into one, and it is not at all surprising that before this is effected that the southern part of the lake should flood the country to the extent of thirteen miles, as described by Major Burton. This epoch of flooding would necessarily be during the dry period of the Nile, for the moment the flood had attained such a point as to pour its excess into the Nile the dry period of that river would be at an end. It is part of Sir R. I. Murchison's theory of a central plateau with lakes, which when flooded pour their waters over the natural barriers into the rivers, that this should be the case; and, although we do not admit that theory with regard to the whole extent of the interior of South Africa, still it may apply to Lake Nyanza. Some details may be thus added to the peculiarities of this lacustrine basin and to the flooding of the Nile, but nothing that militates against the existence of such a basin in any shape whatsoever. There is nothing more than what we first argued in connexion with the several outlets of the lake, that it has varied its condition from olden times, that its condition still varies, that it is, so to say, in a transitory state, the only possible normal condition being when its waters flow by one outlet over the Ripon Falls. If of two lakes lying north and south, and having a northerly outfall, the northern is the most elevated, a proportionate rise in the southern must take place before it can pour its waters into the northern; and *vice versa*, if the southerly lake is the highest, there must be a proportionate rise on the northern ere the two can form one.

It is true that Speke contemplated the expanse of Lake Nyanza from but a small number of points, but if a traveller had first looked upon the gulf of Lyons at Marseilles, Nice, and Genoa, he would have a far better right to speak of the existence of such a gulf than another—who had never seen it—would have to be sceptical as to its existence merely because the said traveller had not seen it in the intervening spaces between those points.

A serious discrepancy unfortunately exists in regard to some of the levels given by Speke. Thus, for example, he gives the land between Nyanza and Tanganyika as 800 feet lower than Lake Nyanza. This has induced some geographers like M'Queen to believe that what they consider to be the southern lake, or Lake Ukerewe, flows into Tanganyika (p. 156). This would, at all events, determine Speke to have

discovered the sources of the Nile, even according to Burton's views, beyond controversy, for such an affluent to the Malagarazi would be (supposing Tanganyika to be one of the head reservoirs of the Nile) by far the most remote source! There does not appear, however, to be any grounds for such a theory, for Speke and Grant must have crossed the hypothetical affluent to the Malagarazi. Lake Windermere, again, is placed at 3639 feet, and yet it feeds the Kitangulú River, which flows into Nyanza, 3745 feet high. Speke, however, in his first map made the Nyanza only 3550 feet, which was probably more approximate, and most of these discrepancies may rather be traced to incorrect or badly calculated observations, and a want of careful co-ordination of results, than to any real incongruities. As it is, they have been used as fearful weapons by hostile critics to throw doubts upon the whole narrative. "Can Captain Speke," exclaims one critic, "explain and clear up this confusion?" Poor fellow! he never can and never will; but, whatever errors may have arisen from want of careful co-ordination of his observations, we feel sure that, as an English gentleman and traveller, none have arisen from wilful misstatement, or have warranted this *Io triumphe!* style of criticism.

There are certain persons who have so long identified themselves with African geography that they are always tenacious of new discoveries, and prepared to question and criticise everything that does not emanate from themselves, and that in anything but an amiable mood. Not satisfied with this, they quarrel among themselves as to priority of opinions—generally a very shadowy amusement, for they vary their opinions with the progress of discovery, in what would be a very ludicrous, if it were not as often a tantalising, manner. Yet are these very persons more than any others provoked by the feeling that their labours have been disregarded. Speke, by passing over the theoretical speculations of those who had gone before him, and which it would have taken him years to have mastered, did more to militate against the kindly reception of his travels than anything else he could have done. "Had Captain Speke," says M'Queen, "been acquainted with, or allowed himself to have been fully acquainted with the researches of others that had preceded him in Eastern Africa, he might, even with the rambling data which he has gleaned, have made out a more rational delineation of this portion of Africa than he has done. On the contrary, he has left everything indefinite, confused, and unsatisfactory. Take, for instance, the important position of Kira. At page 449, he informs us that it was a royal boat-station on the Nyanza, on the road to Urondogani by Nyanza. At page 472, he tells us that he was at Kira, from which place he despatched a messenger to King Mtésa; yet not a word he tells us of what he saw at Kira, or about either lake or river." There is no doubt that Speke proved himself to be an incompetent narrator of his own exploits. As the French geographers justly remark, he was neither a Humboldt, a Burckhardt, or a Burnes, but it would be difficult to say how the researches of others would have saved him from an unsatisfactory notice of Kira when the place was utterly unknown even by name previous to his visit.

It is sad to see an intrepid explorer like Burton falling into the same feminine sensitiveness. What can be more absurd than the gallant tra-

veller speaking of his own work, the "Lake Regions of Central Africa," as hitherto either ignored or forgotten except by a few esteemed friends? Why, the work is in every geographer's hands, and on the relative importance of Burton's Tanganyika, Livingstone's Nyassa, Speke's Nyanza and Luta Nzige, and Krapf's Baringu, lies all that is most interesting and important in the geography of Eastern Africa. If there is anything more absurd, it is when he says, "I led the most disorderly of caravans into the heart of Eastern Africa, and discovered the Tanganyika and the Nyanza lakes!"

M'Queen's views with regard to the Nyanza, founded partly on the discrepancies in Speke's narrative, and partly on the few opportunities the latter had of sighting the supposed lake, are that between Muanza in the south, and Kira in the north, there may really be two distinct lakes; the northern, fed by rivers from the distant west, and the southern by smaller streams from the southward (p. 157). All Captain Speke's descriptions, he says, of the north coast of the lake apply more to the channel and course of a river than to the bed of a lake. This river, suppose it to be so, will resemble greatly some of the rivers in the table-land of British North America, alternately widening and contracting, communicating and interlocking with each other in the secondary lakes, so that they form a network, in short, of rivers, or branches of rivers and smaller lakes, with small rapids between. This is also, apparently, the view entertained by Major Burton, and it is not impossible but that such may turn out to be the case. But if so, this would in no way militate against Captain Speke's claim to have discovered the most remote sources of the Nile, until Lake Tanganyika is shown to flow into the same historic stream. The nullah of Urima, which M'Queen takes so much ironical pleasure in designating as the "Jordan's gully," is, apparently, more remote than Mount Kenia and its affluents by the Bahari-ngo, and there can be no question as to the lake that Speke saw with his own eyes from Muanza and Observatory Point on his first journey, any more than what he saw from Mashonde on his second. Should Ukerewe Lake turn out, then, to be apart from the lake which receives the waters of the Kitangulú, and should, as Burton and M'Queen opine, the various supposed outlets, or effluents of Nyanza to the north, be some inlets or affluents, and others effluents of other lakes, or prolongations of rivers, still would Speke have discovered two of the head waters of this great highland basin in the nullah at Urima and the River Kitangulú, only to be rivalled by the waters which no doubt further exploration will determine to be brought down from the easterly Mount Kenia. M'Queen founds his whole argument upon the "Jordan's gully," as he derisively calls it, being the supposed source of the Nile, whereas we have shown from Speke's narrative that the Kitangulú was also viewed as such after its discovery.

This, then, resumes the whole question. There is, no doubt, a considerable amount of circumstantial evidence as to the possibility of Lake Tanganyika pouring its waters into the Nile, but the greater weight lies with the probability that it is an isolated basin, like Lake Ngami, situated between the watershed of the Nile and that of the Zambesi. The information obtained by Burton and Speke on the spot, and that obtained by Livingstone since, all point to this conclusion. The eleva-

tion of Little Luta Nzige may be over-estimated, but still there is every reason to believe that it is at a higher level than Lake Tanganyika. Speke may have carried his Mfumbiro group too far west, and have projected an imaginary mountain crescent, but still it is impossible to conceive that any man with a head on his shoulders should not have seen sufficient of the trend of the country, when in Karague, not to have ascertained if there was a westerly line of lakes and rivers flowing into the Nile. There is no doubt, also, that the Nile receives tributaries from the East African chain, or true Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy, either by the Bahri-ngo and Asua, or by other lakes or rivers. But Kilima-njaro appears, by Baron von Decken's explorations, to be without the basin of the Nile, and it is not yet shown that any affluents to the Nile coming from Mount Kenia would be so remote as the nullah of Urima, and under such circumstances the Asua cannot be, as Burton advocates it to be, the true Nile. It also remains to be determined if there are not westerly tributaries to the Gazelle Lake as remote as any southerly or easterly affluents; but of this there is little probability.

In the mean time, Speke has discovered one of the head waters of the Nile at Muanza, and seen its lake-like and island-studded expanse with his own eyes. Speke and Grant have discovered the River Kitangulé, with its own little mountain lakes, losing itself also in a lacustrine expanse. This was seen from Mashonde. They have also discovered various northerly affluents to the Nile, among which one fine stream, flowing over rocks, and having both falls and rapids, in the region of Chopi and Madi, or Modi, which appear to represent the Crophu and Mophi of the priestly informant of Herodotus. They also heard of the Bahri-ngo as being part of Lake Nyanza, or we will say part of its basin, and of Little Luta Nzige as constituting another portion, and whether, as is not unlikely, the Nyanza and its affluents turn out to be a series of detached lakes and streams, more or less connected at different seasons of the year, or it be, as hastily projected by Speke, one vast and continuous lake, it still, to all intents and purposes, remains, till the contrary is proved, the head reservoir of the Nile. We advisedly omit the word "source," so much disputed about, for to discover the actual source of a river a man must place his foot upon the most remote spring of its most remote tributary—a feat that often baffles the topographer, still more so the geographer and explorer. It is impossible not to feel, under these circumstances, that however fair a dignified discussion of the results obtained may be—an attitude which it is but just to say the French geographers have always preserved in the question—it is no less ungenerous to rail at Captain Speke for drinking pombe and flirting with black ladies (if M'Queen had been forty years younger than he is, and under the same circumstances, he might have done the same thing), or for being irritated with Petherick (a man who has, however, to all appearance, been cruelly treated in being deprived of his consulship), than it is envious and unmanly to attempt to depreciate the services of the gallant and much lamented traveller, and to detract from the magnitude and importance of his labours and discoveries.

## PAST MIDNIGHT—1865.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SOUND, ringers, sound a solemn peal—the Year,  
That just existed, lies upon his bier,  
And claims, whate'er it brought us, still a tear.

Sound, ringers, sound a mournful peal, for those  
Who, in Columbia, in death's arms repose,  
Men there, who should be brothers, deadly foes.

Sound, ringers, sound indignant peals—the strong  
Have crushed pale Poland, heaped on Denmark wrong,  
And turned to wail Circassia's mountain song.

Sound, ringers, sound a requiem;—he who drew  
With wondrous touch, and he, the Grecian true,  
And Afric's traveller, sleep beneath the yew.\*

Sound, ringers, joyous peals;—a royal child !  
Is born to England—bless the Mother mild !  
And on the babe be all God's blessings piled !

Sound, ringers, thankful peals, for mercies shown  
Through the gone year—dire pestilence unknown,  
And fruits, from Plenty's horn, around us thrown.

Sound, ringers, sound sweet peals;—with gentle smile,  
Peace—friend of Learning, Art—hath blest our Isle,  
War shaking bleeding continents the while.

Ringers, more briskly ring!—he opes his eyes,  
Leaps into life, and laughs upon the skies;  
Another Year is born!—away with sighs !

Ringers, more merrily ring!—Hope spreads her plume,  
And, like an eagle, soars above the gloom,  
Till beauty, sunshine, all the scene illumine.

Ringers, more loudly ring!—the heart shall feel  
Vigour and trust, as time doth onward steal,  
Mind's reign, truth's cause, the burden of your peal.

Ringers, now blithely ring!—New Year, all hail !  
Oh, let us catch one glimpse behind your veil,  
And see the bad sink low, the good prevail !

Ringers, all stoutly ring!—May England still  
Among the Nations her high task fulfil,  
Leading the way up Progress' shining hill !

Ringers, together ring!—This peal resound—  
May all in brighter paths this year be found,  
Love, joy, and virtue, scattering flowers around !

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\* The late lamented John Leech, Walter Savage Landor, and Captain Speke.



## WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## PART THE FIFTH.

## I.

## DESPAIR.

IN a narrow, confined, airless little street in one of the most crowded and wretched parts of Westminster, a woman might have been seen one chill afternoon, tottering along the pavement as if she had scarcely strength to support herself, or to walk at all. She was very thinly and poorly clad, her drooping head and attenuated form in no way betokened the elasticity of youth, but rather the debility of age, and yet the figure was youthful; and the face, though faded, and its features sharpened by illness or want, was undeniably very pretty. There was beauty in the finely-traced eyebrows, in the long silken eyelashes, in the delicately-chiselled nose, and the short upper lip; but this beauty was partly neutralised by the extreme thinness of the pale, sunken cheeks, the whiteness of the lips, and the look of deep care which was settled on the no longer smooth and alabaster brow.

The female, who was carrying a small parcel under her arm, stopped before a house of very narrow frontage, and casting an accusing or appealing look up towards heaven, she exclaimed, with almost an hysterical sob:

"Oh, my poor children! my poor starving little ones! If I had only been paid one shilling, one sixpence, for the work to-day, I could have brought you some food; now I must only hear you cry in vain for bread!"

The street door was not entirely closed; she opened it, and crawled, it might be said, up-stairs to a little room at the very top of the house, with one window looking down on the dingy street below, and with a slanting roof, which very much added to the miserable appearance of the tiny apartment. There was a mattress on the floor in one corner, and near it a little crib, in which a young child was sleeping. A deal table, a rickety basin-stand, a small clothes-horse, two straw-bottomed chairs, and a wooden stool, made up the furniture of this desolate-looking room, which, however, was tolerably clean. A trunk in a corner contained the whole wardrobe of the inmates of the room, and in a cupboard on one side of the small fireplace were a few coals on the floor, one or two necessary cooking utensils on the lowest shelf, while two or three empty plates and cups and saucers of the most common kind stood on the upper shelf.

A little boy was lying on the mattress, crying, and a blear-eyed old crone was sitting on the best chair, rocking herself to and fro.

The moment the young woman who had just ascended the stairs entered the room, the little boy jumped up and ran to her:

"Mamma, have you brought me anything to eat? I am so hungry—oh, so hungry!"

"Alas! my darling Alfy! I have nothing to give you!" said the young mother, in a tone of the deepest anguish.

"What's in that parcel?" asked the old woman, peering at it with curiosity.

"More work to do," replied the younger woman, "but they have not paid me for the last. I begged so hard that they would only let me have one shilling, or even a sixpence, or *one* penny if nothing more, but I was told I could get nothing to-day; I must call to-morrow evening."

"That's the way them rich sarves the poor!" groaned the old woman. "And if they don't pay you, how am *I* to get paid?" she added.

"Oh! have patience till to-morrow," supplicated the poor girl, for she seemed still quite a girl. "To-morrow they will pay me, and then I will pay the shilling I owe you. And thank you a thousand times for your great kindness in looking after these poor little ones when I was out."

"When I can afford to buy a new dress, you must make it up for me for nothing," said the old crone, who had no idea of performing any service gratuitously.

"Oh, that I will, with pleasure!" replied the young woman.

But the little boy was still wailing, and the baby woke up and began to cry too: the mother had sat down to rest, fatigued after her long walk, but the children's cries seemed to make her forget herself. She started up suddenly, and snatching the infant from its hard crib, and taking the little boy by the hand, she exclaimed:

"Come, children! we must beg! God have mercy on me. I cannot let you starve!"

The little one was wrapped in some sort of an old shawl, the boy had a tattered cap put on his bright curly head, and their young mother carried them forth, for the first time in her life, to ask charity in the streets!

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.

How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery.

How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty.

Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills  
That one incessant struggle render life  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Vice, in his high career, would stand appalled;  
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate!

In the miserable abode of penury and hard work from which the young mother and helpless children emerged, it was not possible for "the conscious heart of charity" to warm—at least, though the heart might have warmed, for *benevolence* to extend itself, for all the denizens of the place

were poverty-stricken beings, struggling for the means of existence, living under that scourge, the dread of utter want, bearing, as best they could, privations that were to haunt them to their graves.

And England, with its immense wealth and immense resources, cannot help such poor beings! There must be something wrong in the arrangements of society—something wanting in the active humanity of the widely-extended classes who have the means of succouring wretchedness, or so much misery could not exist in the metropolis of the country. Missions are constantly being got up, preached for, contributed to, for the religious improvement of negroes in the West Indies; of Africans; of the natives of India—the Hindoos, the Buddhists; of the Chinese; of the New Zealanders; in short, of every community on the face of the earth *at a distance from* Great Britain, with which the English can find any pretence to meddle. The souls of all these innumerable black and brown, copper-coloured and tawny races, are to be cared for at a great expense, to be converted to Christianity that they may not go to perdition hereafter during the endless ages of eternity. It is, doubtless, a very praiseworthy and very proper work to civilise savages and convert heathens, and all honour to those pious and courageous individuals who, as missionaries, often brave dangers and trials among lawless tribes to do their Master's work. But is it certain that the entire populations of large portions of the world must be doomed to eternal misery if they are not converted to Christianity? Can it be believed that the God who rules the universe—the God of love and mercy—should condemn to everlasting punishment, in the world of spirits, the vast hosts of beings whom he has created, and by his own fiat placed in positions where they cannot hear or know the truths of the Bible, because they are not acquainted with them?

Might not a portion of the zeal for making proselytes for clearing away the clouds from the benighted minds of people on far-distant lands be more profitably employed in providing comfort for the souls, and for the bodies too, of the wretched in what it is the fashion to call "this highly-favoured country"? Much, undoubtedly, *is* done, but more should be done. It would be better to spend the money—in a great measure wasted on the above-named far-away objects of English solicitude—on their own suffering people, who are living without sufficient religious instruction, and in dire and abject want. But it is to be feared there is little prospect of change in this respect, as the besetting sins of the present day in England are—ostentation, vanity, and love of money.

The starving young woman and her famished children went forth, at first, to do—the mother knew not what. Her spirits were depressed, her thoughts were dark—the Thames was at no great distance; one plunge—and all the ills of life would be over for her, and for these helpless little ones, if she could drag them with her. She looked at her bright-haired Alf—*he* was a very handsome little boy; she looked at the baby in her arms, it was not so beautiful, but still it was her child, poor innocent. She might put an end to her own blasted existence, but had she a right to destroy *their* lives? Oh no, no! Starving though they were, she could not drown *them*. So she turned from the diabolical temptation, and dragged her weary frame to one of the larger thoroughfares of Westminster. There she took up her stand; the little boy was

crying silently, the baby was wailing in a low tone, she herself looked the picture of patient suffering.

The street was crowded, many passed hurriedly without noticing her; some stared at her, and went their way without bestowing any charity on her; some laughed, and remarked she was acting her part very nicely. But not a halfpenny was thrown to her. She was in despair, and the rushing river again crossed her almost unhinged mind. But just then a common labourer passing gave her a penny, presently another person threw twopence to her, then an old gentleman, attracted, probably, by her still lovely features, handed her sixpence, and not long after a lady stopped and spoke to her.

"What is the matter with you, young woman?" she said.

"Misery and want, madam!" replied the poor creature.

"Terrible!" exclaimed the compassionate lady. "Here—take this! I regret that I have no more money with me," she added, giving her a shilling for herself, and sixpence for each of the children.

"Thank you—oh, thank you a thousand times, ma'am," cried the poor young woman; but the lady was gone, she had not waited for thanks.

Two shillings and ninepence! It was a godsend to the young woman, and hurrying home as fast as her wearied limbs would carry her, she bought some bread and other food on the way, and ordered a pint of milk, for which she paid at once.

What a blessing to the helpless mother and starving children to have the cravings of hunger allayed! The little one crowed and smiled, the boy shook his golden hair, and tried, in his glee, to turn head over heels on the mattress on the floor.

"Ah, you sweet child!" murmured his mother—"you darling Alf! How could your father be so cruel as to desert you? I am justly punished for my wickedness, but you—what have you done, my innocent boy, to have your infant years blighted—to be forsaken—starved!"

Just then that portion of the Ten Commandments flashed across her memory which says, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

"I never hated my Creator!" she exclaimed. "But, alas! I forgot Him—forgot my duty to Him and to my kind benefactors in my infatuation for one who has cast me off, and left me to—destitution and disgrace. Yet no—no—I brought the disgrace upon myself; but he might save his child, at least, from utter want."

She started up from her painful reflections, undressed, washed, and put the children to bed; and then, as it was getting dark, she lighted a farthing candle, and, straining her eyes to see by its dim light, sat down to do the work which she had brought home with her. Next morning, at an early hour, a charwoman who was a fellow-lodger of hers looked into her little room, and offered to take charge of the two children, on her return from her day's labour, if her work would be finished, and she wished to carry it home, and try to get paid. The charitable offer was gratefully accepted, and the kind-hearted Mrs. White, after leaving an apple for little Alf, who was a favourite of hers, was about to depart to her daily toil, when the young woman said, apologetically:

"I am so very sorry I can't return your mother to-day the shilling she lent me, but I hope to be paid for my work this evening, and then she shall be certain to have it."

"Never you hurry about the shilling," replied Mrs. White. "My mother is always craving for money, and always grumbling, yet I'm sure I work my fingers to the bone that she may have her drop of broth, and her drop of gin, and a cup of tea sometimes. By-the-by, they don't give the tea-leaves any more now at Mr. Judd's."

The young woman coloured to the deepest crimson, and cast her eyes down, while a look of mingled pain and embarrassment came over her countenance.

"Do you go there still?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Sometimes—not often, though, for Mrs. Judd is a sharp hand, and makes the poor maid-of-all-work get up at half-past four in the morning to scrub the floors. She's got a mania for scrubbing; it's scrub, scrub, scrub, all day there now. Mr. Judd has caught a tartar, I assure you. I don't think he's ever had a comfortable day since he married, and hardly a comfortable meal. The wife takes every shilling she can get to buy finery for herself. Mrs. Judd says she would rather throw the tea-leaves into the dust-hole than give them to any poor body, for if they comes for tea-leaves, they'll carry off something else, by hook or by crook. She's stopped the subscription to the soup-kitchen; she's a regular skinflint, that woman is!"

Mrs. White, having finished her oration, took herself off to her accustomed avocations, and the young mother, whose two little ones were still wrapt in the refreshing sleep of childhood, fell into a reverie; some of her thoughts she uttered aloud:

"I do not envy Mrs. Judd, and I am not sorry that Judd has got such a termagant of a wife. He might spare something for that poor baby, though. They say if I went before a magistrate, and complained of him, he would be compelled to allow something for the baby's support. But I can't do this; no, no"—she put her hands before her face, and shuddered—"I cannot go and proclaim my own guilt, my own shame. How will this all end? God have mercy on us all, and on you especially, my beautiful, darling Alf!"

It was evident that the eldest child was her favourite.

The shades of evening had fallen, when the same young woman walked to a house in one of the best streets in May Fair. She gave the humble single knock that befitted her station in life, but had to wait a long time before the door was opened; at length the knock was answered by a tall, good-looking footman, and the young woman, on seeing him, started, and retreated from the light which the bright hall lamp cast around. Turning from him as much as possible, she said, in a very low, subdued voice:

"I have brought home some work for the young ladies, and will you kindly tell their maid that I shall be very thankful to have my little bill paid this evening, as I was promised yesterday."

That voice! Surely the man remembered it. He peered at her inquisitively, and then begged her to walk inside the house, as it was beginning to rain. She hesitated.

"I won't shut the door in your face," he said, "and I can't leave it open; you *must* come in."

She did come in, but seemed trembling from head to foot. The strong light fell on her face, although she had pulled her shabby bonnet down as much as possible.

There was a moment's silence, and then the footman exclaimed :

"Lizzy Lee! Can it be yourself?—so changed—so——" he stopped short, for he felt a choking in the throat, which rather impeded his utterance.

"Yes, James," she replied, hardly lifting her eyes from the ground. "I knew you immediately. Had I guessed you lived here, I would never have come to the house."

"I have only been here a very few days," he said; "but tell me about yourself. What are you doing? Where do you live?"

"I take in needlework," she replied, answering only one of his questions. I have brought some work home for the young ladies this evening."

There was an awkward pause for a moment, and then Lizzy Lee ventured to ask if he knew how they all were at the "dear old place."

"Oh, all quite well," said James. "Miss Clara is married——"

Lizzy turned pale, and her lip quivered. James remarked her emotion, and though a dark cloud passed over his face, he was too good natured to annoy her, so he hastened to add:

"Miss Clara married a gentleman that she met in Scotland, and Miss Edith is going to be married to Mr. Percy's curate. He is a very nice gentleman, and more liked than Mr. Percy."

"And why did you leave the old place, James?" she asked.

"Because I was—was not happy, Lizzy. I had no fault to find with the family, or they with me, and I was very sorry to leave *them*. But I could not bear the place after you left it. It seemed so dull; and that Hannah was always jibing and jeering at me. My! How vexed I used to be with her. And she was always setting on you with her foul tongue. So I said either she or I must quit. She would not, and I did. And that's the whole story."

"I am very sorry," said poor Lizzy, "to have been in any way the cause of your giving up such a good situation. I hope you are comfortable here?"

"Well, I might have a worse situation, to be sure, but it's not nearly so good a place as the Barwells'."

Lizzy remembered that it would not do to stand talking at the door with the footman, so she begged James to take the little parcel she had brought with her to the young ladies' maid, and say that she would be very much obliged if her little bill could be paid, as she had been promised the day before.

James informed her, to her dismay, that the waiting-maid had gone out for the evening, and that the young ladies were engaged with some visitors; but, he added, "Sit down a minute, and I will take the parcel to the housekeeper; perhaps she may pay your bill."

He returned very soon, shaking his head.

"She won't pay you; she says you must call again on Monday, for as to-morrow is Sunday, of course nothing can be paid till then."

The unfortunate young woman clasped her hands, involuntarily exclaiming,

"And we must starve till then!"

"We—who are the we, Lizzy?"

"My children and myself."

"Children! Starve! What is all this, Lizzy? Tell me where you live, perhaps I may be able——" But at that moment the drawing-room bell rang. "One of the visitors is coming down. You must not be seen with me, Lizzy. You must go—but here, here, take this," cried James, thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat-pocket and pulling out a half-crown.

Lizzy's first impulse was to refuse the money, and she did motion it from her, while she faintly exclaimed,

"Oh no, no!" But the temptation was too strong. She could not resist the prospect of relief that half-crown held out to her, so presently she clutched the half-crown eagerly, and crying,

"Heaven bless you, James, for your great goodness!" she hurried away, deeply humiliated, but at the same time sincerely grateful to her former admirer.

## II.

### LIZZY LEE.

WHEN Lizzy Lee disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously from Mr. Barwell's house, it was strongly suspected that Mr. Alfred Percival had something to do with her absconding; but there was no proof whatsoever of his having been in any way concerned in her flight, and when Mr. Montague, at the pressing request of Mrs. Barwell, wrote to ask him if he had by chance seen or heard anything of the unfortunate girl, he returned a very plausible answer, regretting the poor young woman's indiscretion, but denying all knowledge of her, or her proceedings. Slender as was old Mr. Montague's faith in his grand-nephew's good principles, he did not think that the youth would tell a positive falsehood; therefore he listened with some credence to Mrs. Winslow's opinion, who suspected as the culprit a handsome young man belonging to an itinerant troupe of equestrians, who had performed once or twice on the green at the village of Woodbury, during a fair in the neighbourhood, and who had remarked the pretty Lizzy, had been introduced, or had introduced himself to her, and who had escorted her round the booths and stalls, and presented her with some gilded gingerbread and other fairings. Mrs. Winslow was the more inclined to believe that poor deluded Lizzy had followed the fortunes of the good-looking performer, whom she had first beheld in all the magnificence of a purple velvet costume, bedizened with spangles and gold lace, while his handsome features were set off to advantage by a Spanish hat and plume of feathers, that waved gracefully as he rode round the ring standing on his saddle, or vaulting from horse to horse, because she had heard from her fellow-servant, Hannah, that James, the footman, had spoken with angry contempt of "that rascally tumbler," who had had the impudence to make up to Lizzy.

Now Mrs. Winslow opined that if James—who was a declared beau of Lizzy's—had reason to suspect that she had gone off with Mr. Alfred Percival, or gone to join that gentleman, he would not have been so full of bitterness against the member of the company of strolling performers;

and this was such a rational argument, that Mr. Montague, glad to exonerate his own relative from what he considered a very disgraceful act, adopted his housekeeper's suggestion as the true version of the case, and imparted the same to Mrs. Barwell.

That good lady was much shocked at the idea of her pretty favourite having to associate with such a low set of people as strolling showmen and equestrians, who wandered about the country in caravans, and who, she feared, had no religion and but slender morality; yet, as Lizzy was such a pretty and handy girl, it was probable the man might marry her, and that would be better than going to live with a gentleman, who would never dream of making her his wife. She was greatly distressed about poor Lizzy, and made every possible effort to ascertain where the itinerant troupe had gone to, and if the poor girl were with them; but there were so many companies of vagrant performers, and they moved so constantly from place to place, that no tidings of the particular set in question could be obtained.

And was Lizzy Lee with the equestrian troupe who had intruded for a few days on the usual quiet of Woodbury, and by some of the villagers thought to have enlivened its dulness? Was she living, married or unmarried, with him of the purple velvet and gold and Spanish hat? No, indeed! The individual performer and the entire troupe were totally innocent of the abduction of the pretty waiting-maid, and the very individual who had managed to clear himself—at least to a great degree—of blame, was the real Simon Pure.

Poor, foolish, infatuated Lizzy Lee had believed Mr. Alfred Percival's repeated asseverations that he cared a great deal more for her, and would rather marry her any day, than Miss Clara Barwell; she believed his vows to make a lady of her, and bring her back to Woodbury as—Mrs. Alfred Percival. So, lured on by love and vanity, she went like a lamb to the slaughter.

The tale, the dénouement, is too common, unfortunately, to require to be expatiated on. Lizzy Lee, having erred in her duty to her God, and forfeited her own self-respect, became careless of her good name, and lived only for him whom she now felt was all the world to her. But she awoke too soon from her dream of guilty happiness. Alfred Percival's admiration of her was only a passing fancy; it had increased rapidly, it diminished as rapidly, he became tired of her, and the birth of a little boy was no way calculated to strengthen or revive his waning affection.

She had made no terms with him; he was free to desert her if he pleased. And he did so. He told her that their connexion must be dissolved; he had no idea of having a family on his hands. They had lived for some time together in lodgings, and he had allowed her to take his name and pass as his wife. All at once he left her, and at first it was supposed he was only out of town. But he still wrote to her, and his letters were now addressed to "Miss Lee." This awoke suspicion and inquiry; the result was, that the miserable young woman was ejected from the only home she had, and was left friendless and almost penniless.

Where to go she knew not: an entire stranger in London, she had no friends, no acquaintances even; the lodgings in St. John Wood had been taken for her by Alfred Percival, he had paid the rent and the tradesmen's bills, she had scarcely ever been to a shop, everything she required having,



by her own wish, been ordered for her by the mistress of the house. She was a helpless, inexperienced girl, as far as knowledge of the world and its ways went, relying with child-like trust on one who was only anxious after a time to get rid of her.

She begged with many tears to be allowed to remain where she was ; but the landlady was inexorable. No, she could not keep her ; not if she were paid ten guineas a week instead of thirty shillings. The reputation of her house would be lost—respectable people would not come to it—she had been shamefully taken in—and bundle out Mrs. Percival, or Miss Lee, or whatever she was called, *must* directly. Lizzy wrote to Alfred, entreating him to come to her, or to send her an immediate reply, with directions what she was to do, and where she was to go. There was no answer, and he did not come. Lizzy was in the deepest distress, and not able to form any plan whatever. She knew that she and her infant, the little Alfred, who had been called after his father, must go forth—but whither?

At this critical moment her nursery-maid was of the greatest use to her. She told poor Lizzy that she knew of some lodgings at Greenwich, where she did not doubt they would be received ; she had relations there, and through them apartments would no doubt be found. Too thankful was poor Lizzy for the suggestion, and they proceeded by a steamer to Greenwich, where the good-natured and active nursery-maid soon obtained small but decent lodgings, in which the young mother was rejoiced to take refuge.

Again she wrote to Alfred, telling him how she had been turned out of her apartments in St. John's Wood, and giving him her new address ; but days and days passed, and Alfred neither came nor wrote. Lizzy began to be very unhappy ; she began to fear that he was ill, seriously ill, dying, perhaps dead.

But the gentleman was quite well and comfortable, only a little at a loss to know how to shake off the encumbrance he had brought upon himself. He did, however, manage it. Lizzy wept, she entreated him not to forsake her, she threw herself on her knees, and implored him to have compassion on her and his innocent child ; in vain—Alfred Percival was as cold as a stone, as firm as a rock. Presenting her with twenty pounds, he told her that was the last farthing she was to expect from him, that he could not afford to pay her expenses any longer, and she must do something for herself.

He was gone, and she was alone in the world ! At first she thought of writing to Mrs. Barwell, but shame prevented her doing so.

"No, no," she exclaimed ; "rather go into a poorhouse, rather lie down and die, than intrude my guilty self upon *them* ! Oh that I had never left that happy home, that I had never become—what I am !"

"The miserable," says Shakspeare, "have no other medicine, but only hope."

But poor Lizzy Lee had not even hope to cheer her in her wretchedness, she had only her baby, who was at once a source of the greatest comfort and the greatest grief to her. When playing with him, when watching his infantine grace, his intelligent eyes, his bright smiles, she forgot that he was the child of misfortune and disgrace ; but when he was sleeping, poor little innocent being, his father's unkindness, her

own helplessness, his probable fate in future, came always rushing like an avalanche on her mind, bearing down every other feeling in its weight of misery.

Time wore on, and three or four months had passed since Alfred Percival had deserted Lizzy and her child. Her last shilling was expended, she owed a month's rent for her lodgings, and more than two months' bills to a butcher, baker, and some other tradespeople. There was no helping hand stretched out to save her, no resource for her but to sink yet deeper in vice.

In the house where she lodged there resided a retired tradesman, a widower with two children, nice little girls of about six and eight years of age. The attendant of these children and Lizzy's nursery-maid became soon acquainted, and through them Lizzy often saw and spoke to the little girls. She used first to join them when they were out walking; then she asked them into her small parlour, and she used to tell them stories, read to them, and make dolls' clothes for them. Their father acknowledged the kindness of "Mrs. Lee," as she was called, to his children by occasional presents of fruit and game, but he was a shy person, and he never seemed inclined to go beyond a bowing acquaintance. He had a brother, however, an ironmonger in London, who was not so reserved; this man was in the habit of frequently spending Saturday afternoon and Sunday at Greenwich with his relatives there, and after Lizzy became domiciled under the same roof with them, he found Greenwich more attractive than he had ever done before. He introduced himself to her, and paid her great attention, and no end of compliments. Lizzy fancied that his object was to marry her, but Mr. Thomas Judd had no such intention, though he led her to imagine it. At length, he proposed to her to take the situation of his housekeeper, offering her good wages, and a comfortable home for herself and her child, who, he said, he would not mind having in his house, as he was fond of children, and the little fellow was very quiet, and not at all troublesome.

On the very verge of absolute want, and so much in debt—for her debts seemed large to one who had nothing—Lizzy thought she could not do better than accept Mr. Judd's offer; and she removed to his house in Pimlico, and was immediately installed as mistress of the establishment. He paid her debts, made her several useful as well as pretty presents, took her to the theatres and other public places of amusement, and did all he could to ingratiate himself into her good graces. All his kindness and liberality, added to a promise he made to marry her, put to flight the good resolutions she had been forming, and the wretched girl once more fell into an evil course. She forgot that the wages of sin are death, and, failing to profit by the sad lessons of the past, she flattered herself that the tie between Mr. Judd and herself would speedily be rendered indissoluble by marriage, as he was only a tradesman, therefore not so superior in station to her as Mr. Alfred Percival had been. She did not think it likely that a tradesman would be so vicious as a gentleman. It showed how little she knew of the world and of mankind, to suppose that vice pre-eminently belongs to *any* class of society, or situation in life.

## III.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

THE birth of another little boy, while she was still Lizzy Lee, was a source of great distress to her, and she sometimes reproached Mr. Judd with having deceived her. At first, he used to try to soothe her, and often renewed his promise "to make her an honest woman." But by degrees he became more callous to her complaints, and would take up his hat and walk off, even at a late hour in the evening, if she entered on the subject which was so near her heart. Lizzy did not care at all for Mr. Judd, her affections still lingered with the faithless Alfred, but she was extremely anxious to regain some position of respectability, which she fancied she would acquire with the title of *wife*. She was not aware that the woman who has *once* erred, however strict and irreproachable her after-conduct may be, can never, never hope to be looked upon as a respectable character. Sin sets its broad dark mark for ever on the female who, to use a mild expression, has once been *frail*. On the other sex, the mark of sin, if it leave a spot at all, is so light, that it is easily washed off. The greatest rōué, if he thinks fit to reform, or pretends to reform, is just as much courted, and apparently respected in society, as the possessor of the most correct and upright principles—nay, vice in men often goes triumphant and unrebuked, while virtue is stigmatised with the scoffing name of—*muff*!

Lizzy Lee never dreamed of her coming fate; she thought herself quite settled in Mr. Judd's house. She was very economical, but kept everything in the nicest order, and made his home in all respects, except her own complaints on account of his not marrying her, extremely comfortable to him. She was not, therefore, at all prepared for the announcement that she must go, as he was engaged to be married to another.

"Married to another! impossible, after all the promises he had made!"

But Mr. Judd only laughed, and asked her if she had never heard that promises were, like pie-crust, made to be broken?

If Mr. Judd had lived in the year of grace 1864, he would have had high authority for setting promises at nought, and telling untruths without number. But at the time when the ironmonger, Mr. Judd, was telling little falsehoods to serve his purpose, the great potentates of Germany were not engaged in putting forth large falsehoods to cover their nefarious designs.

As a *wife* was coming to take possession of the ironmonger's establishment, Lizzy, whose tenure of the premises was so slight, was obliged to go. But before doing so she wrote once more to Alfred Percival, pointing out to him the destitution of his child, asking nothing for herself, but entreating a weekly or monthly allowance for his boy. The answer to this letter, for Mr. Alfred Percival vouchsafed to send one, was to the purport that if she made any more demands on him in favour of her child, or annoyed him any further, he would take the boy from her, put him out to board where he pleased, and she would have looked her last on him, for she never should see the child again!

What a threat! Part with her darling Alfy! Impossible! So the erring Lizzy Lee went forth again into "the wide, wide world," with only a few pounds in her pocket, deserted, homeless, hopeless.

She did not know what to do, she did not know where to go, but, as before, a friendly hand was stretched out to her. A charwoman, who had often been employed at Mr. Judd's while she was mistress there, and to whom she had been very kind, offered to mention her as a sempstress in different families where she worked, and to obtain a couple of rooms for her in the house where she herself lodged.

As long as Lizzy's money held out she got on pretty well, but it dwindled away too fast, and for the work she obtained in the shape of sewing, the remuneration was very small. So, after a time, Lizzy was obliged to reduce her expenses, limited as these were. She first removed to a garret room at a lower rent; then she parted by degrees with the ornaments which had been presented to her by Mr. Judd, with her best articles of clothing, and in fact, with one thing after another, until she was left in the destitute condition of which her former fellow-servant James, the footman of Barwell Lodge, became by chance aware.

James did not ask Lizzy's leave, but, on his own responsibility, wrote to the good housekeeper at Barwell Lodge that he had accidentally found out Lizzy Lee, and that she was in great poverty; indeed, almost destitute. The housekeeper immediately communicated the sad intelligence to Mrs. Barwell, and she and Mr. Barwell determined to go to London to inquire themselves into the situation of their former protégée.

It was a most painful meeting between Lizzy and her old mistress, for Mr. Barwell did not see her at first. Mrs. Barwell was shocked at the abject poverty of the poor young woman, at the sad change in her appearance, and the still sadder blight in her character, her terrible fall from innocence into guilt. She could hardly believe it possible that the quiet, modest-looking girl before her had been running such a career; but the two children were there, living evidences of her shame, folly, and sin. She questioned Lizzy as to the person with whom she had gone off, and mentioned the suspicion which had attached itself to the handsome equestrian, and much horrified and very indignant she was when she heard that it was Alfred Percival who had lured Lizzy from her home and from virtue, and then left her and her child to utter want. She spoke with such just severity of him, that Lizzy, whose heart still clung to Alfred, wept bitterly, and tried to exonerate him by taking blame to herself for her vanity and wicked folly. As to her intimacy with Mr. Judd, Mrs. Barwell reproached Lizzy with having gone to live with him, and with having formed such a mere mercenary connexion. She reproached her, too, for not having written to the housekeeper at Barwell Lodge, or to herself, when she fell into such a state of want, instead of plunging deeper into vice. But as the past could not be undone, Mrs. Barwell did not dwell very long on it; she hoped that Lizzy had seen the error of her ways, and that the punishment which had fallen on her, and the misery she had endured, would pave the way to sincere repentance, and reform in the future.

Mr. Barwell obtained, through the influence of some friends in London, employment for Lizzy in a large clothing establishment, where she was to be paid by the week, and allowed to take the work home with her;

and Mrs. Barwell procured lodgings for her at the house of a respectable widow, who had been once a confidential servant in the family of some near relatives of her own. The Barwells generously determined on paying for the young mother and her children the rent of their lodgings, so that want, unless brought on by wilful folly or extravagance, might not drive Lizzy again into crime. She clothed her and her children decently, provided them with many little comforts, recommended them to the surveillance and kindness of the widow, and, after this work of mercy, left the poor girl, whom they had rescued from destitution, and perhaps total infamy, with a lightened and a grateful heart, and firmly resolved to deserve their kindness for the future.

"Blessed are the merciful," and happy are those who have it in their power to do good.

Mr. and Mrs. Barwell would probably have remained a little longer in town after they had accomplished their charitable errand, but they received tidings from home which induced them to return to Barwell Lodge as soon as possible. Their old friend and much-esteemed neighbour, Mr. Montague, was ill—so ill that his grand-nephew had sent to London for a leading physician to come down to Woodbury to see him.

#### IV.

##### MR. MONTAGUE'S ILLNESS.

THERE was great sorrow and anxiety at Woodbury. Anxiety and sorrow not only at Woodbury Hall, or "*The Hall*," as Mr. Montague's house was often called by the country people, but also in the village and the surrounding neighbourhood. Mr. Montague was seriously ill, and all his family, his dependents, and his friends, were very uneasy about him. He was so highly respected, so much beloved by all classes, that his severe indisposition was looked upon almost as a domestic misfortune in the homesteads, high and low, of the adjacent country.

The old gentleman had enjoyed from his early youth upwards almost uninterrupted good health. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he was a hale, strong man, and the idea of his being removed from this world never seemed to enter the minds of any who knew him; the shock, therefore, was the greater to those who were intimate with him when he was suddenly attacked by severe illness.

The doctor who had practised at Woodbury and in its neighbourhood for more than twenty years, and who was a man of much experience as well as skill, had given up his professional labours and retired to Bath, where two married daughters of his resided, and where his eldest son, recently returned from India, had also settled himself. He had made over his practice to a younger son, who, though a clever young man, had not had time to acquire the confidence of his patients so fully as his father had done. This new medical man was, of course, called in. However, whether there was anything extraordinary in Mr. Montague's case which baffled him, or whether he was merely rather timid at undertaking the responsibility of attending alone so popular a person as the old gentleman, did not transpire, but he soon signified to Mr. and Mrs. Percival that he would like to have further advice, or at least a consultation with

his father, or with some physician of note in one of the nearest large towns.

"Certainly, certainly," said Alfred Percival. "We had better, however, send to London itself for one of the leading medical authorities there."

"That will cost a power of money," threw in Mr. Daniel O'Flynn, who happened to be present.

"What does it signify how much it costs!" exclaimed Agnes, with a glance of displeasure at O'Flynn.

"Not one of these learned gents will stir under a hundred pounds at the very least, travelling expenses paid over and above," persisted the attorney.

"No matter if the charge be a thousand pounds," replied Agnes, "so that a London physician and our own doctor here can, between them, save poor dear Mr. Montague an hour's suffering."

"Mr. Montague hates strangers. He won't see any London doctor," muttered O'Flynn.

"He will see one to please *me*, I know," said Agnes, "so, Alfred, do set about it at once."

Alfred gave a significant look to his friend O'Flynn, as much as to say, "Hold your tongue;" and the friend, obedient to the implied command, betook himself to unwonted silence.

Mrs. Percival soon afterwards left the room to return to her self-constituted duties in the chamber of the invalid, and then another conversation commenced between Alfred and the doctor.

Alfred expressed much anxiety lest his wife, whose health was at that time very delicate, should suffer from her close attendance on his uncle.

"Between the baby and the old gentleman, I fear she will be quite worn out," he said, in a doleful tone; "she gets no sleep, and she eats nothing. She will be in your hands next, doctor, if all this is to go on."

"We must, indeed, try to persuade her not to exert herself and fatigue herself so much," replied the doctor.

"She won't spare herself in the least, doctor, as long as Mrs. Winslow is head-nurse. And that good woman herself will be quite knocked up. She is not accustomed to such hard work; it is too much for her to be constantly in the sick-room day and night. It would be much better, on all accounts, to hire a regular sick-nurse. Besides, she will be much more *au fait* at all that should be done."

"Mrs. Winslow is an excellent sick-nurse," said the doctor, "but I quite agree with you that it *would* be better to employ a respectable woman who is accustomed to the business. She, at any rate, can take the night-work, and Mrs. Winslow can assist during the day."

It was then agreed between Mr. Percival and the doctor that O'Flynn should go to one of the larger towns near, and look out for a clever and experienced sick-nurse, as neither of the gentlemen thought any of the old women in the village would be quite competent to undertake the responsible office; and they further agreed, as proposed by Alfred, that Mr. Montague's confidential servant, Winslow, should be despatched to London for a first-rate physician. The doctor, indeed, thought that a letter by the post would answer the purpose, and save time, and he offered to write to one of the most celebrated physicians of the metro-

polis, whom he knew personally. But Alfred insisted that there would be less delay by Winslow's going to London, for if the medical man first applied to could not come, he would be on the spot to go at once to another.

Winslow himself was very much annoyed to hear that he was to be sent on this long journey, for the entire country was not then intersected and covered with railroads as it is now, and even four horses were slow in comparison to the swiftness of steam. He urged that his master would not be able to do without him, that Mr. Alfred himself could be better spared, and also would manage the mission better. No—Mr. Alfred was quite determined that Winslow should go; nobody, he said, could so well describe Mr. Montague's state and feelings—nobody else in the establishment could be trusted—and as to himself, he would be the talk of the neighbourhood if he started off to London when his uncle was so ill.

Mr. Winslow shook his head ominously to his wife, and whispered:

"I don't like this at all—I *don't* like it. Depend upon it, Martha, there's some mischief brewing, and that rascal O'Flynn has a hand in it. Keep a sharp look-out when I'm away. I pray to God that I may find my poor dear master alive when I come back! Oh! how I wish that Mr. Edgar were here!"

"Well! they say he is coming back soon. I wish that sweet, pretty creature, Mrs. Percival, had been his wife instead of Mr. Alfred's."

"She would have been better bestowed," said the butler. "Look here, Martha! Mr. Alfred will bamboozle *her*—take care he does not bamboozle *you*, too. Keep an eye on what's going on when I'm away. Remember this."

The suspicious Winslow was despatched to London by the mail that evening, the village doctor stayed with his patient until nearly midnight, when he left him to the care of Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Winslow, and Alfred and O'Flynn sat up also a great part of the night, though not in the chamber of the invalid.

Next morning O'Flynn went to the nearest town to inquire about an experienced and trustworthy sick-nurse. Some time after he had gone, Mr. Alfred Percival rode past the porter's lodge with a roll of paper in his hand. He stopped, and said to the porter's wife:

"If Mr. O'Flynn should return in my absence—he went to fetch a sick-nurse—tell him, if you please, that I have gone to his house to get his clerk to copy out a paper on business about which my poor uncle is very anxious. Beg him to wait until I come back."

"Yes, sir," said the woman, curtseying. "And how is the good master now, sir?"

"Rather better, I think," replied Alfred. "He has been able to give very clear directions about this paper;" and he pointed to the roll in his hand. "Yesterday he took no interest in anything."

"Thank God that he is better!" exclaimed the woman, fervently; and Mr. Alfred galloped off on his errand to the lawyer's clerk.

## A MERE QUESTION OF HANDWRITING.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

HAMLET frankly owns, not without shame in the remembrance, that  
h,

—once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning,\*—

though a time was coming when the recently scouted accomplishment "did him yeoman's service"—in the way of forging the king's autograph, and thus substituting the lives, or deaths rather, of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz for his own. The use to which the Prince of Denmark applied his skill in caligraphy is open to certain ethical objections; but the testimony of so polished a glass of fashion and a mould of form, the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword, the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the observed of all observers,—the testimony of so finished a gentleman in favour of writing fair, his recantation (with a subaudited *peccavi*) of the foppish contempt he once affected for so "snobbish" and bagman-like an acquisition, is memorable matter for writing-masters in particular, and for quill-drivers and gold, silver, or steel penholders, all and sundry.

There were *seigneurs frivoles* flourishing in France, in Alain Chartier's time, of whom that learned and rather pedantic person, the be-kissed of Queen Margaret, reproachfully remarked, "qu'ils eussent tenu à reproche de bien lire et de bien écrire."† We may suppose that the art of writing well, in which these nobles thought it foul scorn to be accomplished, would include orthography as well as caligraphy, spelling as well as handwriting.

Shakspeare hinted, no doubt, at the characteristic handwriting of contemporary statists, or statesmen, in his own land, when he made Hamlet speak as he does. One day that Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty, visited his esteemed friend, Mr. Evelyn, and, as usual, had "most excellent discourse with him"—pitched in quite a different key from the familiar duets with Mistress Knipp—the visitor was gratified with a sight of "several letters of the old Lord of Leicester's, in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scots; and others, very venerable names." And what reflection is suggested to our sagacious, sapid Samuel, who, on such occasions, is nothing if not critical, by these autograph reliques? "But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain, uncut paper!"‡ Mr. Pepys hugged himself complacently on the advance of civilisation, the progress of the species, and paper-making, and penmanship, and all that.

And yet of Sir John Cheke and his generation—Sir John dying some seven years before Shakspeare was born—we are told, that not only did the accomplished knight write an excellent hand himself, but that all

\* Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 2.

† See Léon Feugère, *Caractères littéraires*, &c.

‡ Diary of Samuel Pepys, Nov. 24, 1665.



the best scholars in those times followed his example, "so that fair writing and good learning seemed to commence together."\*

The biographer of Bishop Copleston with some reason considers it by no means trivial to remark upon the extreme neatness and beauty of that prelate's handwriting, because, when this manner is uniformly preserved, as in the late Bishop of Llandaff's case, through life, "we prognosticate, without the aid of the graphiologist, clear thought and methodical accuracy." We are told, indeed, that to write intelligibly was matter of principle with Dr. Copleston; who thought† that for any person, able to handle a pen, habitually to write otherwise, showed some degree of arrogance, or else of selfish carelessness. If this be a true bill, how many are the arrogant and the selfishly careless, let the compositors of every printing-house (for they best can) tell.

That Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, who figures in Mr. Carlyle's latest history, "whose very face is the colour of gunpowder," and "who also knows French, and can even write in it if he like,"—of him we read, however, that he does not much practise writing, when it can be helped, and that he expressly did not teach his children to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could.‡ Practically, and theoretically too, it seems, he held it a baseness to write fair—a blessedness to be not able to write at all.

Lord Chesterfield is a sufficient contrast in every respect to the rugged German prince; and one salient feature in the unlikeness, is the stress his lordship lays on the importance of graceful penmanship. Again and again he insists on his son's attention to this among the other graces. His reiterated appeals, advices, admonitions, and asseverations on the subject, may be summed up in this formula: "I maintain that it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases, and consequently that he ought to write a good one."§ But long subsequent to the Chesterfield era, the elegant youth of England and France retained a class prejudice against running-hand fluencies, and took pretty much the same view of the question as Shakspeare's statists did. Mrs. Gore has a picture of a lady-killing poet, concerning whose educational experience, at Eton and elsewhere, the following passage is ironically suggestive:—"Unluckily for Willoughby, Parnassus and the Pierian spring so far outweighed with him the attraction of the Christopher and its claret, that he suffered himself to fall into the anti-Etonian error of acquiring an admirable handwriting. Even at Prospect House he had been base enough to obtain the silver pen bestowed by the writing-master, as the annual prize of penmanship; and now, much sonneteering had betrayed him into the further disgrace of writing a legible hand."¶ Mr. de Quincey relates how, at Bath, where the French emigrants mustered in great strength (six thousand, it was said), during the three closing years of the last century, he, then and there, through his mother's acquaintance with several leading families amongst them, gained a large expe-

\* See chap. cxcli. of Southey's *Doctor*.

† *Memoir of Bishop Copleston*, p. 3.

‡ *History of Friedrich II.*, book iv. ch. ii.

§ Lord Chesterfield to his Son, Dec. 20, 1748.

¶ *Base*—the Shakspearian word: vide "*Hamlet*."

¶ *Sketches of the English: The Lady-Killer*.

sience of French caligraphy;—from which experience he learned that the French aristocracy still persisted, at that time, in a traditional contempt for all accomplishments of that class as clerky and plebeian, “fitted only (as Shakspeare says, when recording similar prejudices amongst his own countrymen) to do ‘yeoman’s service’. . . . All seemed to write the same hand, and with the same piece of most ancient wood, or venerable skewer; all alike scratching out stiff perpendicular letters, as if executed (I should say) with a pair of snuffers. I do not speak thus,” continues the Opium-eater, “in any spirit of derision. Such accomplishments were wilfully neglected, and even ambitiously, as if in open proclamation of scorn for the arts by which humbler people often got their bread.” Adding,\* that a man of rank would no more conceive himself dishonoured by any deficiencies in the snobbish accomplishments of penmanship, grammar, or correct orthography, than a gentleman amongst ourselves by inexpertness in the mystery of cleaning shoes, or of polishing furniture.

In this particular only, then, can we suppose the Earl of Chesterfield to have not prided himself upon being very French. His lordship got on famously with the ancient noblesse, and they with him. But if we accept as correct the above report of their cacographic propensities—cacographic, of malice prepense—then must he have been shocked by their want of good taste (or, as he would have said, good sense), and they, scandalised in turn, by his palpably low breeding. He would call it *their*, and they would call it *his*, one defect. In all other regards he would account them a polished people, and they recognise in him a finished gentleman. But as regards the technical art of penmanship, they would appear as outer barbarians unto him, and to them he would seem, if not to speak in an unknown tongue, at least to write in an unknown hand.

Allusion has been made, in passing, to the frequency of his monitions in the matter of penmanship. Let us glance at one or two of these urgent injunctions. After making “a good hand” a condition *sine quâ non* to social culture, he proceeds to castigate Young Hopeful in the following style: “Your handwriting is a very bad one, and would make a scurvy figure in an office book of letters, or even in a lady’s pocket-book. But that fault is easily cured by care, since every man who has the use of his right hand, can write whatever hand he pleases.”† Some six months later, on the prospect of young Stanhope being taken into Lord Albemarle’s bureau in Paris: “You must [in that case] write a better hand than your common one, or you will get no great credit for your manuscripts; for your hand is at present an illiberal one: it is neither a hand of business, nor of a gentleman; but the hand of a schoolboy writing his exercise, which he hopes will never be read.”‡ It is to be observed that his lordship does not recognise a bad hand as the characteristic of his order; that is to say, not a bad hand, absolutely; though he does recognise, what obtains to the present day, and probably always will, a class distinction between the counting-house and the literate (or benefit of clergy) style.

In another letter he is at the pains to produce a fac-simile copy of Mr.

\* Confessions of an English Opium-eater, edit. 1856.

† Chesterfield to his Son, July 9, 1750.

‡ Idem, Jan. 3, 1751.

Stanhope's autograph, "written in the worst and smallest hand I ever saw in my life."\* "Your common hand, which you learned of a master, is an exceeding bad and illiberal one, equally unfit for business or common use. . . . Upon my word, the writing of a genteel plain hand of business is of much more importance than you think." And waxing more and more wroth—if any degree of wrath and my Lord Chesterfield are compatible in the same sentence—he positively designates his son's autograph the scrawl of a something not to be named to ears polite. The something is a noun feminine, and is a monosyllabic word. Some people now-a-days, writing a century after Chesterfield, are accustomed, using the abstract for the concrete, to periphrase or paraphrase it as a social evil. But Chesterfield, not otherwise too much addicted to call a spade a spade, in this instance preferred plain Saxon.

A month or two later he insists on his son's getting a first-rate writing-master, "since you think that you cannot teach yourself to write what hand you please," and by this instructor be taught "to write a genteel, legible, liberal hand, and quick; not the hand of a *procureur*, or a writing-master, but that sort of hand in which the first *commis* in foreign *bureaux* commonly write."† Having occasion, not long afterwards,‡ to draw upon his noble sire, for something rather less than a cool hundred, it is gratifying to learn that the subject of all these admonitions and oburgations, did manage to sign his name with a grace and freedom that elicited a sort of round of paternal applause.

Chesterfield's oft-repeated assertion, that any man can write whatever kind of hand he pleases, is hardly demonstrable by the inductive method. His own son was experimentally convinced to the contrary. Accomplished forgers, who can write any man's name for him, unasked, are happily the exception, not the rule.

Occasionally there are honest men to be found, however, who have a knack, native or acquired, of imitating any hand they please, to their own delectation and the sometimes bewilderment of others. Daniel Terry, the actor, in his hero-worship of Scott, conceived and achieved the feat of closely imitating his penmanship. "As their letters lie before me," testifies Mr. Lockhart, "they appear as if they had all been penned by the same hand. Terry's idolatry of his new friend induced him to imitate his handwriting so zealously, that Scott used to say, if he were called on to swear to any document, the utmost he could venture to attest would be, that it was either in his own hand or in Terry's."§ In Sir Walter's Diary, too, referring to a much later period, we read of another friend of his, who had always, "though possessing a beautiful power of handwriting, had some whim or other about imitating that of some other person,"|| and who accordingly wrote for months together in imitation of one or other of his friends.

One is reminded of what Swift writes to Gay, in reference to the apparent identity of honest John's autograph with that of his present hostess and admirer, her Grace of Queensberry, "You and the Duchess use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the handwriting of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that

\* Chesterfield to his Son, Jan. 28, 1751.

† March 18.

‡ May 2.

§ Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xix.

|| Sir W. Scott's Diary, Dec. 3, 1825.

you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours. . . I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my heart.”\* Not every literary joint-stock composition works so well, or is welded together so indistinguishably, as this epistolary co-partnership (literally the same concern) of Gay and the Duchess. Whether it was Prior’s Kitty, beautiful and young, that imitated Gay, or he that imitated that Female Phaeton, is not altogether so clear a question of originality, as that between Sir Walter and Adelphe Dan.

Dr. Croly, in his gorgeous but rather tedious romance of the *Wandering Jew*, makes Titus complain of his imperial father’s handwriting, in the tent scene before Jerusalem, when he receives a private despatch from the Cæsar, “unfortunately for human eyes, written in his own most unreadable hand.” In which very missive, however, Vespasian defends his impracticable manuscript; says that Titus is imitating him as fast as he can; and repeats his old jest, that if Titus were not born to be a prince and an idler, that heir to the purple might have made his bread by his talents for forgery.† It is Scott and Terry over again.

Scott’s own penmanship, as his son-in-law has remarked,‡ continued, during the whole of his prime, to afford most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself, for some very considerable period, to the mechanical discipline of his father’s office: it spoke to months after months of his humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastership from the hour that he left Harrow. “There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been submitted to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practised invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropt instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years.” Mr. Lockhart refers particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, he presumes, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. Sir Walter was quite sensible, it is added, that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him murmur, while involuntarily performing it, “There goes the old shop again!”

The late Lord Dudley was “not ashamed” to confess to his Oxford guide, philosopher, and friend, Dr. Copleston, that he always took great pleasure in looking at the handwriting of any remarkable person. If this sort of curiosity is childish, it is at any rate, he submits, so general, that one may well be excused for sharing it: autographs, and fac-similes of autographs, being viewed by the many with lively interest, even when they consist only of a signature, or a few indifferent words.§ Hence the zest with which Mr. Ward, as he then was, details his minute inspection, while in Italy, of Ariosto’s MSS., indited in a “small, neat, distinct”

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\* Swift to Gay (and his Duchess), Aug. 28, 1731.

† *Salathiel*, ch. lix.

‡ See chapter iv. of the *Life*.

§ *Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff*, let. xx.

handwriting, "but not nearly so good as Tasso's, which is bold, correctly formed, and very beautiful."\* Hence the eagerness with which admiring editor or enthusiastic biographer scans the very signature, in black and white, of the worthy he celebrates. As where a Washington Irving describes the autograph pages of a Columbus, "which the author has seen,"†—a small and delicate handwriting, which in the hero's prime was notably firm and distinct, but became unsteady with advancing age and oppressive sorrows.

Whether handwriting affords a trustworthy exposition of character,‡ and, if so, then to what extent, is, and often has been, a *questio valde vexata*. That whimsical French abbé upon whom Andrew Marvell, while sojourning in Paris, found time and occasion to expend a satirical poem—Lancelot Joseph de Maniban, to wit—professed to foretell the fortunes of individuals by their several styles of penmanship, and got himself and his system properly talked of at the time. Manibans still flourish, apparently, in and by the advertising columns of our newspaper press—exercising their analytical powers for a modest fee of postage stamps. And, indeed, affirms the meditative author of *Biographia Borealis*, after observing that "the race of the Manibans is not extinct,"—however absurd it may be to form a *prognosis* of future contingencies from the curves and angles of a MS., it is possible enough to draw a correct *diagnosis* of the actual character of an individual from his autograph. The goodness or badness of the writing, he goes on to say, contributes nothing to its physiognomy, any more than the beauty or homeliness of a countenance influences its expression:—expression has nothing to do with beauty; and those who say that a good expression will make the plainest face beautiful, do not say what they mean. Goodness, shining through ordinary features, is not beautiful, but far better,—it is lovely. Such at least is Hartley Coleridge's creed; and he then continues his diagnostic argument: "So, too, with regard to the expression of writing; Caligraphy, as taught by writing-masters to young ladies, is in truth a very lady-like sort of dissimulation, intended, like the Chesterfieldian politeness of a courtier, to conceal the workings of thought and feeling—to substitute the cold, slippery, polished opacity of a frozen pool, for the ripple and transparency of a flowing brook. But into every habitual act, which is performed unconsciously, earnestly, or naturally, something of the mood of the moment, and something of the predominant habit of the mind, unavoidably passes. . . . There is no act into which the character enters more fully than that of writing: for it is generally performed alone or unobserved; seldom, in adults, is the object of conscious attention, and takes place while the thoughts, and the natural current of feeling, are in full operation."§

It is the elder Disraeli's remark, to the same effect and upon the same

\* Compare a parallel passage, only more graphic and minute, in Shelley's *Posthumous Essays and Letters*, describing his visit to Tasso's cell, at Ferrara.

† *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, book xiv.

‡ "Do not the handwriting and style of a person reveal much of their true nature? and more especially the handwriting and style of a woman?"—Schleiermacher's *Letters*, I. 284.

§ *Life of Andrew Marvell*, Notes.

subject, that the art of judging of the characters of persons by their handwriting can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without restraint, becomes an instrument guided by, and indicative of, the natural dispositions. But, he complains, regulated as the pen so often is by a mechanical process, a whole school exhibits a similar handwriting, the pupils being forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties, he says, will now write such fac-similes of each other's autograph, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though, like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling-press.

This reminds us of one of Streatham *Thralia's* self-gratulations, as an eminent exception from the writing-master's rule of thumb. Mrs. Piozzi's hands, we are told, were coarse and muscular, but her writing was, even in her eightieth year, "exquisitely beautiful;" and one day she observed that "all Misses now-a-days wrote so like each other, that it was provoking;" adding, "I love to see individuality of character, and abhor sameness, especially in what is feeble and flimsy." Then, spreading her hand, she said, "I believe I owe what you are pleased to call my good writing, to the shape of this hand; for my uncle, Sir Robert Cotton, thought it was too manly to be employed in writing like a boarding-school girl, and so I came by my vigorous, black manuscript."\*

Even brothers of different tempers—to renew Isaac Disraeli's complaint, *renovare dolorem*—have been taught by the same master to give the same form to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and have made our handwritings as monotonous as are our characters in the present state of society. Assuredly, he argues, Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar countenance, a voice, and a manner. He points out that the flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and that the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and habits of the writers. The phlegmatic, he opines, will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot, and efface, and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. In short, "Lavater's notion of handwriting is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful when he told Mr. Northcote that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the handwriting.

"Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, 'I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper.' One great truth must, however, be conceded to the opponents of the physiognomy of writing; general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true, that the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result."†

You may see the self-consciousness of some men strongly manifested in their handwriting, remarks the ex-Country Parson so given to Recrea-

\* Plozziana.

† Curiosities of Literature, Second series.

tions, and Leisure Hours, and Common-places in Town and Country. The handwriting of some men is, as he says, essentially affected; more especially their signature. With sorrow he professes to have known even venerable bishops (but then he is not an Episcopalian) who were not superior to this irritating weakness. Some men, he goes on to say, aim at an aristocratic hand; some deal in vulgar flourishes; some strive after an affectedly simple and student-like hand; some at a dashing and military style. "Any clergyman who performs a good many marriages will be impressed by the fact that very few among the humbler classes can sign their name in an unaffected way." And here A. K. H. B. is not referring to the poor bride who shakily traces her name, nor to the simple bumpkin who slowly writes his, making no secret of the difficulty with which he does it; but to the forward fellow who, after evincing his marked contempt for the slow and cramped performances of his friends, jauntily takes up the pen and dashes off his signature at a tremendous rate, and with the air of an exploit, evidently expecting the admiration of his rustic associates, and laying a foundation for remarking to them on his way home that the parson could not touch him at penmanship.\*

Sir E. B. Lytton is careful to make Guy Darrell's handwriting "habitually in harmony with the intonations of his voice—singularly clear, formed with a peculiar and original elegance, yet with the undulating ease of a natural, candid, impulsive character."†

Admiral (and admirable) Lord Collingwood, in one of his warm-hearted letters home, tells one of his daughters, "I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense."‡ The Admiral is correspondingly stringent in his home instructions, lest any daughter of his, by "writing a letter with negligence," "with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes," should write away her character as her father's daughter.

When Lovelace forges a letter to Clarissa, in the seeming handwriting of her confidante, Miss Howe, he tells *his* confidant, Mr. Belford, that had it been Clarissa's hand, instead of the other lady's, "there would have been no imitating it." "Her delicate and even mind is seen in the very cut of her letters. Miss Howe's hand is no bad one; but it is not so equal and regular. That little devil's natural impatience hurrying on her fingers, gave, I suppose, from the beginning, her handwriting, as well as the rest of her, its fits and starts, and those peculiarities, which, like strong muscular lines in a face, neither the pen nor the pencil can miss."§ Richardson indicates the characteristics of the two young ladies in these autographic tokens.

The Chronicler of the Canongate, as he scrutinises the "even, concise,

\* "I have observed with a little malicious satisfaction that such persons, arising in their pride from the place where they wrote, generally smear their signature with their coat-sleeve, and reduce it to a state of comparative illegibility."—*Leisure Hours in Town*, ch. v.: Concerning Things Slowly Learnt.

† *What will He Do with It?* book viii. ch. vi.

‡ *Memoirs of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood*, p. 432. (1828.)

§ *Clarissa Harlowe*, vol. v. letter xiv.

yet tremulous hand" in which the manuscript he introduces to our notice, was written, cannot but give into the belief that something of a man's character may be conjectured from his handwriting. That neat, but crowded and constrained small hand, argues, to his mind, a man of a good conscience, well regulated passions, and an "upright walk in life;" but it also indicates narrowness of spirit, inveterate prejudice, and hints at some degree of intolerance, arising from a limited education. "Then the flourished capital letters, which ornamented the commencement of each paragraph, and the name of his family and of his ancestors, whenever these occurred in the page, do they not express forcibly the pride and sense of importance with which the author undertook and accomplished his task?"\* Indeed, Mr. Croftangry persuades himself that the whole is so complete a portrait of the writer, and shows so distinctly what manner of man he was, that he feels it would not have been a more undutiful act to deface his picture, or even to disturb his bones in his coffin, than to destroy his manuscript.

As in fiction, so in real life, have we already noted the attention paid by Sir Walter to the subject of Mr. Croftangry's speculations. Other examples might be added from his diaries and correspondence. He journalises, for instance, a dinner with Lord Sidmouth at Richmond Park, where he was shown some of Lord Chatham's letters to Dr. Addington, and remarks: "The character of Lord Chatham's handwriting is strong and bold;"—while of the younger Pitt he observes: "He wanted the lofty ideas of his father: you read it in his handwriting, great statesman as he was."† It is early in the following year that Sir Walter is "so much afflicted with chilblains in the fingers" that, as he tells Miss Edgeworth, his "pen scrambles every way but the right one"—a fact which suggests the misgiving, "Assuredly I should receive the character of the most crabbed fellow from those modern sages who judge of a man from his handwriting."‡ It was not so very long since his own Mr. Chrystal Croftangry had sided with these modern sages,—as indeed we take Sir Walter himself to have pretty consistently done. But no wonder the chilblains cost him a protest, if not threatened to shake his faith. Had "dear cousin Romney," in Mrs. Browning's poem, been troubled with the same compliments of the season, his enamoured correspondent might have had to pause ere she could affirm,

I know your writing, Romney,—recognise  
The open-hearted *A*, the liberal sweep  
Of the *G*.§

Chilblains, and rheumatism, and gout, and palsy apart, the characters of most men are commonly assumed to ooze out at their finger ends. Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after—an autograph?

One is always thankful to biographer or editor who inserts a fac-simile of his hero's sign-manual. Mr. John Forster introduces one of Goldsmith's,|| with the remark, that a man's handwriting is part of himself, and helps to complete his portraiture.

\* Introduction to *Chronicles of the Canongate*, ch. ii.

† Sir Walter Scott's *Diary*, May 24, 1828.

‡ Sir W. Scott to Miss Edgeworth, Feb. 4, 1829.

§ *Aurora Leigh*, book ii.

|| *Life and Times*, book iii. ch. xvi.



Oldys appears to have been struck by the distinctness of character in the handwriting of several of our kings. Not, as Isaac Disraeli observes, that he remarked anything further than the mere fact, or extended his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. But if Oldys supplies the mere fact, Disraeli is ready and willing to annex the comment or interpret the text. "Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen." Our ready commentator's gloss hereupon is, that the vehemence of Henry's character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, as of one who, in his contests for and against the Pope, may be supposed to have split many a good quill. "Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand." "Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian." Her majesty's autograph is compared by a French connoisseur\* with that of Mary Stuart—and the query is put: Who could believe these writings to be of the same epoch? Elizabeth's denotes asperity and ostentation; Mary's, simplicity, softness, and nobleness. "The difference of these two handwritings," our Frenchman (almost of course) asserts, "answers most evidently to that of their characters." Female penmanship had advanced in ease and decision, however, since the preceding century. Michelet calls attention to the exceptional individuality, in this comparative degree, of Anne de Beaujeu's handwriting: "*Le peu d'écriture qu'on a de sa main est d'un caractère singulièrement décidé, vif et fort, qui étonne parmi toutes les écritures lourdes et gauches du quinzième siècle.*"†—But to return to Oldys. James the First "writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line"—a slovenly scrawl, Isaac of Israel calls it, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which Solomon of Scotland carried into all the little things of life. Charles the First "writ a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps than any prince we ever had;"—Charles the Second, a "little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done;"—James the Second, a "large fair hand," characterised, says the commentator, by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the man;—Queen Anne, a "fair round hand," such as she had practised as a girl, and never had originality enough to improve upon, of herself. And here Oldys parts from us, and we from his kings and queens.

A few random illustrations may be added, however, on the general subject of autographs, good and bad, distinct and illegible. If Montaigne does not belie himself,‡ his writing was "intolerably bad." So he calls it in one essay; in another he says, "My hands are so clumsy that I cannot so much as write, so as to read it myself." And in his Journey into Italy, speaking of a book by St. Thomas Aquinas, which he examined at the Vatican, Montaigne concludes the saint to "have been a very bad scribe, making use of a small and illegible character, even worse than my own." M. Duval, however, like M. Cuvillier-Fleury, will not accept Montaigne's description of his own penmanship, which, on the contrary,

\* "*L'Art de juger du Caractère des Hommes sur leurs Ecritures.*"

† *Histoire de France*, t. vii. ch. i.

‡ Which M. Cuvillier-Fleury says he does. *Sa main est fort belle*, alleges that critic, who pronounces *toutes les lettres* recently published, with the specimen autographié de son écriture, to be *des pièces admirables*. See the *Dernières Etudes historiques*.

he commends as very legible, straight, "and, what is remarkable, exhibiting but slight traces of the extreme vivacity of his character." Like Plotinus—confessedly of bad eminence as an illegible penman—Montaigne had a special aversion to read over what he had written, and would have shuddered at the bare mention of fair copy; an aversion, however, not unknown to many a man who wields the pen of a ready writer, and can almost emulate copper-plate, if he likes.

Montaigne, in one essay, attributes his illegible style to the precipitate post-haste with which he wrote. As early as midway in the fourteenth century, Petrarch had complained of the like effect from the like cause; a complaint repeated by Clemengis in the fifteenth. Speaking of the extraordinary demand for the *Imitatio Christi*, Michelet observes: "Writing became a mania; and it was no longer fine handwriting, but the nimblest hands, which amassed money. Writing, more and more hurried, ran a risk of becoming illegible."\* The day was past for a Friar Pacificus in the Scriptorium, transcribing and illuminating, to sing or say, over his work of patience and labour of love,

There, now, is an initial letter!  
King René himself never made a better!  
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!  
And now as I turn the volume over,  
And see what lies between cover and cover,  
What treasures of art these pages hold,  
All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
God forgive me! I seem to feel  
A certain satisfaction steal  
Into my heart, and into my brain,  
As if my talent had not lain  
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.†

The calligraphic art, however, has at no time been allowed to die out. Adept practitioners it has never been wanting in, sacred and secular, male and female. Scott makes his Fenella so great a proficient in the "art of ornamental writing," much studied at that period, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still show the artists smiling on the frontispiece, in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of calligraphy.‡

It was the peculiar beauty of Roger Ascham's handwriting that first introduced him to the court, where he had the honour, we are told, of teaching Prince Edward, the Princess Elizabeth, and the two sons of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the use of the pen. "He was also the University amanuensis, and wrote all the letters which Cambridge addressed to the kings and other people of quality; in which sort of correspondence, perspicuity and beauty of penmanship are of great efficacy, and may chance to procure for a petition an early reading."§ It is of Conrart, of the French Academy, that Mademoiselle de Scudéry is writing when she describes Théodamas, in the *Grand Cyrus*, as so beautiful a

\* *Histoire de France*, t. iv. l. x. ch. i.

† The Golden Legend.

‡ *Peveril of the Peak*, vol. ii. ch. ii.

§ *Northern Worthies*, vol. ii., *Life of Ascham*.

penman, that 'tis an absolute pleasure to follow his MSS., without let or obstacle or any such thing.\* Every similar example was gratefully welcome in an age when crabbed spider-strokes, or an imbroglío of entangled flourishes, were the general rule. We find Clarendon excusing himself from secret correspondence with Charles I., in producible and therefore perilous black and white, by alleging the "very ill hand" he wrote,† which his majesty would be at a loss to make out. Sir Thomas Browne wrote so illegibly—as those are well aware, says his editor, who have been fated to decipher his hieroglyphics—that his orthography was left at the mercy of the copyist, who managed to make heterography of it, with a vengeance.

Note-worthy for illegibility among the large collection in Mr. Netherclift's Handbook to Autographs‡ are those of Catherine de' Medici and Peter the Great—of Anne Boleyn and Lord Chancellor Audley—of Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Bonner—of Elias Ashmole and Alfieri; though the palm of triumphant pre-eminence in this respect has been adjudged to Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. Bacon's autograph justifies the remark that he was a perfect master of the pen, in a mechanical sense, using a well-formed and legible character, somewhat stiff and methodical, but full of power. That of Mary Queen of Scots, in the same collection, has been characterised as bold and irregular, curiously contrasting with Elizabeth's cramped stiffness. There are some "beautiful specimens of female caligraphy" in the Handbook—as of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (whose mother, Anne of Denmark, by the way, wrote "a clerkly and most legible" hand), and of a Duchess of Bedford, and of Madame Pasta. Then, too, we have the rude scrawl of Raleigh, the manly writing of Sir Philip Sidney, and the minute characters of the famous Orientalists, Buxtorf and Reland, whose hands seem to have been dwarfed by their long practice in the Semitic alphabets.§

Among the curiosities of literature in this department it is curious how close a resemblance George Fox, the Quaker's, handwriting shows to that of Mirabeau—than whom, as Southey|| observes, it would not be possible to find two men more unlike.

In talking of handwriting being somewhat hereditary in form, Lord Brougham—himself a pronounced terror to compositors—remarked once to Thomas Moore that he had found some of his grandfather's penmanship which exactly resembled his own, though the grandfather had died before he was born, and his father's writing was altogether different.¶

There is an *ipse dixit* of Samuel Rogers's, that it is inexcusable in any one to write illegibly. When he was a schoolboy, the banker-poet is

\* Le Grand Cyrus, t. vii.

† Life of Clarendon, part ii.

‡ London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

§ "Upon the whole, it is surprising how few of the worthies here represented wrote thoroughly bad hands. The famous Elias Ashmole is an exception; which is the more remarkable, because the writing of antiquaries, as a rule, is neat and careful—not to say niggling; witness the signatures of Camden and Montfaucon, for example. Lawyers, on the other hand, seldom write well. . . . Actors and musicians, as represented in this volume, among others, by Bannister, Sir H. Bishop, Macready, Elliston, Horsley, Garrick, Mrs. Jordan, Kemble, and Liston, seem to affect a free and careless handwriting."—*Sat. Rev.*, xiv. 454.

¶ In a letter to Bernard Barton, July 9, 1821.

¶ See Diary of Thomas Moore, Aug. 26, 1829.

posse used to get hold of the writing-master's copies, and trace them by holding them against the window. "Hence," alleged Samuel *senez*, "the plain hand I now write."\* The notes which he wrote in the common commerce of the world, have been styled by Mr. Hayward "models of conciseness and caligraphy." Mr. Anthony Trollope, by the way, objects to caligraphy as a constituent in the make-up of a pleasant letter. "It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Caligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand it is nothing."† Sir Bulwer Lytton makes one of his accomplished love-makers and letter-writers only not a caligrapher. "Now it so happened that Vaudemont, having never merged the art of the penman into that rapid scrawl into which people, who are compelled to write hurriedly and constantly, degenerate, wrote a remarkably good hand,—bold, clear, symmetrical—almost too good a hand for one who was not to make money by caligraphy."‡ But to return to the Rogers' autograph. If ever handwriting, says his Edinburgh Reviewer, corresponded with and betrayed character, it was his;—"neat, clear, and yet not devoid of elegance."§ Mr. Collier relates some table-talk he once heard, by Coleridge, Hazlitt, and others, in which the "finical finish" of Rogers's verses provoked Hazlitt's censure, while it was generally agreed that "no free and flowing poet could write so neat and formal a hand; it was fit for a banker's clerk, who was afterwards to become a banker."|| With all his professions of homage to Madame de la Tour's "esprit net et lumineux," Rousseau¶ disliked from the first "un caractère d'écriture trop lié et trop formé" in that lady's epistles. He interpreted it as an indication of character. The French are curious in such deductions. You had need to mind your p's and q's in writing for their inspection. Widely has note been taken of the "flowing saucy hand slightly leaned," in which Chaumette signed his name to the Petition of July, 1791, and of Hébert's subscription, "as if an inked spider had dropped on the paper,"\*\* and, there, meet symbol of detestable Père Duchesne, or *le Peuple en colère*, extended its arms to seize its prey.

Count Sievers—distinguished in Russian diplomacy (itself distinguished in the diplomacy of Europe)—always considered his handwriting a chief source of his success in life, and boasted the excellence of it to his grandchildren, saying that three Russian Emperresses loved to read it.†† He ought to have thrived more abundantly in place and power had his emperor been that Theodosius the Younger, the elegance of whose penmanship entitled him to what Gibbon‡‡ calls "the singular epithet" of *Caligraphes*, or fair writer.

One of Chateaubriand's billets-doux to Madame Récamier puts the engaging query, "Quand reverrai-je votre petite écriture, sœur cadette de la mienne?" The comment of M. de Marcellus on this bit of alleged affinity is spirituel: "Ah! bien cadette sans doute;" for Chateaubriand wrote in letters half an inch high, and as if there were nothing but

\* Table-talk of S. Rogers.

† The Bertrams, ch. xviii.

‡ Night and Morning, book v. ch. viii.

§ *Edinb. Rev.*, July, 1856.

¶ Collier's Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures.

|| His *Correspondence* with her was published in 1803.

\*\* Compare Carlyle's French Revolution, part ii. book iv. ch. ix., with Lamar-tine's *Hist. des Girondins*, l. iii. § xlii.

†† Blum's Graf J. J. von Sievers.—*Sat. Rev.*, 467.

‡‡ Decline and Fall, ch. xxxii.

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capitals in the alphabet. The noble secretary allows, however, that his chief's *grosse écriture*, "si lisible même dans son incorection,"\* was preferred by Louis XVIII. to any other, which speaks volumes for its legible aspect.

And a trying thing it is, to have to decipher the illegible. Curses both loud and deep have ever been frightfully accumulating, from the time handwriting was invented, on the torturing system of epistolary hieroglyphics. A tall folio might easily be compiled, of pathetic remonstrances extant in actual print, against the habit of afflicting one's correspondents with undecipherable ink-spots. Horace Walpole makes a partial self-accusation on this subject the occasion of a protest against my Lord Hertford's most puzzling penmanship. "This letter is woefully blotted and ill-written, yet I must say it is print compared with your lordship's. At first I thought you had forgot that you was not writing to the Secretary of State, and had put it into cipher."† Fanny Burney complained of the De Staël as penning what it was "impossible to decipher." Dr. Parr provoked his friends and compositors by what De Quincey calls his "execrable" handwriting. A marked contrast in this, as in many other respects, from Professor Porson, whose caligraphic marginalia have given beauty as well as scholastic value to many a volume annotated by his facile pen.

Even Win Jenkins was stung into an outcry against the non-lucid intervals of "dear Mary Jones's" autographic memorials. "I pray of all love, you will mind your vrighting and your spilling; for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made one suet to dissypher your last scrabble. . . . O, voman! voman! if thou hadst but the least consumption of what pleasure we scullers have, when we can cunster the crabbidist buck off hand."‡ Some folks are thankful for small mercies, honest Win.

Robert Southey, in virtue of the elegant excellence of his own handwriting—which is near akin to that, respectively, but in each case "with a difference," of Charles Lamb, of Leigh Hunt, and of Thomas de Quincey—had a better show of right than Smollett's Mistress Winifred, to scold offenders against the laws of legible penmanship. And this right he pretty freely exercised as a duty. Many was the hand he rapped over the knuckles for not holding its pen properly and guiding it gracefully. At one time it is George Burnett whom he would fain persuade to "attend to his handwriting," and to convince, in his own way, of the "moral fitness of writing straight lines and distinct letters, according to all the laws of mind."§ At another it is his fast friend Miss Barker, whom he frankly apprizes, "Senhora, you puzzle me by your handwriting—a very pretty handwriting, but cursedly unintelligible—a cramp-crooked-crow-quill, twelve-o'clock-at-night sort of writing,—the whole six-and-twenty letters like —, such a family likeness among them that there is no knowing one from another, not even by their stature, for the tall ones are so bandy-legged that their heads do not overtop the hump-backs of their dwarf brethren. . . . Senhora, it is a handwriting of the feminine gender—it is penwomanship, Senhora."||

\* Chateaubriand et son Temps, par le Comte de Marcellus, cnf. pp. 337, 406, 462-3.

† Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, Nov. 18, 1763.

‡ Humphrey Clinker.

§ Southey to Mr. Rickman, Nov. 27, 1801.

|| Southey to Miss Barker, Jan. 14, 1803.

His charge of its being a "twelve-o'clock-at-night sort of writing," reminds us of a passage of Mrs. Browning's :

My hand's a tremble as I had just caught up  
My heart to write with, in the place of it.  
At least you'd take these letters to be writ  
At sea, in storm !\*

Another especial victim of Southey's upbraidings on this score, was his brother Henry, at least in the young days of that since-eminent M.D., whom Robert used to style the Doctor, not himself as yet, either being, or having,† created a Doctor. "I do beseech you mend your ugly-ography," he writes to this promising brother ; and even avers, "I believe no man who ever wrote to any good purpose wrote a bad hand."‡ Writing to another brother, the Captain, and explaining why he had not written sooner, or employed brother Henry's pen, Southey says, "The Doctor's rascally handwriting might have enabled me to do it; but it is as provoking to receive a sheet scrawled over with a mouthful of meaning, as to call for spruce beer when one is thirsty, and get a glassful of froth."§

Proportionate to his impatience at cacographic enormities, was Robert the Rhymer's pleasurable appreciation of a clear, good hand. We have already cited one witness to character in Mrs. Thrale's behalf. Southey is himself another, and an emphatic one. "She writes a sprightly letter," he testifies of the Piozzi at seventy-five, "full of life and spirits, and in a full, strong hand, which, as a sample of penwomanship, is remarkably fine, but, considering her time of life, is really wonderful."|| What with Madame's native vivacity and her well-cultured pen-woman-ship, no wonder she snapped so eagerly, as Fanny Burney describes, at Mr. Crutchley's proposal for the Streatham society to consult a professed analyst of character from the writer's autograph—a professor of "the art of discovering *moral* characters from *written* ones." "Mrs. Thrale immediately started up and wrote in a very fine hand,—'The character of the writer of this is earnestly desired.'" When the earnest desire was complied with, it was in the following terms: that the applicant was very unsteady in her affections, a great lover of pleasure, and had no dislike to living in the country.¶ The Burney seems to have recognised in this a hit, a very palpable hit.

Were Southey's asserted conviction, quoted above, a correct one, that no man who ever wrote to good purpose, wrote a bad hand, some names that stand well in literature would have to be cleared off as impostors, intruders, and false pretenders. Among the moderns alone a tidy clearance might be effected. Some of our best-reputed authors, in their several departments of authorship, have been more or less flagrant mis-

\* Aurora Leigh, book vi.

† By not as yet *having* created one, we refer, of course, to what is known in modern literature as The Doctor, by Robert Southey—that Daniel Dove, to wit, whose existence led its creator into strange lengths of mystification and verbal prevarication.

‡ R. to H. Southey, Esq., Nov. 21, 1804.

§ To Lieut. Southey, R.N., Dec. 21, 1806.

|| Southey to his eldest daughter, Sept. 20, 1813.

¶ See Diary of Madame d'Arblay, vol. ii. part ii. (1781.)

doers in penmanship. Byron could with difficulty make out his own handwriting—though he liked to believe he could write decently once; but “haste and agitation of one kind and another,” says he, “have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank.” His letters abound with apologies for being “illegible” and “unintelligible.” “Pray let them be copied,” is his desire as regards the poems and notes he sends for the printer; “no devil can read my hand.”\* Southey, however, as we may conjecture, would not have accepted Byron’s instance as contradicting his rule; for he would have charged him with writing to *no* good purpose whatever, but to a distinctly and disastrously bad one. But there are other examples, not liable to any such moral reprobation. Jeffrey (though at *him*, too, Southey would have hurled a critical anathema) wrote in provokingly obscure characters. Even Lord Cockburn admits that “a more illegible hand has rarely tormented friends.”† And in that story which John Galt tells of the masquerading lady who makes him write down his address for her, “Na, na, Mr. Jamphler,” she is made to protest, when the little advocate has complied, “that winna do—I canna read Greek—ye maun pit it in broad Scotch,”—Mr. Jamphler being, in consequence, “obligated to write the address more legibly.”‡ As this tricky dame taxed Jeffrey with putting it in Greek, so Theodore Hook§ was twitted with “writing his Hebrew without points.” Doctor Chalmers, again, wrote what was Hebrew and Greek to his friends—his father being said|| to have carefully deposited the unread letters in his desk, saying, that Thomas himself would read them to him when he came to Anstruther. Many years later we read the following termination of an affectionate letter to his aged mother: “Let me know if you can read my present letter; for if you can, it will give me satisfaction to know that I can make myself legible. I have made a particular effort, and I hope I have succeeded. I think pretty well of it myself, but I am not the best judge of that matter.” What his mother thought of this particular letter, or how far it was eligibly legible, does not appear; but three years later we get an avowal of hers that looks discouraging: “I had a letter last night from Thomas. . . . It is a vast labour the reading his letters—I sometimes take a week to make them out.”¶

Sydney Smith formally declined ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after date. He was so aware of the badness of it, that in a letter to Mr. Travers, who wished to see one of his sermons, he says, “I would send it to you with pleasure, but my writing is as if a swarm of ants, creeping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.”\*\* But this consciousness did not prevent his rebukes to Jeffrey, and Lady Holland herself, for the illegibility†† of their pen-practice.

Alluding to the melancholy fact that there are some handwritings which produce a strike for more wages in any office where they appear, a popular essayist‡‡ assigns to Lord Brougham’s a bad pre-eminence

\* See Moore’s *Life of Byron*, edit. 1851, pp. 7, 35, 91, 104, 139.

† *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. i. p. 18.

‡ *The Steam-boat*, by J. Galt, ch. xvi.

§ *Hanna’s Life of Chalmers*, ch. ii.

\*\* *Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, vol. i. ch. viii.

†† See *Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 50, 128, 482.

‡‡ John Hollingshead, *The Mechanism of Literature*.

§ *Life by Barham*, ch. xiv.  
¶ *Ibid.*, ch. xxxiii.

among this bad lot—affirming that venerable peer's handwriting to be the worst to read or print from that has been seen during the last half century.\* From M. Oberleitner's recent collection of autographs† we learn that Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, wrote his name in a style "resembling a Runic inscription more closely than anything else; and that, while Ulric von Hutten and Melanchthon are exceptionally clear, Erasmus and Luther "would assuredly," in the Saturday Reviewer's phrase,‡ "never have earned their capitation grant under the Revised Code." But for the explanatory catalogue, it would be "perfectly hopeless to decipher them."§

We are told of Thomas Hood's "peculiarly clear neat writing," that so good and legible was it, that it was repeatedly begged by printers, to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading handwriting.||

Sir E. B. Lytton somewhere speaks of what he calls "that stiff, Italian hand," which allows the writer so much time to think while he forms his letters.¶ Count Cavour, according to the *Times'* Own Correspondent at Turin,\*\* wrote a plain and distinct round French hand, with lines wide apart—a hand of which strength and decision would not, on a first inspection, seem to be the most obvious characteristics. An attached compatriot of the late Earl of Eglintoun bore witness at the Ayr "Memorial" meeting,†† that as it was his lordship's principle (and practice) never to leave a letter unanswered, no matter from whom it might come, high or low, or what the subject of it might be, important or the reverse; so also the answer he penned, in time for the next post, was sure to be "written in that plain and simple hand which truly reflected," says Colonel Ferrier Hamilton, "the character of the writer—manly, frank, unostentatious, and kind."

Sheridan was one of the illustrious obscure in penmanship. His notes to Mathews the elder, fast and frequent, were so illegible that the comedian had to take them for translation to Tom Sheridan; "and I have now in my possession," records Mrs. Mathews, "writings of his containing words that would puzzle the most ingenious to make out the context. . . . One night an order of Mr. Sheridan's was stopped at the box-door of Drury Lane Theatre, and pronounced a forgery, because the door-keeper could not read it."‡‡

M. de Tocqueville, in one of his letters to Mrs. Grote, apologising for an illegible scrawl, says that somebody told him the other day that his handwriting was midway between hieroglyphics and cuneiform. "I con-

\* "Lord Brougham's manuscripts are seldom touched by any compositor under an advance upon the ordinary rate of payment of at least twenty per cent."—*The Register*, May, 1861.

† Album de Facsimile des Régents, etc. Vienna, 1862.

‡ No. 851.

§ "Calvin's signature displays a tremulousness strangely untrue to its historic character; it will be recognised by many as curiously similar to that of a distinguished religious leader of our own day." Among other autographs in M. Oberleitner's collection, is that of William of Orange, "remarkably firm and clear;" that of the Duke of Alva, "an illegible scrawl;" and that of Goetz of Berlichingen, "looking very much as a signature written with an iron hand might be expected to look."—*Ibid.*, xiii. 90.

¶ See Memorials of Thomas Hood, vol. i. ch. i.

¶ My Novel, book ii. ch. ii.

\*\* Jan. 1, 1861.

†† Oct. 28, 1861.

‡‡ Life of C. Mathews, ch. xii.



sole myself, however," he adds, "with trying to believe that there is a man who writes still worse, our excellent friend Senior."\* The distinguished critic and political economist of that name, now deceased, is here referred to.

Bad writers, Mr. Arthur Helps has observed, cannot now plead great examples for bad writing; and he points it out as a curious thing that, going back for a long period, prime ministers have, with few exceptions, been remarkably good writers. Canning, he says, wrote an exquisite hand; the Duke of Wellington a clear and noble hand; Sir Robert Peel a most legible hand, a thought, perhaps, too mercantile for beauty, but still an excellent hand. "Lord Palmerston's handwriting is a model of good penmanship: Lord John Russell's forcible and distinct; and I might continue to give a long list of eminent men who have not disdained to take much pains with their handwriting. I mention these statesmen, because all of them had, or have, to write a great quantity in the course of most days, and might fairly be excused if they wrote badly."† The clerk of the privy council has special opportunities for observant criticism on caligraphy of this class.

It is not every man that forms a correct estimate of his penmanship, any more than of his personal character. Some overrate, and a few deprecate, the merits of their handwriting. Some are beside the mark, and mistake the manner, altogether. Hartley Coleridge describes himself in Album verse as one

—whose characters are quaint  
As antique legend of a monkish saint,  
As hieroglyphic of the wise Egyptian,  
Or prentice-posing doctor's learn'd prescription;  
As Runic, Coptic, Chaldee, Erse, or Ogham,  
Or schoolboy's tasks, for which their masters flog 'em;  
As hand of cooks, by love impell'd to scrawl,  
Or hand of Bishops, which is worst of all.‡

In reality, 'twas no such thing. Mr. Derwent Coleridge tells us his brother's "peculiar handwriting" was "strong, black, rapid, and irregular, yet, for the most part, distinct and legible"§—not at all, however, the sort of hand we should have predicated from the known character of the man.

Judging from specimens in a new French publication, *L'Autographe*, the handwriting of Louis Napoleon is "undecided, nervous, fitful, and wavering"—his words being sometimes crowded into a small space, at others sprawling over a large one. And it is noted that he has four ways of forming the letter S. Louis Philippe's writing, when he signed the abdication in 1848, is, on the contrary, "firm and bold." Lamartine's is "small and delicate as that of an excitable and impressionable woman."

One of the most noticeable specimens of latter-day penwomanship—to

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\* Tocqueville to Mrs. Grote, Jan. 31, 1857.

† Second Series of Friends in Council, I. 270. Second edition.

‡ Hartley Coleridge's Poems, vol. i. p. 93.

§ Memoir of Hartley Coleridge, p. 133.

adopt Southey's sexual substantive—appears to have been Charlotte Brontë's; marvellously, microscopically small\* (notwithstanding her near-sightedness—unless indeed we ought to say, in consequence of it), in “clear, legible, delicate traced writing, almost as easy to read as print.” So Mrs. Gaskell describes it.† Mr. Caldwell Roscoe describes in that handwriting, so minute and compressed, yet never abbreviated; “microscopic even, yet never fine or delicate; not bold or graceful, but firm and angular,” a something that is, upon the whole, with its quaint distinctive characters, “a sort of microcosmic emblem of her genius.”‡

Currer Bell has more than once given proof of her observant habit in matters of penmanship. She, too, read character by it. Her Professor at Brussels scrutinises his queer friend Hunsden's “small, neat handwriting, not a bit like that of a mercantile man, nor, indeed, of any man except Hunsden himself. They talk of affinities between the autograph and the character: what was there here? I recalled the writer's peculiar face and certain traits I suspected, rather than knew, to appertain to his nature, and I answered, ‘A good deal.’”§ So in Paulina's enamoured portrayal of Graham Bretton, whose first letter she has just received: “Graham's hand is like himself, Lucy; . . . no pointed turns harshly pricking the optic nerve, but a clean, mellow, pleasant manuscript, that soothes you as you read. It is like his face—just like the chiselling of his features: do you know his autograph?”|| But Paulina's note of interrogation must be our full stop.

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\* Probably the nearest approach to it in this respect, on the part of her male contemporaries, is the autograph of Douglas Jerrold. His custom in composition, his son tells us, was to write for the press on little blue slips of paper, “in letters smaller than the type in which they shall be presently set.”—*Life of Douglas Jerrold*, p. 259.

Schleiermacher is another example of those who affect microscopic manipulation in the matter of penwork. We find his father once and again complaining mildly of the young preacher's minute autograph: “Your mother, on account of your small handwriting, read out the passage to me,” &c. “I should like very much to read one of your latest sermons, but not written in a very small hand.”—*Life of Schleiermacher*, I. 103, 105.

† *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. II. ch. 1.

‡ *National Review*, July, 1857.

§ *The Professor*, ch. xxi.

|| *Villette*, ch. xxxiii, “The First Letter.”

STRATHMORE;  
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE NINETEENTH.

I.

THE SYMBOL OF THE DYING FLOWER.

SUMMER in the heart of the great city! Mockery of the name!—Summer! with the incessant roll of traffic, never ending from the dawn of one day to the dawn of another; with the loud beating of steam-presses throbbing and thundering through the nights; with the glory of the skies in azure warmth or starry stillness, shut out from sight by the great wilderness of roofs; with the dense heat of the noon burning on arid pavement, on whirling dust, on grey, gritty, barren walls; with the brightness of the sun shining on toiling crowds, on panting horses, on thronged narrow thoroughfares filled with noise, with stench, with reeking, heavy heat; on dark, noisome courts, where, when its rays stole in through some broken chink or loosened shutter, they found men labouring and lusting for gold, with their eyes blind to the day and their souls lost to heaven. Summer! with the only bird a prisoned lark in some garret window, that shook its dust-covered wings and strained its parched throat in song that was but a long quiver of agony, while it plunged its beak into the dry sear sod as though in some wild memory of the fresh woodland grasses far away. Summer! with the only flower a sickly drooped plant, whose leaves hung lifeless, and whose blossoms were colourless with smoke; with the only living water the ink-black, poisonous river, forest-thick with masts; with the only murmur through the day and night the toiling of the weary feet of crowds who had forgotten what green fields were like!

Summer! it is a terrible and ghastly thing in the pent alleys of a great city, and Marion Vavasour, when she stood leaning her arms on the sill of her narrow window, and gazing down into the noxious street below, sickened and shuddered at it as under a physical torture. Beauty, colouring, poetry, luxury, they were the life of this woman's life; her eyes longed, her heart thirsted for them as the lark's for the woodland shadows, as the flower for the light of the sun and the sweetness of the morning dew. Years of evil and of infamy could not trample this out of her nature; she had been born for all the richness of sovereignty, all the luxuriance of power, all the delicate lustre of sight, and scent, and touch, and ever-changing scenes of beauty, which are the prerogatives of wealth; she lived in *them*, without them she perished famine-stricken. The heat, the noise, the dusty glare, the barren, vulgar hideousness of

the life about her were bitter torture to her, the death to which she had sunk in the whirling chasm of the ocean had not been one tithe so terrible, so accursed to her, as the living death in which she dwelt. Proud, she was steeped to the lips in degradation ; a poetic voluptuary, her life was sheared barren of every memory of beauty ; once a patrician and a ruler, she lived a pariah imprisoned in want and misery. Vengeance could not have been more subtle and complete than his.

Where she looked down into the hot, vile, unsightly street, with its crowded wretchedness, and its narrow strip of sunny sky left between the high pent roofs as though in mockery of all the glorious world beyond, laughing in loveliness and light, that was lost and unknown to those who were the dwellers here, her thoughts wandered to her dead and golden past. The hours of triumphs, the homage of courts, the rich perfection of her peerless loveliness, the days of her glad and splendid sovereignty, they floated before her in memories tangled and lustrous like the glories of a dream. A thousand summer days, a thousand summer nights, the perfume of Southern climes, and the fragrance of luminous seas flashing in phosphor light, whilst the air was balmy with flowers, and filled with music from palace-stairs, gleaming marble white through deep odorous thickets of myrtle ; the murmur of love-words whispered low, and the radiance of her own resistless beauty, with the gold light on her hair, and the proud challenge in her eyes, and the throngs of princes and of courtiers waiting on her steps, that swept like Cleopatra's over rose-strewn paths :—they drifted past her, the phantoms of dead years, and a dull, sickly sense of unreality stole on her, looking on that glorious sun-lighted, diamond-crowned vision of her youth. Had hers ever been this fair and sovereign life ? Was she what the world had known as Marion Vavasour ? The soft grace, the rich lustre, the divine fragrance of that bygone life, were they all dead for ever ? Could the light never come back to her eyes, the laughter to her heart, the beauty—her loved, lost beauty !—to her face, for which men had deemed the world well lost ? And the ceaseless ebb and flow of the black river-tide, and of the surging throng in the weary glare below, seemed to beat as answer on the stifling air,

“For ever, never ! Never, for ever !”

Yet among the living, as though condemned wraith-like to wander without rest among the world that knew her not, and in which she had no place, Marion Vavasour was dead !

She gazed down into the colourless dust-strewn street, while the hot air was filled with sickening, stifling odours from which she shrank, and up from the river swept noxious, pestilential vapours in the arid noon, in which the pale leaves of the garret-flower drooped, and the caged lark sat huddled and blind, with wings that hung nerveless, and a little life without song ; and as she gazed through the deadly weariness of her beggared years, one human passion rose, still sweet, still unexhausted, still the right and the lust of the outcast as of the monarch—the passion of revenge. The hatred which had destroyed her, was scarce so cruel and so pitiless as the hatred that she bore ; for men at their worst never

reach the depths to which a woman sinks when once unsexed, and cast into the fathomless sea of unlicensed evil; the tigress is more cruel than her mate. Men strike at what they hate; women, more subtle and more merciless, strike at what is best-beloved by the life they would destroy. It is the difference of the sexes; one tramples out under an iron keel, the other poisons unseen and with a smile.

Vague, shapeless, hopeless, her vengeance rose before her sight; she knew now where to strike—but how? Sunk amongst the lowest, destitute, and banned from every household, how could she sever two lives lifted far above her in the security of rank, and power, and peace? How could she learn the force to forge a bolt to reach and pierce the kingly mail of the patrician and the statesman? She had seen where the single weakness lay in the steel-clad strength of the man who had denied her mercy; but her hands were empty, she had no weapon with which to strike. All that brutality could have compassed, all that a serpent subtlety and an insatiate thirst could have schemed and been slaked in, she would have done; but her power was paralysed, whilst her passion to destroy burned but the fiercer for its impotence.

"He loves her!—he loves her!" the words that had been hissed from her lips in the night stillness as she had looked on them, broke from them now, as though in them she felt the whole measure of her hate were gathered, as though in them lay the mystical encantation at whose summons vengeance would rise incarnate, to be her minister and slave. She hated Lucille's young loveliness and life, as that which is evil ever hates that which is pure; the divine compassion which had pitied her, the sweet graciousness with which the young girl had smiled on her and offered her her roses, were but memories which made her savage greed the thirstier to destroy her.

She knew nothing of her save what rumour, floating to her as rumour floats amongst the masses of those above them, told; that she was a young, high-born girl, whom he had married in her earliest years, and of whom many idle stories wandered downward through all the ranks of society, till even the lowest caught and retailed them, touching her gentleness to all who suffered or sought charity, and her husband's passionate devotion to her, Rumour's hundred tongues outlying one another in what they babbled of the beauty, the luxury, the brilliance with which it was his pleasure to surround her, and of the strange tenderness in which he was said to hold one whom he had wedded when the world had deemed him bound solely and for ever to the chillness of power and the solitude of ambition.

This was all she knew; but it was more than enough to overfill the measure of a deadly hate, sole lingering passion of a ruined and ruthless life, which, accursed and driven out itself from every fairer and every holier thing, loathed and panted to destroy all beauty that lived in another, all light that shone on other lives.

Strathmore had been her slave; in his passion, in his crime, *she* had been his temptress, even as she had been his destroyer; and a burning, poisonous jealousy consumed her, twisted in with the lust for her vengeance. She hated him with a hate unutterable; but a thrill of thirsty *envy* ran through her when she knew that this young and graceful loveliness was in his home, in his heart, in his life. If the vain and sensual

nature of Marion Vavasour had ever loved, she had loved—for a brief while—the man whose mad devotion had been lavished on her in that imperious force which wakes the heart of women in their own despite; the cruel tyrant had valued most the costliest toy she most utterly, most brutally destroyed; the sweetest, richest hours of her rich, sweet past had been those in which Strathmore had lain subject at her feet. She had deemed that love was for ever dead in him, and she had deemed aright; that which he bore to Lucille was too pure to bring the wild, delicious passion he had known once, and but once alone. But this *she* knew not; she only knew that in another lay the sole joy of his life; that to another was given his kiss, his thoughts, the wealth of his riches and of his tenderness. And the poison of a fierce and brutal jealousy was in her—the jealousy of a woman who hates, and who has lost all that makes womanhood human.

“He loves her!—he loves her!” The thirsty words were on her lips as she leaned out, looking on the heavy, noxious, sultry street; in them she seemed to feel the prophecy and surety of her vengeance. Yet how touch them who dwelt as far above her now as the skies were above the wretched companions of her infamy? how, with the impotent hate of an outcast, reach and sever the lives surrounded with the might and the purple of power?

The serpent is powerless as the dove to harm, unless it can wind its way in to wreath around and breathe its venom on the life it would destroy. She had the will, the thirst, the passion to strike, and to strike without pity; but her hands were empty. It was hopeless.

Where she leaned, the flower on the pent, dark casement was blown by the wind against her lips; she shuddered from its touch; she thought of the rose—rich, fragrant, dew-laden—that she had drawn from its leafy nest of foliage on the terrace at Vernonceaux. As that scarlet, odorous rose had been her life in the Past,—as that withered, prisoned flower in the closeness of the sunless, noxious garret was her life in the Present! The poetry which still lingered in this woman's nature made her lean over the yellow faded leaves drooping there in the sickening air, and see in them companions to her fate, and touch them with a weary hand—the hand that once dealt life or death at pleasure, and was touched with as reverent a kiss of homage as that which queens receive! Susceptible, impressionable still, a thrill of terrible joy ran through her, as at some symbol and metaphor of vengeance, sure, if slow, as she saw gnawing at its roots the ghastly, poisonous fungi—they were to her an omen and an augury.

“Ah!” she whispered to the flower, with the graceful, imaginative fancy which once had been her softest charm, now warped, usurped, and darkened, and made evil like herself, “they have shorn you of beauty, of fragrance, of glory, of life. No sun shines on you, and none think you fair. You are dead, and the world will give you no place—but you hold what will poison still!”

“Was any one ever so happy as you make me?” Lucille asked him, wistfully, with a soft, deep-drawn sigh of joy that could find no eloquence fitting for it, as she leaned against him, in the lateness of that night, looking upward at the stars, while silvered and hushed in the moonlight

there, stretched below the casement, the winding waters and the dark woodlands of the home that had been her bridal gift. She did not know why, for all answer, he pressed her closer to his heart.

"Thank God!"

"And you!" she murmured, while her eyes looked upward into his, "with all the glory and the greatness of your life, you never forgot Lucille!"

"When I forget Lucille, my life will have ceased!"

His head was bowed over her, and his voice was sunk to that deep tenderness which changed so utterly the chill languor of its habitual tone, and was never heard save by her. She was an exquisite child to him still, with all her soft caprices, her poetic earnestness, her fairy fancies that were law to him, her unsullied innocence that was hallowed to him, and only became tenfold the fairer, tenfold the fonder, to his sight and to his heart through the changed ties which made her young life one with his.

The keenest remorse sleeps often and long, as the deadliest serpent lies dulled and still in peace through many hours; and in the happiness of Lucille almost he found his own, for in her he saw his atonement and his expiation.

She lifted her head with a fond caress;—those soft kisses of Lucille's lips seemed to purify his own; remembering them, callous words had not seldom been checked—a pitiless sneer not seldom been foregone. He strove—as far as his nature could—to be what she believed him.

"How beautiful the night is! The day smiles on us, but the night always seems fullest of God's love and pity!" she said, while her eyes gazed up to the still starlit skies with that poetic and meditative love of nature which beheld "God in all things," and found poems in all, from the lowliest flower to the darkest storm.

He smiled tenderly on her;—to comprehend this was not possible to him; in his youth he had never known it, in his mature years it was yet farther from him, but in her it was sacred to him from disdain, safe even from a jest.

"You see beauty in all the world, Lucille! If these chill, lustreless nights of England are so lovely to you, what will the Southern ones be—the nights of Baisæ, of Sicily, of Greece?"

Where they leant against the balcony in the moonlight, his arm about her and her head resting on his breast, he spoke of all to which he would take her some leisure time, when the pressure of office should relax and leave him free; of hours on the Mediterranean, where the lateen-boats were filled with fragrant freights of violets or olive-wood; of luminous waters, with the golden orange fruit and purple grapes hanging above the waves; of nights in the Carnival time, when from some lofty casement she would look out on the Roman throng and on the dome of St. Peter's, studded and circled with light; of moonlit evenings, floating down the soft, grey Bosphorus, with each stroke of the oars leaving a trail of phosphor gold, and the snows of Mount Olympus towering in the lustrous radiance of the stars; of scenes and hours which he drew from the memories of a long life, the accomplished eloquence and facile words of the orator supplying that sense of beauty which, so vivid in her, had never, even in youth, existed in him, so that its absence could not strike

coldly or harshly on her, as she listened to the mellow music of his voice, and the graphic painting of his words, and let her thoughts float over the golden glories which steeped that rich dreamland, her future.

And in such hours as this—letting memory drift from him, and the fevered ambitions and bitter contests of his world be forgot, while his thoughts and his words took their colour from hers, and in her upraised eyes and in her kiss upon his cheek he knew how great, how perfect were Lucille's love and happiness—Strathmore himself was *almost* happy. "Almost"—for the great lost soul of the man could never wholly cast aside the burden of its sin; and the beauty of his life, that "light which never was on land or sea," had died for ever for him when Marion Vavasour had betrayed him, and the sun had gone down upon his wrath.

## II.

### QUESTORES PARICIDIUM.

It was far past midnight in Westminster, and as the Minister whose foreign policy recalled the greatness of Castlereagh, and whose sweeping and polished eloquence withered like an ice-blast all it smote, passed out from the House, after a great field-night, the approaches were hemmed in by a crowd breathless to see and eager to welcome him. Famous, but never popular; firm rooted in the honour, but holding no place in the love, of the nation; wondered at, but scarce understood, in a country which deifies the Common-place, and calls its best Man of Business its best Statesman, the subtle, profound, and eloquent intellect of Strathmore was little comprehended; his genius was Statecraft, his aspiration absolute dominance; born to rule, to command, and hold an undisputed sceptre, he was as little capable of sympathy with the English nation as the English nation with him. Solely beneath his sway, they would have been ruled with an iron hand at home, but they would have never been degraded and ridiculed abroad. The hand of the tyrant might have been iron, but it would have grasped a sword never to be bribed into its sheath by an appeal to a trader's instincts. Thus, England had little comprehension of him, and as little love; but the spirit of his Statesmanship was essentially the spirit which ennobles the blood of a country, and gives her the fear of her foes and the faith of her allies; and although this is the spirit which of all others is most lacking in the politics of the nation, and is deemed by her most costly and "idealistic," there are hours, now and then, when the blood stagnant in her veins is roused by it, as the war-horse which has long worn the girths of the huckster's saddle, and borne the trader's pack, still rouses to the trumpet-blast of the charge, and scents the battle afar off with eager, restless memories of glory gone.

This night had been one of them, and for once the old grand temper was awake in the country, and it recognised its leader in the man, who, if his hand were iron, would at least uphold with it the might of England, and not put it behind him for the gold of a shopkeeper's bribe, to be slipped into the closed palm.

As he passed out into the night the crowds pressed closer and closer, and cheered him to the echo: that night in the autumn of the by-



gone year, when he had given his life to the peril of the seas for the sheer sake of those perishing in the storm, had brought his name home to the hearts of the people with a warm, human sympathy, which the patrician brilliance and the haughty fame of his career had banished, rather than won. It had made his name loved by thousands whose eyes had never rested on him, and whose lives could render his no comprehension. It was in the hearts of the people now, and they were stirred as by one impulse; their shouts of welcome echoed to the night, roused by something higher than the trading instinct, nobler than mere popular clamour; it was homage given, unbought and unbidden, to that which was loftiest, truest, grandest in Strathmore's nature. For the moment he was moved to something holier than mere lust of power, to something warmer than the mailed pride of ambition, as he bent his head to the assembled multitudes; it was more than the patrician who acknowledged the acclamation of the populace, it was the man who recognised the sympathy of his brethren.

He sank back in the solitude of his carriage, with a new and softened light within his eyes, and a weary sigh of rest after conflict.

He had done evil, but he had done also good—good, wide, lasting, wrought for his country and for the sake of millions, who yet lay in the womb of the future. Might not this suffice to wash out the blood-stain on his life?

Scattering the people clustered in the narrow ways, the carriage moved forward in the clear light of the midnight moon. The cheers rose deafening on the air; the masses swayed and surged in the fitful shadows; the great stone piles pealed back in echo the name the multitudes hurled in honour to the starlit skies—"STRATHMORE! STRATHMORE!"

As the waves of a sea part and roll back, so the waves of human life swept aside with their mighty murmur, and, as it had risen from the sea-depths, with all its lost and evil beauty, known through all the change of years and ravages of a dishonoured life, so there rose to his sight, from the waving crowds and flickering shades of night, the face of Marion Vavasour. For a moment seen, and in a moment lost. Yet in that moment they had looked on one another, and an eternity could have told neither more. The new and holier light died out from Strathmore's eyes; a great anguish tightened about him; a sickening dread, such as had seized him when he had seen her face in the yellow autumn mists of White Ladies, clenched upon his life, withering all hope, all peace, all future unborn years. The temptress and companion of his sin was that sin's Nemesis and Eumenides.

"Atonement!" The lurid cruel eyes of the woman for whose beauty he had steeped his soul in guilt, mocked at it, and drove him out from rest, as the Furies drove Orestes, even when remorse had brought him weary, and worn, and sick unto death, to lie, if but for one brief hour, at the foot of the altars of God.

It was long past midnight.

His face was haggard, and his step had changed from its firm and stately tread to one slow and weary, as he passed through the halls and corridors of his ministerial residence, through the glow of white light, rich hues, delicate marbles, and clustering foliage. He had come from

a proud triumph, with which Europe would teem on the morrow; he had come from the homage of the peoples, rendered as by one voice to him as the upholder of the honour of their nation; yet it was not as a victor that he returned, and had the world beheld him as he passed alone through the solitude of his chamber, it would not have found one memory of its honours, its might, and its triumph, remaining with the man who, but a few seconds before, had spoken in the name of England the grand challenge which would uplift her ancient fame in the sight of a listening world, and who now came, as the guilty come into the presence of the innocent, with the knowledge of evil, and the burden of a dead sin alone with him, and upon him.

He passed through the silent chambers into Lucille's, where the aromatic silvery lamplight was soft and shaded, burning low.

Early in the evening he had returned with her from a state gathering, and had bidden her go to her rest; for used to the child-like simplicity and even tenor of her years at Silver-rest, she was too fragile to be much in the restless vortex and the wearing whirl of that great world, of which her loveliness and his name had made her at once a queen—a queen as guileless and unconscious in her child-sovereignty now, as when her crown was of the woodland violets, and her wealth of the ocean shells, by the sea-shore at Silver-rest.

She had obeyed him; she had no will save his, the gentlest guide, the surest guardian her life could ever have owned, for he had bent the iron of his nature like a reed, and changed his very character, until all its coldness, its haughty egotism, its ascetic indifference to all which weaker men hold dear, were lost and merged in one deep tenderness for her. She had obeyed him, and listening long for the echo of his step, had sunk to sleep, with the words of her prayer for him and of her gratitude to God the last upon her lips. He moved through the long space of the silent chamber, and stood beside her couch, looking on that soft and innocent rest to which the night brought no memories of guilt, and whose dreams were pure and joyous as the dreams of infancy.

Her bright hair fell unloosed about her, a flush was on her cheeks, for the night was warm, her head rested on her arm in all the grace of profound repose, and that unconscious and dreaming loveliness smote him tenfold with the bitterness of guilt as he stood looking down upon her in the shaded silvery light; was his heart one on which it should be hushed, were his lips those whose kiss should wake her from her rest?

Once more in the shadows of the night the eyes of his temptress and destroyer had looked on him, rising up from the surge of the multitudes as she had risen from the surge of the waves, forbidding him peace, claiming him hers by right of their dead sin, by right of their mutual guilt to his life which had been slaughtered by the lie of the traitress, and by the hand of the assassin. What place had he beside the holy rest of innocence? It were juster that he were driven out to dwell with the lost, and the accursed, in the shame and the hatred of all things pure and sinless, of all lives loved of God.

As though even in sleep conscious when he was near, Lucille stirred in her slumber and awakened with the light in her fair eyes, and the smile upon her face with which she had awakened from the sleep of childhood in her dead mother's bosom, and had looked upward to the gaze of him

whose crime had made her desolate ere yet she knew her loss or felt her wrong. Her soft, low cry thrilled his heart with its waking welcome, the flush of a beautiful gladness deepened the warmth of her cheeks, her arms were thrown about his neck, while her lips breathlessly whispered sweet, eager questions for his honour, his triumphs, his greatness, all dear to her as the life to which in *her* sight they gave the sanctity of the Patriot and the grandeur of the Ruler. The voice which answered her quivered slightly; the lips which met her caress were cold; the face which bent over her was dark and worn with the memories which thronged about him in the hush of night. The flush died from her cheek, the light was quenched in her eyes, the shadow of his own fate fell upon her.

"You suffer? You are ill? What is it—what has grieved you?" she asked him, in the rapid dread, the vague terror of any evil which menaced him.

He drew her closer to his heart, and the profound dissimulation, the iron self-control which were alike his nature and training, did not desert him now.

"Nothing, my own love. I have been speaking two hours, and the debate has been a tempestuous and lengthened one, till for once I am weary and fatigued; that is all."

She did not doubt him: that his lips would have spoken other words save those of truth, she dreamed no more than she dreamed of the blood-stain on his life; but the eyes which took all their light and all their joy from his gazed wistfully upward to the face which, waking from her slumber, she had seen for the first time darkened and careworn, with the resurrection of a guilty past, the futile yearning of a great remorse.

"All? You are sure it is all?" she asked him, wistfully. "You would not keep anything from me even in love? You would not withhold even a thought? You would let Lucille share your pain as she shares your glory?"

His heart sickened, his conscience shrank under the tender words; his eyes, fathomless and unrevealing beneath every gaze and every torture, fell under the questioning appeal of those uplifted to him in their innocence, unconscious of the anguish that they dealt.

Evil should not have been the salvation which had saved her; guilt should not have been the secret of the heart on which hers leaned! A quick shudder ran through his frame; he drew her to him with passionate force.

"None would have loved you as I love? None could have been to you as I am, Lucille?"

"Ah! No, no. Why ask?—you know that so well!"

And as she clung to him, her bright hair falling over his arms, her eyes full of such liquid light as painters give to the pure and happy eyes of angels, she heard but in his words the tenderness of her husband's love, and had no knowledge in them of the sleepless dread of that remorse which strove to lull its suffering, and to find peace where no peace was, with the knowledge of her guiltless life, blessing and blessed by him.

## III.

## THE OUTCAST BY THE GATES.

LIGHT, and colouring, the coolness of water, the shade of leafy depths, the fragrance of flowers, the green belts of sloping lawns, and the sparkling spray of fountain columns tossed aloft among the brilliance of blossom and the lofty heads of trees, all the beauty she thirsted for was here, where Marion Vavasour stood looking through the iron tracery of gates, as the prisoner through his bars gazes at the world to which he can never go forth again. They were the lodge-gates to the grounds of the Thames villa of S. A. R. le Duc d'Etoiles, filled with the choicest gathering of England at a brilliant fête, that was simply called a garden party; and where she stood, crouched down against the iron scroll-work, in the dust of the highway, she could see the velvet slopes of turf, the pyramids of bloom, the glimpse of white distant terraces through the breaks of stately avenues—she could hear the swell of far-off music, even the low murmur of a laugh when a group swept near—she could breathe in the rich fragrance of flowers and of perfumes—she could look, in one word, on the life of her Past.

A few years since, and he who was host there had led her through the salons of the Tuileries, bending to her word in homage, seeking no empire so precious as one smile from the lips that poets hymned, and the eyes that recalled all the glory of Helen's; a few years' since, and she had been of them, with them, omnipotent by right of every sovereign grace—unrivalled, were it only by the light of that *angelico riso* which played upon no other beauty as it played on hers. Now the Prince d'Etoiles would have passed her by unknown;—and she stood without his gates among the outcasts of the great highway, one with the roofless, nameless beggars, who, in the whirling dust and summer scorch, crouched among the trampling hoofs and crowded wheels to look with hungry, wondering eyes through the iron bars at these stray glimpses of the life so unlike theirs, that their sight could not grasp, nor their fancy realise it. Her hands were clenched upon the bars, her brow was pressed on the cold iron; she drank in the fragrance, the music, the beauty of the blent light and shadow, with the sun gleam on the lawns, and the glimpses of blossom and of colour that glanced between the trees; she hungered for her life that was lost for ever; she stood an alien and an exile looking on the things that knew her no more!

The white wand of a lacquey struck her on the shoulder with a sharp reprimand; the same action, the same words with which, in the years that were gone, the chasseur of the Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux had used to the Bohemian Redempta. There is a wild, wanton Nemesis at times in human life. She started at the blow and the indignity; for the moment she forgot that she had no longer the power to *resent*—most bitter loss of this world's losses!—and turned with her old superb grace, with her old proud patrician rebuke.

In the carriage, whose way she stopped, its occupant leaned back among the cushions alone, bowing, something haughtily and distantly, as the throng, gathered about the gates, lifted their hats to salute him. As she raised her head, she met his eyes; he knew her; a quiver passed

over his face; he shrank visibly, irrepressibly, as though a knife had struck him; and his carriage swept on through the ducal gates, leaving her without in the dust and the throng of the parched highway.

A moment before, full of the projects, the contests, the purposes, and the successes of power, of the attitude of the session which had hitherto been in all its triumphs his own *aristeia* and of the far-stretching foresight and matured calculations of the ambition which had been from his youth, and would be to his death, his master-passion, Strathmore, at sight of her, forgot all save his past, its dead guilt leaving its weakness in the life in all else strong—its buried crime claiming him slave, who in all else was ruler. Leader and chief, master of men, and moulder of circumstances, he could not purchase or enforce oblivion—he could not choose but bow, conscience-stricken and struck down, before the eyes of an outcast in the throng! He had loved her, he had sinned for her, taking the crime of Cain upon him for her sake: she was in his life for ever its burden, its retribution, its destroyer.

All the darkness of his past came back with that one look from the lost, thirsty, sleepless eyes of Marion Vavasour.

While he joined his own world, while he spoke the courtly nothings of the day, while he chatted with princes and with peers, and moved through the brilliant groups of the gardens, her memory was on him, and the sickening sense of a remembered crime, fresh as though born of yesterday, upon his life.

A few lengths of leafy avenue, a few stretches of sunny sward, and he looked on the fairness of Lucille's face, in its first and loveliest dawn of youth—youth without a shadow, without a fear, without a soil. The centre of a group whose polished homage she still heard with naïf surprise, and still turned from with graceful carelessness, she stood on the broad white steps of a terrace, deeply sheltered in by cedar-boughs, and where the mingled wealth of a thousand blossoms enclosed her in their luxuriant colours, like a young Angel of the Flowers. Against her leant a young boy, a little heir of the house, who looked up at her with loying eyes, while she smiled down upon his beauty and wound a wreath of rich, half-opened roses among his golden locks, as much a child as he, as joyous and as innocent. She was a picture, soft as a poet's dream, and warm in the golden haze of earliest summer; yet he looked on it with a shudder: he saw it through the darkness of his past. A brief while, and she would smile thus upon the laughing eyes, and toy thus with the sunny hair, of a child born to his race, and bearer of his name,—and he from whom her child would take his life had been the destroyer of her father!

Thus ever his dead sin recoiled and struck him in his gentlest thoughts, his holiest hours.

Strathmore, to whom fear was unknown, and in whom the common weaknesses of men had no place, dreaded with a terrible horror to see the eyes of Marion Vavasour fasten on the fair youth of Lucille; he felt as though the very air must tell his secret when she passed the woman whose lie had made him slay the man whom he had loved. In his vengeance he had bidden the woman he pursued go forth to the fate that waited her; to live as they live, who trade in beauty, to die as they die, craving a crust. His bidding had been obeyed, the vengeance to which he had sent her out had become hers to the uttermost bitterness of its pitiless Mosaic law;

and now—the Outcast which he had made, was in his path, stronger than his strength, more powerful in her abject wretchedness than he in his haughty eminence, an Até that dogged his steps, and rose, haunting and abhorred, between him and the light of the summer sun, between him and the holiness of innocence. Where he stood, with a calm smile on his lips, with serene and courtly words at his command, flattered, honoured, sought, a courtier, a patrician, a statesman, no ambition beyond his grasp, no rank but what could be his at his will, his thoughts were filled with wild, restless, fugitive schemes to banish from his sight, and thrust out of his world, that nameless beggar at the gates! A homeless wanderer was more powerful than he; he had had his vengeance, whose sweetness could never escape him, but its fruit was his also, and of whatever it brought forth must he eat.

An hour later and his carriage swept with swift and silent roll over the turf, and under the pleasant shadow of the trees, in the warmth of the setting sun. Lucille lay back beside him, her bright, rapid words broken with sweet ripples of happy laughter, her face turned to him, radiant with the gay softness of her father's smile, whilst she told him a thousand brilliant, airy trifles of the world that was so new to her, and of which she saw but the sunny, golden side, full of graceful beauty, and harmonious as music to her, the young queen of its courtliest pleasures. And he heard her while his thoughts were heavy with dark and deadly memories, he looked on her fair, laughing eyes while his own restlessly sought the face of the woman to whom he was for ever bound by the indissoluble bondage of a mutual crime. He dreaded the gaze of Marion Vavasour, as he had never dreaded the close presence of death when the waves beat him down, and the cold, curled mass of the reared waters buried him beneath them—he dreaded for it to fall on the innocent loveliness beside him, as men dread the breath of a pestilence to pass over what they love.

The carriage swept on through the green avenues and the sunlit freshness of the park, along the side of glancing water, and with the low, sweet gladness of the young girl's laughter on his ear. Suddenly Lucille's voice dropped, her laugh was hushed, over her face stole the earnest sadness of a deep compassion; she leaned nearer to him, and her hand stole into his.

"Look there! That is the woman to whom I gave my roses. How weary, how wretched, how *lost* she looks! Could we do nothing for her?"

And he heard the soft and pitying words spoken of her father's murderess!—he saw her eyes fill with a divine tenderness for the woman whom he had loved with a madman's passion, and sent out to a vengeance great and pitiless as her guilt and his own!

By a ghastly fascination his eyes followed hers into the throng about the gates through which they passed, and he saw the gaze of Marion Vavasour fastened on Lucille's face; a look like the chained and baffled panther's, thirsting for her prey; a look that ran through all his veins with the icy chill of a nameless horror.

Lucille turned pale, and her large soft eyes, which rested on the outcast with such mournful and tender pity, filled with a startled fear like the eyes of a young fawn, as she leant farther back in the barouche, and her hand unconsciously closed nearer on his.

"How strangely she looks ! She frightens me !"

For his life, for her life, he could not have answered her, while upon them was the gaze of Marion Vavasour quoting the past, claiming the future, by right of that mutual, unexpiated crime which had destroyed the guiltless. His face grew white, his eyes shrank from the unconscious eyes of Lucille, he shuddered beneath the clinging touch of her hand ; and the woman who watched them saw that even now the first hour of her vengeance had come, that even now she had pierced through the single weakness of his mailed strength, and forced him to *remember*.

A moment more, and the carriage swept on through the light and shade, leaving the homeless wanderer in the throng ; and he saw but his own memory of the woman he had worshipped, of the woman who had betrayed him with the diamonds crowning the gold wealth of her hair, and the lustrous, languid light in her divine eyes, as she had been in the glory of her youth, in the sovereignty of her beauty, on the night when, at her tempting, he bowed and fell, knowing nothing save the sweetness of her kiss !

Lucille looked upward at him with anxious wistfulness.

"Are you in pain ? Are you ill ?"

Life could not have held for him a more bitter pang than lay in the gaze of her innocent eyes !

But he was long used to wear the impenetrable armour of an unmoved serenity, and live beside a guiltless life without a sign of self-betrayal. His voice had its accustomed calm as he answered her, and his eyes met hers with their old tenderness, if in them there was a deeper and more weary melancholy.

"No, my love, it is nothing ;—save the heat, perhaps, and I am somewhat tired. But, Lucille, do not look at those unhappy outcasts again ; you cannot help them ; the vastest wealth could not avail to succour all the wretchedness of a great city ; it only agitates you, and is injurious for you, my darling, and, as such, pains me."

Those who had best known his past, could not have heard in his words or in his voice the betrayal of anything save a tender solicitude for her ; still less could she have done so.

She looked upward at him with a smile that was earnest and almost mournful.

"I will not, if I can help it ; but when I see any who look so hopeless as that, I wonder why life is so beautiful for me and is so stricken for them ! Why is there so *much* misery ? All would love God, and do good, I think, if they were happy ?"

"A beautiful and simple code of ethics, my child !—if you could give the world your innocence and your faith, it might be true."

"But is it not true ?" pleaded Lucille, while her thoughts travelled wistfully over the mysteries of evil and of pain which were vague and strange to her dawning life, which had been one long, sunny day, under one guardian love since her birth. "Love is born of gentleness, and gentleness, I think, would win the harshest and the most lost to *something* better. Perhaps if even that woman we saw just now had been shown mercy when she first suffered, she might not be so utterly callous and evil as she looks ? How strangely her eyes fastened on me, did you see ? Why was it ?"

How could she know that every one of her innocent words was worse than a dagger in his heart !

"Why, my love?" repeated Strathmore, wearily. "Why? Because those who are lost and evil hate all that is guileless, and pure, and holy! Because her life is guilt, and yours is innocence!"

As the night follows the day, Marion Vavasour followed the lives she hated. Having once seen that her sight and her presence had power to pierce him to the quick, she never released him from it; wherever an outcast of the people could follow a man of rank and eminence, she followed him; secretly, so that no other noted her, but surely and constantly, until that vigil, veiled but unceasing, grew intolerable to him, with that torture which he had dealt out to her, when, before the stroke of his vengeance fell in the sight of assembled Paris, go where she would his eyes were upon her, seek escape as she might his silent presence was ever near, mutely quoting to her the Past, mutely menacing the Future. When he left the Lower House, with the cheers which had hailed his measures, or his eloquence, still echoing on the hot air, he saw her in the gloom of the thronged narrow streets; when he passed from State ceremonies he met her eyes, where she stood amidst the crowds which thronged the approaches of the palace, and were trodden by horses' hoofs, and driven asunder by the whips of lacqueys. Leaving the fond words and innocent presence of Lucille in the brightness of morning, there, near his gates, in the sunlight, would be the form of the woman whose sin had drawn him to his guilt, whom his vengeance had driven out among the lost, nameless, hopeless Multitude. Going from the greatness of contests, from the struggle of parties, from the question of peace or war, weary with the heated pressure of lengthened debate, or the success of a hard-won victory, his pride was stricken, his victory was embittered, his strength beaten down, his greatness made miserable and worthless in his sight, by the dead guilt that was brought back upon his memory as he saw the face of his temptress in the midnight gloom, or in the greyness of the breaking dawn.

Her presence—almost *felt* rather than actually seen—grew intolerable to him; the sight of that haggard evil face, with its thirsty eyes and its terrible wreck of womanhood, its fearful relics of grace and of beauty, lingering there as though in hideous mockery of what she once had been, became feared by him to whom fear was unknown, with a nervous and unconquerable dread. He strove to bury his past, to live it down, to wash it out with the holiness of atonement, to steep it to oblivion in the fair life that he cherished and guarded, and in the grandeur of a powerful and ambitious career,—and Marion Vavasour was for ever before him, the haunting wraith of those dead years, the avenger, as she had been the temptress, of his crime!

He could not free himself from her; he was powerless here. Wealth, station, command, were impotent to force out of his path the woman who dogged it; eminence and authority were of no avail to put away from him the pursuant presence of an outcast. Life was hers as it was his, and where she came was common to the poorest as to the proudest, the broad and crowded highway of the world. True, he could have given her into arrest as a vagrant, but that he dared not do; he knew the



menace that spoke in her eyes, he knew that from her lips enough might be told of the past that bound them, and of that hour in the darkness of the sea-storm, when his hand had loosed her to the grave, to crush and break for ever with its horror Lucille's love and life. She knew not the power of the vengeance which she held thus unconscious in her hands, but *he* knew it; and it chained him paralysed from every act which might have otherwise released him from the woman who, under the scourge and agony of his vengeance, had prophesied the hour when he should ask in vain of earth or heaven the mercy he denied. Now and again wild, dark, shapeless thoughts drifted through Strathmore's mind, for his nature could not wholly change, and when need arose, he was unscrupulous and ruthless now as of old; but they were each perforce abandoned, each fraught with too close danger of waking the very evil that he feared. The sense of weakness and of dread tightened upon him, worst curse of all to the man to whom feebleness and fear were craven things, unknown and unpitied; a baffled impotent hopelessness began to gnaw into his life as it had done when he had first learned that Valdor had unearthed the secret of his expiation; a wild, weary sense of despair grew on him; remorse was a heart-sick futurity, atonement a madman's dream, since guilt was deathless thus!

He dreaded, moreover, lest Lucille should note the constant vigil of the woman to whom she had given her roses; lest it should exercise over her the same vague and painful terror with which she had shrunk from the gaze of Marion Vavasour when it had first fallen upon her; lest she should question him of it in her innocence, whilst he, powerful in wealth, in rank, in command, would be powerless to drive out from her presence and ward her from the evil gaze of the one in whom she saw but a beggared wanderer of the People! When he was not with her, he sought with almost nervous solicitude that she should never be alone, that she should always be surrounded with some brilliant party, or some girlish group of her own age and rank; his own days, claimed and absorbed by public life, he provided that all her hours should be so filled with a succession of pleasures, entertainments, and companionship, that in his absence no space should be left for her to spend in solitude, or for her to be ever so alone that she should observe how closely the outcast to whom she had given her roses watched her when she drove from her own gates.

For Marion Vavasour, in the strange caprice of a baffled, hopeless, paralysed hatred, which grew the more bitter because each day as it rolled by brought her but a more vivid sense of its own utter impotence for vengeance, never wearied in following thus the life of the young girl whom, while all unconscious of her birth, she longed to destroy not less than to destroy him whose love she begrudged to her, and whose strength she saw could alone be reached and stricken through her. Day after day, night after night, she spent the long hours watching and waiting for one glimpse of Lucille. Under the park trees, where those more homeless and more wretched yet than she, had slept through the summer nights, and lay in the dry long grass in the sun, staring blankly at the delicate glittering throng of the life with which they had nothing in common, scarcely their humanity, she saw her sweep by through the light, whilst men checked their horses, and the crowd without the rails stopped and

turned to gaze after a loveliness that strangely touched those who looked on it for a moment, and who bore it away, rather in their hearts than in their thoughts, into the throng of the world, as men who have looked on a face of Titian or a dream of Delaroche bear its memory away into the heat and noise of the busy streets and the avarice and struggles of their narrow lives, and are the better for it, though they scarce know why. In the stillness of a Sabbath noon, she would steal down and hide amongst the hanging foliage and profuse blossom of the river villa, where she had been given alms from Strathmore's wealth, and watch her from the distance where the young girl wandered among the aisles of her rose-gardens or through the tropic wealth of the conservatories ; or leaned against him where he sat, as they believed in unseen solitude, under the deep shadow of cedars or acacias, whilst his hand strayed over her sunlit hair, and he bowed his head and listened to her words with gentle tenderness, and the smile upon his lips that was—for the moment at least—a smile of rest and happiness. In the heat of a summer day, while the pavement was white with the dusty glare, and her temples throbbed with a blind, dizzy pain under the incessant roar of the street traffic, she heard the long shout roll down the ranks "for the Lady Cecil Strathmore's carriage !" and saw her passing from concert, or *déjeûner*, or drawing-room, in her delicate, glittering, costly dress, as her outriders made way for the stately equipage, while the woman to whom power, and luxury, and homage had been the very core of her life, envied these, the outward symbols and privileges of rank and wealth, more bitterly than holier and fairer things. In the depth of midnight or in the breaking dawn, one amongst the ever-toiling crowds whose feet know no rest, and whose ebb and flow are like the unceasing roar and murmur of a sea, she saw her, beside Strathmore, passing from some palace dinner or court ball, the bearer of his name, the sharer of his honours, while she stood there, in the darkness and the hurrying throng, alone in the vast inhospitable city, with no life waiting her, no companionship, no shelter, but those she shrank from and abhorred, since the haughty patrician, the proud aristocrat, the delicate, refined, poetic epicurean, still lived in Marion Vavasour, and could not perish until death itself. Thus—day after day, night after night—a deadly, poisonous hate grew up and strengthened in her for the young life that was made one with his ; strengthened the more because chained and powerless to injure ; and he knew it, yet he could not thrust her from his path—he could not force her from the earth in which she had common right to dwell. The tide of human life was beyond his control, and had swept them together even whilst furthest sundered by every social barrier. Marion Vavasour lived, and in her lived also his buried crime ; here the proud Statesman had no power, the negligent man of the world no sneer, the polished Courtier no armour, the "iron hand under the silken glove" no weapon ;—he knew his sin, and lived in feverish, broken, shapeless dread lest its retribution should rise, and pass over him, to smite the guiltless life that was sheltered in his bosom.

"I see that woman so often—that woman to whom I gave my roses !" said Lucille, wonderingly, once, while with a gesture that was almost fear she shrank closer to him as their carriage drove from the French Embassy through the midnight streets.

"You gave her alms, my love; it is sufficient to make her follow you. Notice her no more."

He kept his voice calm and negligent, and the reply was given without hesitance, seemingly without effort; but instinctively, unconsciously, where she leaned against him in the darkness of the night, he drew her closer to his heart, as though she were menaced by some near and physical peril.

As his eyes had met those of Marion Vavasour, in the flickering light of the lamps, while his carriage had flashed past the place where she stood, and her gaze had travelled from him to rest on the face of Lucille, to the memory of both had returned the words that Redempta the Zingara had spoken, long years before, when they, foredoomed to be each other's curse, had first met under the summer stars, by the Bohemian waters:

"There shall be love; and of the love, sin; and of the sin, crime; and of the crime, a curse; and the curse shall pursue and destroy the innocent."

The curse already had destroyed lives that were guiltless:—was yet another still demanded?

#### IV.

##### THALASSIS! THALASSIS!

It was on the close of a burning day in the hot Midi; a day of intolerable glare, of sickening drought, of parched, stifling, cholera-laden noxiousness under those brazen skies, within those relentless walls of the Toulon Bagne. The horrible heat had made even the *gardes-chiourmes* heavy and listless, and they had suffered a few of the *forçats*, unhidden, to drop down, gasping and powerless, like panting hounds; nature wears itself out, and humanity is remembered now and then, even in a convict prison. At one part of the fortifications a brace of galley-slaves was working, a little asunder from the rest, on a sandy level facing the sea, with a single overseer near them; brandy and the ghastly heat, and the horrible sand glitter, made the *garde* sleepy and inattentive; heavy bribes from a young Englishman, who had of late been much about the Bagne, had something yet more than the sultry pestilential air and the fumes of the *petits verres* to do with his unusual lack of vigilance and the separate post of labour he had given to the political *déportés* on that stretch of sand excavations lying in front of the stirless summer sea. They were kept late at labour there, for the new stone curtain and redoubts that were to be erected at that point were pressing, and the government had directed that no time should be lost, but that separate parties of the *galériens* should be told off, to continue the works night and day until they were completed. The *forçats* were of less value than the brutes whose toil they bore, and to whose labour they were harnessed; it mattered nothing how many hundred of them might wear out, drop down, and perish in that giant travail—if they died by droves so much the better, there were the less expenses for the exchequer.

The hot day faded, the twilight fell lightly, rapidly, without stars, for the skies were black and stormy. The *garde-chiourme* lit his lantern, the prisoners toiled on with spade and pickaxe deep down

in the sand and gravel, with their backs bowed and their limbs weighted with irons, and their breath like blown and worn-out horses in that unnatural and herculean toil to which their lives had no habit, their limbs had no use; while scattered all along the sand level were the chains of convicts, with the crack of the overseers' whips sounding on the silence, and the glitter of the lanterns shining down the line in the grey descending twilight that would soon be night. And beyond, on the water, the yacht lay at anchor, with a blue light that she had hung out for many nights past burning at the mast-head, to prevent, as it was understood, her being run down in the darkness by the *chasse-marées* and other vessels that came to or past the port of Toulon, trading from Italy and the East. The *garde-chiourme*, with grumbling imprecations, turned to re-light his lantern that had gone out, setting it down on a block of granite while he adjusted its wick, growling coarse Bas-Rhin oaths at his prisoners for not doing their work quicker; it was a signal, though no word had ever passed between him and them; a slight risk made worth his while to bear by Lionel Caryll's rouleaux of gold pieces, with which he could purchase his escape from his hateful post, and buy the little strip of land in Alsace, which ever since his boyhood he had vainly coveted. His back was turned; with a wrench the *déportés* tore asunder the irons which had been all but filed through, and only hung together by a link, sprang up out of the pit in which they worked, and fled, fleet as hill-deer, over the sandy surface in the grey of the falling night, their footfall noiseless on the loose and yielding earth. Busy with his lantern, he did not, or seemed not to, hear their stealthy and sudden flight. When he turned the full blaze of his light on the gravel-pit, and, looking down, found the yawning hole untenanted, and raised the hue-and-cry, the *condamnés* had had three minutes' start—a priceless treasure in that race for liberty and life.

The alarm was given. Force, brutal and omnipotent, was out like a sleuth-hound after those who sought that most begrudged and costly thing on earth—their Freedom. The bastions swarmed with soldiery; the *gardes-chiourmes* poured out with hell-hound fury, petty tyrants who had lost their slaves; the shots rang on the still night, all Toulon was astir; two *forçats* had escaped, two men out of whom all sense and sin of that daring vice of Liberty should have been crushed and drilled in the granite walls and under the iron chains of the life that had lowered them to beasts, and robbed them even of their Names. The Bagne was in hideous tumult, the hell-hounds tore out on the search over the wide sand level stretching to the sea, the bullets hissed through the air, the gendarmes hurled themselves, armed to the teeth, on the track of the fugitives. Inside the Bagne they would have been recaptured at once; outside the walls there was one chance, for that one chance was the Sea. The Sea! incarnate liberty itself, that held out freedom to the bondsmen. The shots seethed past them and fell round them, scattering the sand in their eyes and ploughing the ground at their feet, their ankles plunged into the loose soil, the yells, and shouts, and curses of the alarm were borne to their ears on the wind, their limbs were dragged down by links of the hanging chains, their strength was impoverished by toil and misery, a fate worse than death was close on them, with every second that brought their pursuers nearer and nearer ere they could reach the grey line of the

gleaming water, longed for, panted for, so near and yet so far! Across the line of sand, yellow and level in the fitful shadows, with the severed fetters clanging like the trailing irons of escaping slaves, with the press of the close pursuit hunting them down, with the sound of the seas and the roar of the following multitude, the crash of the gendarmes' tread, and the hiss of the plunging shot deafening their ear and giddying their brain, with life and liberty beyond, and behind a doom more dread than death, they fled on through the heavy, breathless night.

They reached the water-edge; the loose, fresh-raised sand embankment overhung the sea by some eight feet, the waves surging and churning below under the lash of the rising mistral. With that might, which desperation alone can lend, they cleared it with a bound of agony, and fell with a low, sullen splash and plunge into the dark waters. A volley, fired by those in pursuit, thundered down the shore; the balls hissed and shrieked as they cut the water, while the oaths of gardes and gendarmes yelled furious upon the air. One, as he rose to the surface, was shot through the back; with a scream that echoed over the sea, he bounded out of the water in the grey fitful light, then sank never to rise again. The other dived, and the storm of balls passed harmlessly above him; ere he had leaped, he had torn off with such convulsed strength as is born of a supreme despair, the irons still clinging to his wrists. He had no weight on him; he was a fearless swimmer; and there, at the mast-head, burned the signal-light, that to him and for him meant aid, succour, welcome, liberty, and all the breadth and freedom of the world. He kept under water, only rising rarely to the surface, and then so cautiously, that in the gloom of the stormy, sultry evening he was unseen.\* Those on the shore had seen both sink when the volley had been fired; they supposed both had been shot down when the death-shriek had rung over the sea. It was of little moment; both were dead instead of both *déportés*. The sea was alive for a while with boats, and lanterns, and men groping with grappling hooks and fishing-nets for the drowned bodies; while torches flung their ruddy glare over the white foam and dark, angry waters, and he who lay under the waves, amidst the tumult and the flickering glare above him, knew—with every sound that passed, with every breath, for which he stole upward to the air in stealth and agony—the bitterness of death.

Then—as though nature herself lent succour from the brutality of man to man, which outruns all the rage of desert birds, all the ferocity of forest beasts—the gathered clouds broke with a tempest of rain, driving, drenching, beating down the flames of the torches, and casting darkness over all the sea. The pursuit ceased, the search was given over;—the dead bodies of two *forçats*! what were they but carrion? At last—at last—he was alone in the sheltering water, and the darkness that to him was more blessed than ever is the sweetest light of summer moon, or gleam of bridal starlight. He rose, and through the denseness of the gloom and the ink-black sheet of falling rain, he saw, beaming star-like, the little azure light. Liberty, life, all the lost glories of his strength,

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\* In case any resemblance may be traced between the escapes of Valdor and of Jean Valjean, I may observe that the above chapter was written before I read the "*Misérables*," or knew that there was such an episode in the work.—*Author of "Strathmore."*

all the robbed vigour of his manhood, swept back with a rush through all his frame. Even in that instant of mortal danger and of physical misery, once more he had hope, and he had freedom; they are the angels of men's lives.

He swam out to the bright blue star of light—swam with that strength which comes in the supreme hours of our lives, making us "rend the cords even as green withes."

A few brief seconds more, and he stood on the yacht deck; Lionel Caryll had saved him.

"Free—thank God!"

The words broke from both their lips as the wild rain-storm lashed round them; then, without sign or show of life, he fell down at the feet of the English youth, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils—his senses blind and gone.

Before the sun rose, the yacht was far on her way westward down the Mediterranean waters; Valdor was free.

Thus strangely does Circumstance turn avenger in this life.

## FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.

By I. A. SAXON.

I FEEL that I am dying, France, thou dear and sacred name,  
 Its sound shall be the latest that thy poet's lips can frame!  
 Oh, never son loved mother more than thou wert loved by me,  
 Adored, beloved land, adieu, a last farewell to thee!  
 I sung thee, ere in childhood's hour I learned to read thy page,  
 That tells of all thy glories past, of patriot, and of sage;  
 And praising thee my latest breath shall lingeringly depart,  
 While thou wilt give a sigh to him who gave to thee his heart.  
 When monarchs o'er thy bleeding limbs in impious triumph drove,  
 To crush thee with their chariot-wheels, thou country of my love,  
 I tore the fillets from their brows to bind thy mangled form,  
 And bathed thee with the balm I wrung from feelings pure and warm.  
 Yet even in thy ruin thou wert glorious to the earth,  
 And many a future age shall pay its tribute to thy worth;  
 By thee alone equality's bright standard was unfurl'd—  
 Thy glowing thoughts and lofty aims have fertilised the world.  
 The Dew of Death is on my brow, I sink to meet my doom,  
 I leave thee, France, the care of those who weep above my tomb;  
 'Tis a just debt thou owest to him whose love, and life, and song  
 Were never paid with paltry gold that gilds oppression's wrong.  
 Oh, bid thy sons remember this, their poet's dying prayer,  
 When the dark grave encloses me, O be my loved, their care!  
 Even now I hear the Almighty's voice, his glory dims my view,  
 My mortal frame is failing fast, my own bright France, adieu!

## A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA FALLS.\*

How short a time it seems since the rumours which had reached Europeans of the existence of a vast lake in the interior of South Africa were converted into a certainty by the persevering exertions of Livingstone, Oswell, and Murray; since Livingstone himself explored the Liambye—one of the great tributaries of the Zambesi—and discovered the Victoria Falls, next in magnitude and splendour to those of Niagara; since Andersson traversed the continent from Walvisch, or “Whale-fish” Bay to Lake Ngami, by the country of the Damaras and the Bechuanas, to that of the Makololo on the Zambesi, penetrated with Galton into the corn country of the Ovampos, and navigated the Okavango, or Chobe, supposed to be the main branch of the Zambesi! Yet since those times traders and missionaries have settled in the interior, advancing their settlements to the east almost as far as the wilderness of the Bechuanas, and opening regular lines of communication, as well as determining regular hunting-grounds at different seasons of the year, all around the country of Lakes and Salt Pans upon which the Transvaal Republic, watered by the Limpopo and its tributaries, already abuts.

Hence it is that we have now the records of an artist, travelling in company with a trader, all the way from Walvisch Bay to the Zambesi, with the ultimate view of descending the latter river in boats to the coast, a project which was defeated by unforeseen difficulties. We find missionaries and traders, among the latter of whom Andersson himself, settled far in the interior; native chiefs adopting European fashions and becoming semi-civilised; hunting and trading routes and wells known after the names of European adventurers; and even Lashulatebe, the monarch ruling on Lake Ngami, becoming a shrewd trader, especially fond of purchasing fire-arms, in order to carry on a successful war against Livingstone's quondam friends and allies, the Makololo.

The advance journey appears to have been undertaken in the dry or winter season—indeed, we have a notice of ice forming on one occasion—but the dry season lasts sometimes for years in these regions of little rainfall. Most of the so-called rivers—the Swakop at the head of them—were mere beds of sand, and the Dupa and the Kursip, the two first encountered on the journey, had not been known to contain water for the last ten years.

At Otjimbingue, which appears to be the most important European settlement on the Swakop, our traveller was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson (Mr. Andersson being about to start overland for the Cape),†

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\* Explorations in South-West Africa. Being an Account of a Journey, in the Years 1861 and 1862, from Walvisch Bay, on the Western Coast, to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls. By Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S.

† The following sad intelligence was brought home by the mail steamer *Cambrian*, which left the Cape on the 21st of October, 1864. There had been fighting in Damaraland, on the western seaboard, between the Namaquas and Damaras. It appears that the former tribe had robbed the celebrated traveller, Mr. Andersson, of a large number of cattle which were passing through their territory. Mr. Andersson roused up the Damaras to recapture his lost property, and, with Mr. F.

but he had to go back to Walvish Bay to bring up segments of boats and other impedimenta. This was in the month of May, 1861. Further delays were entailed in bringing up Mr. Chapman's goods.

An actual start (apart from lateral excursions) appears to have been made on the 3rd of July, and the first and inevitable difficulties presented themselves of leave to travel through the country of Jonker, the Namaqua chief, who has adopted the Arab system of levying tribute, a certain Cator and Smutz having, we are told, first allowed themselves to be coerced in such a matter. To this a far more serious difficulty was super-added, the cattle necessary for drawing the waggons, as well as for slaughter on the road, being for the most part affected by a sad epidemic, known as the "lung sickness." To obviate the effects of this malady to a certain extent, it was customary to inoculate healthy cattle by passing a needle and thread, previously steeped in the virus of the diseased lung, through the skin of their tails. This caused a painful swelling, which, if the needle touched the bone in its passage, extended to the whole hind-quarters, and occasioned the loss of the tail, or perhaps of the animal. It was said that of the cattle not inoculated fifty per cent. died, and that the operation reduced the per-centage to twenty-five. Still, notwithstanding these precautions, the sickness and mortality on the route was very great, and was a source of almost daily vexatious complaints: the epidemic having, with the loss of their horses, which were stolen from them in an early part of the journey, crippled the expedition almost from the onset, and rendered travel at all times difficult, from the precarious supply of water and food, and dangerous from the hostility of man and wild beast, doubly difficult and dangerous by diminishing the means of progress and the resources for food, as well as depriving them of their chief means of replenishing their supplies by hunting.

Walvish Bay, now so shallow that the whales which gave to it its name appear to have been succeeded by sharks, and where productive fisheries are in existence, is succeeded by the Narriep Desert, mere sand and rock, and beyond this the route lay for the greater part along or close to the valley of the Swakop, which is in places closed in by high cliffs, the bed being broad and sandy, but water only to be found on the surface at rare intervals. Sometimes the water may be found by scratching a hole with the hand, at other times it must be dug for.

The chief stations on the Swakop are, apparently, Hykamkop, Oosop, Onanies (Mr. Wilson's); Kurikop and the Richterfelt mission at Otjimbingue; Great Barmen, Schmelen's Hope, Rehoboth, and Windhoek mission at Eikhams, or "Hot Waters," the head-quarters of the chief known as Hendrik Africaner. The latter, with Hoachannas in Jonker's

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Green, marched to the attack with an army of three thousand men. A fierce engagement ensued, in which the Damaras were ultimately successful, and recaptured the cattle. No sooner was this accomplished, than the victorious army gave itself up to wholesale plunder, so that Mr. Andersson never recovered his property. He was wounded in the leg by a bullet, which shattered the bone, and had to be carried to the missionary station, where he was left. The Moravian missionary of Rehoboth, the Rev. Mr. Kleinschmidt, was with his people at the time of this attack, but in the confusion got separated from them, and was compelled to wander three or four days in the mountains without food or shelter. He ultimately got back to Otjimbingue; but the anxiety and exposure combined had such an injurious effect on his health, that he died within a few days after his arrival.



country, farther south, are on tributaries to the Orange River; but all are advanced posts of a progressive civilisation, the homes of brave men, ready to endure almost anything for the cause they have espoused.

At Eikhama, rocky hills, with thermal springs—of which we have a drawing in Mr. Baines's work—constitute the dividing ridge between the watershed of the Swakop and that of the Quiep, or Elephant River, and of the Nosop, or Noosop, both tributaries to the Orange River. From these latter valleys to Tunobis we have a dry sandy country, with plains and groves of mimosas, especially scarce in water. But beyond Tunobis, and the valley of the Otjombind River of Andersson, we come to a sandy country on a limestone formation, the limestone often cropping out and affording wells, the first examples of which are Wahlberg Well, Fort Funk, Ghanze, and Thounce.

Between Ghanze and Kobis Well (also in limestone) this country becomes more or less thickly wooded, with pasturages abounding in game at certain seasons—features which become still more marked the more we approach Lake Ngami, which, at present the domain of the Bechuana king Lashulatebe, might, but for its fatal fevers, become the centre of some future republic, like that of the Orange River or of Transvaal.

What between lung sickness among the cattle, the difficulties attendant upon getting waggons laden with sections of copper boats, clothes, provisions, guns, and articles for barter for ivory, cattle, food, and aid, over rough rocks and yielding sands, the perverse, idle, obstinate, and thievish disposition of the natives, the want of water, and the claims of the sextant, of the photographic apparatus, and of the brush and pencil, progress across the countries we have thus briefly described was alike tedious and monotonous. It was, as before observed, the winter season too, and there were few or no birds or animals to impart the usual stirring and eventful character to the pages of African travel. The flamingo, the *tayir al raof*, or the "magnificent bird" of the Arabs, enlivened the coast, but was not met with beyond. We remember rendering a former governor of Malta—the late Sir Frederick Ponsonby—somewhat impatient by a prolonged admiration of a splendid specimen of this beautiful bird, placed on a side-table of the well-known marble of the island; but those who glance at the frontispiece of Mr. Baines's work—a regiment of flamingoes on the Swakop River—will be able to find a ready apology for our enthusiasm. Farther in the interior, occasional zebras, quaggas, gnus, spring-boks, and other of the innumerable deer tribe of Africa, were met with, but not in sufficient numbers to supply even the wants of the expedition. This line of country, it is to be observed, is also, unfortunately, debatable land between the Namaqua Hottentots and the Damaras, the former now extending their forays to the corn-lands of Ovampo, which are unfortunately still closed to the missionaries.

The cruelties exercised by the Hottentots upon their dark brethren are described as of the most barbarous and unfeeling nature. Chapman saw at Barmen women who had been crippled in some of the bygone cattle-raids, by persons who thought it easier to cut off their feet than to unlace their iron anklets; and Baines saw a man at Otjimbingue who had had both his hands cut off at the wrists. "These," he says, echoing the sentiments of most of those who are intimately acquainted with the

African character, "are the habits of people described to the English public as 'gentle Africans,' 'mild, melancholy, and sedate!'"

The chief, Jan Jonker, paid the party a visit on the Elephant River, to see what he could get. He complained that all the "Smouses," i.e. English, hurried past as fast as possible, so that if the Hottentots wanted clothing, or other goods, they had to run after the waggons; and to prevent disputes and annoyance from his people climbing into the said waggons, he desired that two samples of everything they contained should be brought out and laid upon the ground. As a proof of the civilised taste acquired by this chieftain, it may be noticed that his first request was for eau-de-Cologne, to warm his stomach; and the next for tea, to drink at home.

On the Noosop River a party of outlaws had taken up their abode, who at first projected to blockade the path, but some quarrel among themselves, or difference of opinion as to its practicability, led them to abandon their project, and follow the party to their outspan, or bivouac, where, as usual with these people, when not partially restrained by the proximity of a chief, they had a repetition of all the former importunities.

Beyond Elephant Fountain they began to fall in with parties of Bushmen, who, living between the Bechuana tribes and the Hottentots, and so far distant as to be subservient to neither, have more independence of character than their less fortunate countrymen. Their behaviour was civil and respectful, but not so the behaviour of the Damara followers of the expedition, who drove the lady visitors away from the camp highly offended. The men, however, who regarded the squabbles of the women, we are told, much as we should a row among the dogs, and, if disturbed, would probably settle it in the same manner, remained nearly all the afternoon, and made no objection to being sketched. Their general stature seemed to be below five feet; but some of them were tolerably well made, and in good condition. The peculiar line of beauty formed by the protuberance behind, and the necessity of throwing back the shoulders to support the stomach, unnaturally distended by quantities of roots, melons, and other non-nutritious food, is faithfully and amusingly portrayed in Mr. Baines's sketches.

On the Otjombinde (Mimosa or Thorn River) they shot their first eland, and found plenty of wild melons. A well had to be sunk, however, to obtain water in the so-called river, and the steepness of the cutting was a sore disappointment to the numerous birds—partridges, crows, doves, and others—that came to drink, only the little finches being able to find a footing at the water's edge. On occasions like this, when a well was sunk or opened in this arid country, many birds were often obtained in the morning that had been drowned when trying to drink during the night. At other times the necessity for keeping the cattle and dogs out of a newly-opened water-pit, the water of which they would have utterly spoiled, besides killing one another in their impetuosity, from the want of space for all to drink together, were the cause of extraordinary scenes, one of which is well depicted by Mr. Baines.

The expedition had been joined by a Bushman Hottentot of the name of Gert, but his services having been dispensed with at Elephant's Kloof, he still persevered in riding after the party on ox-back, rejoining them at Koobies Riet Fontein, and as it was deemed rather hard to send him

all the fifty miles back again, he was, unfortunately, added to the strength of the expedition. As, however, the number of followers, attracted by the mortality among the cattle, became, with their progress eastwards, more than they could possibly feed, they determined to diminish their number by sending back Gert and his party, especially as he would do nothing but smoke, and pretend to oversee labour, and did not even care to bring into exercise his qualities as a hunter. Chapman, therefore, in the most patient manner, explained to him their difficulty, paid him liberally for the work he had not done from Tounobis, and as he could not take back his oxen after receiving infection from their herd, bought them of him at a fair price, that it might not be thought he had sustained the slightest injury by coming to them even unsolicited. In return for all this considerateness, he made off with seven of Chapman's horses, and with that rode by himself, as also by his Bushman Hottentot Jan, being all that remained of their stud; the eighth, which could not possibly be ridden, being contemptuously left in the bush. It was in vain that Baines and John Laing set off in pursuit of the thief, that men were sent after him by the chief amral, and that several renewed searches were instituted after the stolen horses,—all chases were alike ineffectual.

The Bushmen dig up tubers in this portion of the desert, which attain a circumference of from two to three feet, and which abound in juice having a milky taste and appearance. This inestimable gift of Providence to a thirsty land is called *markwhae*, and Mr. Baines does not hesitate to say that the mastication of even a small portion of it affords more relief to a traveller than the drinking of any amount of water. One species of rhinoceros is said scarcely ever to drink water, but to live on these and other roots and melons. Elephants and other animals also dig them up, the former sometimes breaking their tusks in the operation.

At Thounce, or Wolf Fountain, the stink fountain of Andersson, dense patches of forest alternated with open *mimosa* plains, but there was neither game nor water, and the same thing held with respect to Kobis, where they encamped for a lengthened period of time, and which Chapman had never known to fail thus before. Communications were opened hence with Lashulatebe, the wily and treacherous chief on the lake, and who was at that time at war with Sekeletu and the Makololos. A few brindled gnus and steinbok were killed at the encampment, the dogs also killed a leopard (Mr. Baines insists that the so-called tiger in the country is a leopard), an elephant was wounded, a kind of civet cat and lemure were also met with, as well as eagles and a pretty tufted owl. It was also ascertained here that the poison of the Bushmen was obtained from the mere pressure of a grub called *kaa*, and which Mr. Baines believes to be identical with the *ngura* mentioned by Livingstone, as producing such fearful agonies if a sore is touched by its entrails.

Notwithstanding that the rainy season had now set in, and that the lake could not be approached on account of the prevalence of fever, the party made another move eastwards on the 18th of November, the young grass which had sprung up with rain, and the long rest given to the cattle, having done wonders for them. Crossing a range of hills known as the *Kopjies*, they came down upon the lake at a distance of a day's journey from the residence of the chief, who sent canoes for the travellers, but of

which they declined to avail themselves, for prudential motives. The warm, moist atmosphere of the lake district produced a lassitude and weariness after any slight exertion, which was quite unknown during their passage of the desert. Aquatic birds and earth-snakes now abounded.

Lashulatebe, finding that the travellers would not commit themselves to the pilfering propensities of himself and his people within his own town, came out on the 23rd of December to see if he could do a little business. "Casting our wondering gaze," says Mr. Baines, "toward the north-east, we beheld the head of a column of irregular infantry, out of uniform, and marching 'at ease.' As they rounded the angle of the cattle-kraal, and approached our outspan, they turned toward the wood upon our right, and piled arms round any tree that took their fancy. Behind them walked Lashulatebe, attired in a felt hat with a flowing white feather, a regatta shirt, 'washed and boxed' perhaps at the time of its purchase, a shepherd's plaid coat, white moleskin trousers, and top-boots; while from his neck depended the usual beads, sheath-knife, snuff-box, &c., and, in lieu of a handkerchief, a jackal's tail. Then came another body of men with musket and spear, dressed, some in native karosses, and others in European clothing, or in skins made up in imitation of it, among which a tiger (*i.e.* leopard) skin jacket, and the cap made of the scalp and ears of a zebra, were most conspicuous. The ivory-bearers followed after an interval in single file and order; that is to say, as regards the tusks, the juniors' first."

The lake king, who has quickly adopted European customs in as far as war or predatory proceedings are concerned, professed at first not to be anxious about trading, but this transparent artifice failed. Ivory was soon brought, and the coveted guns given in exchange, not without reference to debts due to European traders by his lacustrine majesty, and thefts committed by his people. The marketing and thieving went on, however, for two days, until after a Christmas-day rest, with a dinner of meat and Kaffir corn, and a drop of much-grudged honey in their tea, they started the next day for the far interior.

Their way lay backwards at first as far as to the Kopjies, the country being much improved by the rain, and New Year's-day was celebrated by the capture of an edible frog, in which, upon being prepared for roasting, a whole mouse was found. Chapman also killed a duiker, a female, larger than the steinbok; in fact, about the size of a goat, but with more slender and graceful form. Another time they were all startled by what was supposed to be the roar of a lion, tiger, or some other lord of the wild, but on turning out with the dogs to give the intruder battle, it was found to be a bull-frog!

Turning northwards from Koobie Wells by a noble specimen of the Damara mother-tree, they travelled onwards towards "Union Valley" by grassy plains, with grey sand and vleis, or pools of water, followed by thick groves alternating with low bush with smooth spear-shaped leaves and destitute of thorns, the favourite food of the elephant.

Nor were they long in meeting the animal itself, for at the next pool they came to, Chapman found himself face to face with one of these huge monsters, with nothing but a charge of small shot in his gun. He returned at once to the bivouac for his rifle, and Mr. Baines, putting by his sketch-book, joined him in the chase. On this occasion Chapman shot

a fine male in an open hollow, a very gem in the wilderness, with a broad pool in the centre; and Mr. Baines, who had held on the spoor till he so far lost himself as to be obliged to pass the night on a couch of grass in the shelter of a low thick bush, says, on contemplating the next day the gigantic carcase, looming like a grey boulder above the bush: "Of course I have seen elephants, but it has always been at home, and not in theirs, and neither picture nor well-groomed black-skinned show specimen from India I had ever seen had quite prepared me to stand, for the first time, without a sensation of awe and wonder, beside the mighty African, fallen in all his native grandeur in his domain."

At this point of their journey they were joined by Mr. Chapman's brother and Messrs. Barry and Bell, who brought news of the death of Jonker Africaner, the paramount chief of the Namaqua Hottentots, as also of Dr. Holden and of two other travellers, companions of Mr. Green, one of the most renowned sportsmen in South Africa, and who had fallen victims to alligators by the upsetting of their canoe. A propos of the death of Jonker, Mr. Baines finds fault with government, as has been done in the case of North Australia, in not extending its authority where its subjects extend themselves. But it is difficult to point out what government could do. As to the Anglo-Saxon race, they will spread everywhere, and if missionaries plant themselves among Namaquas, Damaras, and Makololos, and traders ply their business on Lake Ngami and the Upper Zambesi, government can no more give them protection than it could to Livingstone on the Shirwa, to Burton, Speke, and Grant on the Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, or to Stoddart and Connolly in the pit at Bokhara.

The scene presented at the cutting up of the elephant was peculiarly African. Cookery in that part of the world is still a primitive art. We have seen how the Bushmen emerged from the desert, following the "spoor," as it is here called, but "tracks" in America, of the Europeans (and we wondered where they came from), to feed upon the offal of cattle that died of lung disease. Everything appears to be edible in this favoured land. Elephants, rhinoceroses, monkeys, zebras, quaggas, lizards, snakes, and bull-frogs, creatures which the most ardent member of an acclimatisation society would scarcely venture upon, are here regarded as luxuries.

A kind of reserve camp was established in Union Valley, while the rest of the party pushed on north-west. There were plenty of ponds on the way, and at night "schermes," or rifle enclosures of stones, were put together near the latter in which to watch for game, the brothers Chapman being the most persevering sportsmen, Mr. Baines being occupied with the far more important labours of determining their position. On the way they encountered hyænas and giraffes, and killed a young elephant. On the 22nd of January they reached an "omaramba," or "dry bed of a river," which is said to constitute the road of the native hunters and traders passing from the Lake to Ovampo land. It was an interesting country to open, being in part wooded and alive with game—animals and birds. Large flocks of black and white ibis, and of the white stork, settled in lines half a mile long, the ibis looking like black regiments, and the stork like white ones. Herds of brindled gnus charged the dogs in defence of their young, and regularly beat them off. The fennec, or

fruit and insect-eating jackal, was also met with. Large trees had been overturned by the elephants. The animals themselves, cows, and bulls, and young ones, were seen like troops of cattle. On the 27th, they fell in with a Bushman village—a clue to their dispersion over the land—but the Damara attendants rushing forward to plunder them, they took to flight. On the 28th they shot some storks and adjutant birds,\* and on the 29th two elephants; and a sketch of storks, vultures, and other birds feeding on elephant flesh, comes in well to enliven this portion of the narrative. Even the pretty butterflies of the country indulge in elephant flesh, or sip its moisture. The spoil of these animals was to repay the Chapmans the expense and labour of the journey. On one grassy pool they shot duck and bittern, and hunted little water-hens in the grass.

This "omaramba" assumed a more decided character as they proceeded, becoming a flat bottom of about a mile in width, covered with long rich grass, and groves of mimosa-bush between definite though low ridges. Where there were mud-holes, the elephants had been puddling and kneading up the soil into a uniform black clay. Mr. Baines took up his station with one Dokkie as his watch-mate, in a scherm constructed near a pool. "Before long," he relates, "I became aware of the movement of some quadruped not very far from me, and watching patiently, as the cautious animal peered about to satisfy himself that his way to the water was perfectly safe, I saw emerging at the very foot of the tree, within a barrel's length of me, the head and brilliant eyes, and finally the whole body"—of a tiger or hyæna?—no, "of a large field-mouse!"

On the 10th of February, Mr. Chapman, considering that without having discovered a permanent water, it would be imprudent for his brother to bring cattle from Otjimbingue, reluctantly abandoned the idea of making a road in the independent country to the north of the Hottentots, and the head of the waggon was again turned south-east. The elevation of the spot thus attained in a new country was about 2891 feet above the sea-level. So far as they could observe, the waters in the omaramba, when there were any, ran south-east, and were supposed to run down to the Karroop, or Large Pan, where they saw the storks and ibises. The upper part of this valley was named after Dr. Norton Shaw, and the lower portion, or a distinct valley having a trend to Lake Ngami, for a dividing ridge was supposed to have been met with at what are called the scherm vleis, or rifle-pit pools, was called Bell Valley.

The return journey to Quarantine Pool and the Kopjies was not performed without sport and a certain amount of adventure. Elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, and ostriches were met with, besides smaller fry. Arrived at the Kopjies, a granitic range, they moved along the southern side of the hills, having the "broad flats" of the great Kalihari Desert in view to the south, as also south of another small range, called Mount Lubelo, their object being to leave Lake Ngami to the north, and reach the river Botletle at a point where it is fordable east of the lake. A further object in following such a road was to avoid extortion on the part of Lashulatebe, who was deemed to be capable of any meanness that human nature could be guilty of, at the same time that he is too shrewd

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\* The bird figured at page 836 is an adjutant bird, not a stork.

to drive Englishmen entirely out of his country by ill treatment, and thus deprive himself of a market for his ivory. Near a fine deep pool, called Molenyani, they killed an eagle, which was actually living on the young brood of ostriches, and near the Nquiba hills, which loomed up dim and blue to the east by north, they met a troop of from sixteen to twenty giraffes. On the 24th of March they made a circuit of the Quaebe hills, where they found baobabs, wild medlars, and an acid berry, which was peculiarly refreshing. From these black igneous rocks, as they are described to be, a fine view of Lake Ngami was obtained, and they could plainly distinguish the shore on the opposite side. Beyond these hills were large open groves of motjihaara-trees, which at length became a forest, and from which they finally emerged upon a small open reach of the Botletle River.

This remarkable stream was subsequently found to have two separate and opposite courses—a very rare hydrographical phenomenon—from the junction of a northerly stream, called the Tamalukan; one portion flowing to Lake Ngami, the other to the south-east, it is supposed to the great Salt Pans, between the Zambesi and the Limpopo.

It is remarkable that as the doubts and discrepancies of geographers in regard to the sources of the Nile could be reconciled by its being shown that Lake Tanganyika pours its waters into the Nile, so the views of Mr. Cooley with regard to the Zambesi losing itself in the above-mentioned Salt Pans, derived from some old Portuguese travellers, could be reconciled with the facts of the case, if it could be shown, as is averred on the authority of the natives, that the Okavango, Chobe, or Upper Zambesi has more than one connexion with the Tamalukan, flowing on one side into Lake Ngami, and on the other into the Salt Pans. By such a system the main waters of the Zambesi would pass into the Indian Ocean, while a portion would at certain seasons find their way to the Salt Pans, and thus account for the legend of those pans being the sole receptacle for the waters of the great river.

Lashulatebe's town is situated on the Lower Botletle, near where it flows into Lake Ngami, but he has also a village on an island above the point where the party joined the stream, and where it was at that season (March) about fifteen feet wide, with a smooth slope covered with long dry grass, down to the edge of the translucent water, the dark surface of which was adorned with lilies, and fenced in by tall thick reeds, which formed an impassable barrier to navigation of any kind. Guinea-fowl abounded in the grass, and pheasants were met with in the trees.

Further conferences were held at this point with Lashulatebe, who was naturally much annoyed at the party skirting his town and lake in this distrustful manner. Inquiries were made about the fate of the unfortunate mission party at Sekeletus's, and the Bechuanas accused the Makololo chief not only of neglect and ill treatment, but also with having given them some poisonous substance in their beer and then plundered them. But as the Bechuanas were in open hostility with the Makololo, we ought not to attach too much importance to their statements. The fever of the country may well have begun the work which the harshness of the Makololo finished off.

Excursions were made lower down the river, which, when quite full and spreading to the high banks and trees, must, with its many islands, be a

noble sheet of water; the sportsman, Green, is indeed said to have often sailed up and down it in a large boat; huts were scattered along the course, and one or two collections in more favoured spots seemed to aspire to the dignity of villages. Maize, Kaffir corn, or millet, melon, and pumpkin, were thriving; men, women, and children were chewing the long sweet stalks of the imphi, and herds of cattle became larger and more numerous on nearing the lake. The town itself was a straggling collection of cylindro-conical huts, each surrounded by a reed fence fifteen feet or more in height, and of no architectural beauty. Canoes of every form and size, according to the shape of the tree out of which they had been hewn, were pushed into the reeds on the shores of the lake and river at every hundred yards. Herds of cattle with long horns, for which the Bechuana breed is famous, were drinking at the open beaches, and a variety of birds, from the long-billed, snake-necked darter to the plover, egret, gigantic crane, the red-legged gull (tern?), and flocks of ducks and Egyptian geese, sported along the banks or in the water. The name of Zougá, given by Livingstone to the Botletle, is now unknown. The natives give the name of a chief or even a ferryman to part of a river, as in the instance of the Okavango or Chobe, the latter being the name of a petty chief living on that branch of the Zambesi. In like manner, Zougá lived on the Lower Botletle, but he is dead now, and his name is passing away.

After some stay at Lake Ngami the party finally started on the 17th of April for their journey farther east, or rather north-east, to the Zambesi. Their way lay at first up the valley of the Botletle, Mr. Baines being at this time much prostrated with fever, which seems almost unavoidable when dwelling in the hollow of the lake. Two or three new antelopes were met with on the Botletle, one of which—the nakong—has, it is believed, never been shot by a white man.

On the 25th of April Henry Chapman and Bell left the party on their homeward journey, and on the 28th they reached the junction of the Tamalukan, which comes in from the north; but the tall reeds rendered "the water completely invisible." The river is named at this point after a chief of the Makobas. "In very rainy seasons," says Mr. Baines, "one of its upper branches communicates with a branch of the Chobe, or Zambesi, and at such times, as probably will be the case in August, a boat might pass from Lake Ngami up the Botletle River and Tamalukan right into the Zambesi." In Andersson's map the Botletle, or Dzuga, as he calls it, is made to flow from the region of the Salt Pans to Lake Ngami, receiving the waters of the Tamalukan on its way, as the lake also does those of the Teoge, from the north; this latter river apparently inosculating, like the Tamalukan, with tributaries to the Zambesi, if it is not itself a branch of the Tamalukan.

As they proceeded, the river became more open, showing in many places broad reaches of clear water, fringed by reeds. When the river dries up into pools the alligators flock from the dry portions, till sometimes fully two hundred of these monsters may be seen congregated in one daily lessening piece of water! After twelve miles' travel they came to a village of mat-worked huts, near the spot where a young Englishman of the name of Robinson was devoured by an alligator.

"Poor Robinson!" says Mr. Baines. "A fine young fellow when I



knew him. On his last voyage to the Cape, a boat had capsized in the surf while trying to land at one of the western islands. He, swimming like a fish, with sharks alongside him all the time, collected the oars and rudder, and never rested till his friends were all in the boat, and pulling again for a safer landing. At another time, when he was only a little middy eleven years of age, his captain had sent him with a message, when a tall Figian planted his feet across the path, and, with hands upon his hips, and ready watering mouth, looked down upon the chubby blooming English child. 'Which is my way (said little middy) to the boat?' 'How good you would eat!' was the response of the savage. The youngster stayed for no explanation, but made a clean bolt of it, and found the boat as he best could." To think that such a gallant young fellow should serve for a repast for a loathsome reptile!

The canoes of the Makoba are small, and look most disproportionate to the tall figures that man them. The party were here ferried across in a hippopotamus boat of larger dimensions. They also obtained some of the fish of the river. It was here also that they heard that one half of the Botletle flowed into the Salt Pans. Mr. Chapman, it appears, had in the course of his travels crossed five rivers flowing from the eastward into this pan. The southernmost of these is the Meea, the next the Qualeba, then the Chouani and the Simoani.

On the 6th of May they found a ford for the waggons at a place called Moroomohooto, from a tree of that name, and at a spot where the river was frequented by elephants, black rhinoceros, buffalo, koodoo, pallahs, water-bok, and other antelopes, as also their enemies, lions and tigers. On the 16th they finally left the river, advancing up a little valley thickly wooded, and as usual dragging the waggons with difficulty up its sandy sides. The thorns through which they had to tear their way at first soon gave place to sandal-wood and other thornless trees and shrubs, with only a mimosa here and there.

On the 19th they crossed a corner of the Great Salt Pans, here a sandy plain, covered with saline incrustation, slightly raising its edges in irregular octagonal figures, and cracking as clay may be seen to do under a hot sun, so as to give it the likeness of a beach over which the last shallow tide had been driven by the wind in large ripples. Low islands, with dry grass and leafless trees, studded the flat here and there; dark lines and channels in the sand marked where the moisture had not yet evaporated, and the salt water oozed from the mud, into which the wheels sunk up to the axles. This salt pan stretched for eighty miles or more to the east or north-east of where they were, with an average breadth of eighteen miles. To the south of this is a much larger pan, fully as long as this, and perhaps sixty or seventy miles wide.

It was with some difficulty that the waggons were extricated from this mud lake and brought in safety to the edge of the main land. The country beyond was varied, and diversified by groups of baobabs and palms. First came alternate salt pans and grassy ridges, with herds of spring-bok, then a dry, undulating, grassy country, with a few thorns, which increased to an open wood, intermixed with dwarf palms, frequented by giraffes. Then open grassy plain again, with clumps of palms and thickets of mimosa intermixed with trees. And lastly, hard limestone country, thickly clothed with mopanes, some of which began to

assume the dimensions of timber trees. They met with pools every day, and occasional Bechuanas and Bushmen.

On the 15th they came to a village, the whole female community of which, in all possible stages of full dress and undress, ran out after them, joyfully clapping their hands, and singing the praises of the "flesh givers," who had made them thick and greasy. As usual with these children of the desert, many loaded themselves with their household gear, and took the road ahead of them, to feast upon the offal of whatever might be shot on the way. On the 21st they came to a pool of excellent water, fed by a spring at the foot of the hills called Matlomo-ganyani, or, as Dr. Livingstone interprets it, "the links."

On the 3rd of July they distinguished a faint blue horizon through long vistas of trees. They were beginning to descend, and in a few minutes more, as they reached the edge of the bush, a scene, magnificent compared with anything that had hitherto met their view, lay spread before them. At their feet was a gentle slope leading down to a broad valley, with park-like clumps of thorns and trees, and beyond it ridge after ridge, grey and more grey into the dim distance, were undulating hills, some few of which might almost be termed mountains. The table-land of the Zambesi was in fact opening before them.

On the 4th they reached Daka, whence they expected to find running water to the Zambesi, as also to obtain information as to what part of the country was infested with the tsetse, or "the fly," but they only found an old kraal with some deserted huts and a dry gully beyond. They learned here, however, from the Makalala, as Mr. Baines calls Livingstone's Makololo, and whom they now first came in contact with, that there were two roads hence to the Falls, one to the westward, and one more direct, and neither infested by "the fly," and they determined upon taking the longer and safer route to the westward.

Crossing a tract of high land, with a surface of red sand called Boomka, they descended upon the Zimboya rivulet, a tributary to the Matietse River, itself a tributary to the Zambesi, and which it joins below the Falls. Here they first met with that dreaded pest the tsetse, and Chapman came back from a hunting excursion galloping for life (not his own but his horse's), a fly having settled on its rump, and though he had driven it off, he could be by no means sure that others had not sucked blood, and left the subtle venom with which they impregnate it. Once more Chapman gave chase to a herd of water-boks, but the tsetse attacked him and forced him to a precipitate retreat. Crossing the bed of the Matietse at a dry rocky drift, they spanned out on a burnt and desolate patch. The next day a quagga was shot, affording a plentiful supper, and after crossing two or three river-beds, they halted on the south bank of the Bolungo River.

"If it be of importance," says Mr. Baines, "that the first view of a magnificent work of nature should be that which most effectually realises its wild sublimity and grandeur, then decidedly the visitor to the Victoria Falls should approach them from the southern or colonial side.

"Toiling for many a weary week across the desert highlands north of Ngami and the Botletle River, dependent for a draught of water on scanty limestone pits, or still more precarious pools from the last rains, and plunging suddenly, as it were, from this region of drought into an

illimitable valley, where the brown and arid stony ridges of the foreground pass through all imaginable shades of sombre green and greyish-purple to the ethereal blue of the far-off horizon, and where from every hollow gushes some bubbling stream to send its waters to the Great Zambesi, he crosses the Daka and Matietsie Rivers, and halts at length among the hills upon the sources of the Onyati and Buffalo.

"Here let him leave his vehicles, his horses, oxen, and dogs, and discarding everything that cannot be carried on the shoulders of a few Makalala, make up his mind to a day's march across the *tsetse*-stricken hills of red sand, scantily clothed with mopanies and other varieties of the *Bauhœnia*, their leaves growing in pairs, edge upward, defying the sun to scorch, or the traveller to find shade beneath them.

"Let him halt by night upon the northern slope, and stretched beneath some gigantic baobab, or *motchecheerie*, watch the red glare of his fire, thrown high into the dim recesses of the foliage, and listen till, in the stillness of night there steals upon his ear a low, murmuring like the sighing of the ocean before an impending storm, rising and swelling gradually into the deep-toned, monotonous roar of a continuous surf for ever breaking on some iron-bound coast."

Such is an outline of the course which our travellers had pursued with so much success, and which, we are told, with due precautions for the avoidance of places invested by the *tsetse*, may fairly be recommended to other travellers.

This may be the case for the present, but it is quite obvious that the highway to this, the most central and the most magnificent valley in all Africa, and to one of the greatest natural phenomena on the surface of the globe, will one day be by the Nourse River on the west, and along the upper waters of the Okavango, Chobe, or Zambesi; by which means, if the dreaded fly, which seems to forbid the approach to these favoured lands, can only be avoided, water and inhabitants will be met with nearly the whole of the way.

As it was, our travellers, commencing their journey at Walvish Bay in the beginning of 1861, did not, from the tedious progress of sick oxen, the want of water and necessities of the road, find themselves until Wednesday, the 23rd of July, 1862, shaking off the slumbers of the night, and packing up their bedding in readiness for the last march between them and the Falls.

The spur given by the anticipated completion of their purpose put them in motion, however, soon after sunrise, and they had barely proceeded half a mile before they discerned the vapour, and seeking a little opening in the trees, they discovered the broad Zambesi, glancing like a mirror beyond a long perspective of hill and valley, clouds of spray and mist nearly a mile in extent rising out of the chasm into which the water fell. The central five or six of these clouds, or columns, were the largest, but in all they counted ten, rising more like the cloud of spray thrown up by a cannon-ball than in a strictly columnar form. A light easterly wind just swayed their soft vapoury tops; the sun, still low, shed its softened light over the sides exposed to it. The warm grey hills beyond faded gradually into the distance, and the deep valley before them, winding for six miles between them and the Falls, showing every form of rough brown rock, and every tint of green or autumnal foliage,

presented to the eyes long wearied of sere and yellow mopanie leaves, dry rocks, burnt grass, and desolated country, the most lovely and refreshing landscape the soul of artist could desire.

Shooting a huge black rhinoceros on their way, they approached the river below the Falls, and where, hemmed in by steep cliffs enriched with every kind of foliage, the bed is so narrow compared with the broad sheet of water above, that any one would fancy it only a small tributary.

Immediately beyond was the belt of dark fresh green forest, fringing the ravine of the Victoria, and from behind this rose the white vaporous columns or clouds which screened, as with a misty veil, the darkened southern face of the Fall, beyond which a long vista of the palmy island-studded river glittered in the sunlight, the banks showing in warm and soft grey tints the detail of their features, and the mountains melting faint and blue into the distance.

Taking up their position for the night under a shady tree about a mile west of the Falls, they, next day, proceeded to a more detailed survey. The moistened atmosphere to leeward of the spray cloud, the rich green sward becoming momentarily more damp till every footprint of elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, or buffalo, was filled with fine clear water, marked their near approach, and crossing with sodden shoes the stumps and half-fallen trees that obstructed their view, they stood at once fronting the southern face of the magnificent Victoria Falls.

At the western angle, or just opposite to them, and at the beginning of the ravine, a body of water fifty or sixty yards wide came down like a boiling rapid over the broken rocks, the steepness of the incline, while it diminishes by a few feet the height of the actual fall, forming a channel for the reception of a greater volume of water, and allowing it to rush forward with so much violence as to break up the whole into a fleecy, snow-white, irregularly seething torrent, with its lighter particles glittering and flashing like myriads of living diamonds in the sunlight, before it takes its final leap sheer out from the edge of the precipice into the abyss below.

A mass of cliff smooth almost as a wall, and certainly as perpendicular, interposed beyond, its summit crowned with grass and forest, kept ever dark and green by the spreading mist, and its dark purple front (deepened almost to blackness in the shadow by the northern sun) broken by a deep chasm, through which poured three smaller rills, that might have been accounted grand, had they not been dwarfed by the mighty mass beside them.

A hundred yards farther east commenced the first grand vista of the Fall, comprising in one view nearly half a mile of cataract, stretching in magnificent perspective from the Three Rill Cliff to the western side of Livingstone's Garden Island. The cliff was here of its original height, and the edge being apparently unworn, the height of the fall was greater, but of course the depth of water falling over it was less. Besides this, from the absence of any material slope like that in the channel of the leaping water, the stream did not gather way, but flowed calmly and majestically onward. Shallows and ledges of rock caused rapids and miniature cascades, but these only partially broke the repose of the calm blue surface, till, reaching the cantle of its course, the mighty change took place.

The river was at its lowest, and the sheet of water, therefore, was not unbroken; but Mr. Baines thinks it never can present the smooth, unvaried regularity which the only representation we hitherto possessed—that which constitutes the frontispiece to Livingstone's *Travels in South Africa*—would indicate.

"Now stand and look," says our enthusiastic artist, "through the dim and misty perspective, till it loses itself in the cloud of spray to the east. How shall words convey ideas, which even the pencil of Turner must fail to represent? Stiff and formal columns of smoke there are none—the eastern breeze has blended all in one. Think nothing of the drizzling mist, but tell me if heart of man ever conceived anything more gorgeous than those two lovely rainbows, so brilliant that the eye shrinks from looking on them, segments of which rising from the abyss, deep as the solar rays can penetrate it, overarch spray, rock, and forest, till rising to the highest point they fail to find refractory moisture to complete the arch." This must, indeed, be a Peri's glimpse of Paradise—rainbows so brilliant that the eye shrinks from looking on them!

"Eastward, ho! Still eastward! through mud, wild date-palm brakes, grassy swamps, and vine thickets tangled with ever-dripping leaves, scene after scene of surpassing grandeur presenting itself, till the imagination is bewildered and embarrassed by so much magnificence. Now we pass the central, or, as we suppose it, Garden Island, dividing the Fall into two great masses, and interposing its breadth of bare projecting precipice. Its extent as yet we cannot tell, for its farther end is lost in spray. In some places the grass reaches up to the verge, the trees appearing as if the keen wind, blowing upward from the gulf, had shorn off their overhanging branches level with the cliff. Here and there are broad intervals of dark purple rock, wet and slippery with tangled weeds. I approach the edge, and look with awe into the troubled narrow stream beneath. The influence of the water downward, eternally downward, seems to meet a response within me, and kneeling down I rest on one hand to look farther; but down comes my little bush boy to rescue me from the supposed danger, nor will he be satisfied till we have removed farther from the verge.

"Still farther to the eastward, we will visit the remotest angle, and then what need of crossing the river for a view, when every feature we can wish for fronts us on this side? Why, rather, did not Livingstone cross and see the southern front, instead of contenting himself with a peep at the hazard of his life from the precipitous island?"

The advent of a large herd of buffaloes, some hundred in number, called away attention for a time from this most sublime scenery, and a very exciting hunt and combat followed, ending in the defeat of the herd and the slaying of several of their number. The noise of the engagement, for it was nothing less, as the buffaloes charged over and over again, brought up armed messengers from Moshotlani, a petty chief of the Makalali, who has charge of the ferry, to inquire who they were.

Wakened the next day by the never-ceasing, never-varying roar of the cataract, a further exploration of the chasms into which the water falls was effected. Nothing can be more curious than this portion of the natural wonder as represented in the bird's-eye view given by Mr. Baines. The only outlet from the first great chasm which fronts the

river and receives the whole body of the waters, and which is not more than a hundred yards in width, is a narrow passage nearer to the eastern than the western side. The waters flowing through this return westward by another chasm parallel to the first, and then turn into another chasm running eastward, still more or less parallel to the two former, returning westward by a third chasm, and then again curving to the south-east by a fourth! We feel that we should like to explore, hammer in hand, those minute peculiarities of mineralogical structure of the rock which determine all these phenomena. Contrary to what we should have expected, the strata appear from the drawing to lie horizontally, the beds being distinctly marked, but still there must be some very salient differences in the compactness and resistance of some of the beds to the friability and easy disintegration of others, or in portions of the same beds closely adjacent, to allow of such very remarkable results being brought about by the action of the waters.

Baboons shouted among the cliffs, buffaloes herded in the forest, antelopes frisked through the long grass, hippopotami swarmed on the islands, and alligators lounged in the mud-banks, while birds of rare and gorgeous plumage flitted amidst rocks and forest and waters, dark-blue toucans, or hornbills enlivening the trees, while little honey-birds hovered like brilliant gems over the flowers. There was animal as well as physical life in this wondrous scene. The only drawback was the tsetse, which persecuted most when Mr. Baines was making his sketches, selecting the places in the hand where the lines of fortune radiate or cross, with a skill in palmistry, or chiromancy, as the French call it, that would do honour to M. Desbarolles or to an experienced gipsy. Luckily their bite is not fatal to man, or one of the greatest wonders in the world would remain for ever in *terra incognita*.

Further explorations were made in the same long narrow skiff that took down Livingstone and Sekeleta in 1855, and the only one that goes quite to the Falls, and a magnificent view was obtained from Garden Island. A descent was also effected into the chasm, and Mr. Baines speaks of narrow walls of "black rock" and rough blocks; as also of "red sand, brown rocks, heaps of black scoria, quartz, green, red, and white,"—vague statements, but indicating possibly dykes of igneous rocks crossing sandstones of undetermined age.

The expedition proceeded hence to Boana, a place between the Daka, or Luisi River, and the Matietsie, about twenty miles' distance, and finally established itself on a small hill, which they christened Logier Hill, a mile or two above Molemo-e-a-tolos Island, at the mouth of the Luisi.

But all efforts to complete the boats, the segments of which they had brought so great a distance, and at so much expense and labour, were dashed almost in the very moment of success by a sudden and deadly attack of fever, which obliged them, for the sake of their people, to retreat to the highlands of the desert; and the continuation of sickness, superadded to famine, and the murder of some of their attendants, ultimately obliged them to retrace their steps instead of following down the Zambesi to the coast. The details of this last portion of their adventure are given in a very brief and unsatisfactory manner—in fact, merely alluded to.

## THE BERAH.

## A STORY OF THE MUSSULMANS OF INDIA.

OF the descendants which trace their lineage from the conquerors of India, who at different periods have laid waste its plains and its cities, and have carried the unrelenting scourge of oppression and the weapons of wanton destruction amongst communities composed of the timid votaries of perverted priestcraft, or the peaceful occupants of a soil abundant in agricultural produce—the primitive artisans, who pursue undeviatingly the lessons of workmanship bequeathed to them by their forefathers—the men bred to carry arms who were soldiers only by right of bearing such, and boasting that they had Rajpoots for their ancestors—and the servile and ill-regulated crowd which swell the number of Asiatic hosts, and are mostly composed of the slavish crew which administer to the wants of the richer orders—although with regard to these Mussulmans the rule and government of the country, from the time of Mahmood the Ghuznevide up to the period of its subjugation by the British, has been invariably vested in their hands, yet the characteristic traits of cruelty, ignorance, intolerance, and oppression are so distinctly marked in their acts and in their history, that no historian of India can have failed to notice them, and no traveller in the country acquainted with its language can have failed to observe them. I have heard from many the assertion that the Mussulmans in Turkey were distinguished by their honesty; I have seen the book which has been written in praise of them; I have known that their eulogy has been “hymned” by several who have been led into the belief of their disinterested character; but I still can never divest myself of the knowledge which a long acquaintance with those of their creed has given me, and I have always said to myself, if this be true of the Turks, how very unlike are they to their brethren in India! The same blind, remorseless fanaticism which marked the followers of Mahomet, whether in the East or in the West—the same reckless disregard of aught that improves or enlightens mankind which characterised the soldiers of Omar in consigning the library of Alexandria to the flames—the same pitiless and heartless cruelty which animated the craven miscreants who flooded the cities with gore under the orders of Timour and Nadir Shah, have become of late conspicuous to mankind in the details of the Indian mutiny or the history of the massacres in Arabia. There is a saying, that the devil is not so black as he is painted; but, certainly, setting aside the exaggeration of the travellers who speak, or the embellishment of the story-teller who narrates, we have so many instances which bring home to our minds the dreadful extent of horror and of crime which marks the career of the tribes who fought under the different leaders of the Moslem faith, that I think we are quite justified in the conclusion that they are all actuated by the same fierce and inhuman spirit, and that there is something in the creed and precepts of the false prophet which debases and demoralises them. The cruel and reckless licentiousness of the Mussulman invaders of Hindostan, and the stolid apathy and craven endurance of their victims, have been so remarkable in every different phase of conquest under which

the unhappy country has suffered, that its history offers nothing to interest but a piteous detail of wanton aggression and succumbing misery; and I know not if we can recal the name of a single individual, a native of the Hindoo population in that "land of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves," who could be singled out from the sufferers as one entitled to bear the name of a champion or a leader, or one whose voice or whose action could arouse his fellow-countrymen to a sense of their rights or a feeling of fealty to their country. Patriotism has been for so many ages thoroughly unknown there, that such a word finds no response in their minds and no place in their language. The chiefs who have led on their armies either by promise of plunder, by the incitement of a dire and revolting enthusiasm, by the prestige of their fame, by the distribution of their present rewards, or by hopes of future glory, have met with unvaried success in the plains of Upper India, and by turns have founded dynasties and empires, while the trembling and awe-struck aborigines of the soil have looked on in stupid amazement, and seen themselves stricken to the earth, their property spoliated, and their hearths violated. It is a significant fact, that in the language which is universally spoken throughout India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—the broken dialect which the conquerors have engrafted upon the original language of the Hindoo population—there is not a word which answers to the meaning of our verb of possession, to have, and that when a native of India has to express his being in possession of any article, he has to use a roundabout idiom to convey the idea. Thus, when a Hindoo or Mussulman informs you that he possesses a jewel, he tells you "it is applied to his hand," or that it is near him. I cannot but think that this speaks feelingly as expressive of the abject helplessness and pitiable subjection which the inhabitants using such a dialect are plunged in. Even the very circumstance of their language being nearly superseded by that of their conquerors, witnesses also the fact of their subjugation. But leaving the consideration of the subject which leads us to look on conquerors and their deeds in the gross, and the somewhat vague surmises of the origin of language in the abstract, I would venture to enter into a short detail of a narrative which came under my own personal observation.

The different divisions of the Mussulman tribes in India are known by the several names—Syuds, Sheiks, Moguls, and Putthans. The first boast of direct descent from some of the prophet's family, and are, whatever be their fortune, their occupation, or their position, universally held most in esteem by their Mussulman brethren. The next are descendants of proselytes to the creed, and are also held in much esteem. The third are sprung from the race of Moguls, who invaded India under Timour and other conquerors, and the fourth claim their descent from the Affghans or Putthans, who first came to India under Mohammed Ghoree. All these, whatever their rank or their circumstances may be, are sure to keep an exact account of their genealogy, and in no country is the claim of birth more recognised. Their superstitions have become greatly infected by their long residence in India, and their partial intercourse there with the Hindoos, and they consequently observe many ceremonies which the Mussulmans of other countries are unacquainted with; but notwithstanding this they are sure to avoid mixing in any way with their fellow-countrymen the Hindoos; to eat with them, or to intermarry



with them, would be looked upon with the greatest horror, and these two classes of the community certainly "hate one another with a perfect hatred." Generally speaking, in Upper India and in the Doab, they inhabit separate villages, and as the natives of the country distribute themselves as inhabiting their several villages, it is easy to know when one arrives at the neighbourhood of one or at that of the other. In the towns, of course, the classes are intermingled. It is calculated that in Upper India the proportion of Mussulmans to the Hindoo population is about one-fifth of the mass. The native army, which was lately under the rule of the India Company, and which received its pay, enrolled in its numbers a great proportion of Mussulmans—indeed, in the cavalry regiments the great majority were of that religion, and throughout the infantry battalions there were also very many. These were really the grand culprits in the late fearful transactions, the grand excitors, the "*teterrimæ causæ belli*;" the agitators who worked on the masses to their deeds of bloodshed and horror were these. The minds of the superstitious Hindoos were acted upon to believe that the Feringhees had formed a design of exterminating their religion by causing them involuntarily to make use of the ingredients whose touch involved a breach of their caste; and on the only point wherein it is possible to excite a Hindoo, or especially a Rajpoot, to frenzy, a fear became apparent, and their feelings, once roused, the belief became general, the agitation spread like wildfire, and throughout the vast provinces of Upper India the soldiers of the Hindoo persuasion breathed hatred and revenge to every individual who professed the faith of Christendom, whether male or female. But the Mussulman, the soldier of fortune, the man whose hand was open to receive the pay or the plunder which his leader or his general had in store for him, was the arch instigator of this fiendish movement, and his hopes and prospects were concentrated in the prizes which would fall to his share subsequent to the anarchy which was about to befall the country and the ruin of rich Feringhees.

I cannot believe in the theory which many hold, that the Russians were at work in this business. I fancy it must be evident to the minds of any one that had they intended to work mischief in India, they had agents enow to forward their cause there during the time of the Crimean war, when indeed if this mutiny had broken out we should have been sorely put to to find means to quell it. As some one quaintly remarked, on hearing the assertion made that the Russians were at the bottom of the mischief, "they were very good natured not to attempt the proceeding before this time, when we should have been ill prepared for our defence." But it is quite consonant with the reckless licentiousness and unprincipled habits of the Mussulmans to experience such an act from them; and the more one is acquainted with the country the less is one prepared to look for any good from one of that creed, and the less is one surprised at their goading on the Hindoos to the fearful extremities which were pursued, and at hearing of their lighting the torch which spread the flames of conflagration, and their agitating the passions of the misguided fanatics till they were wrought up to a pitch which led to the perpetration of the horror and bloodshed which spread far and wide through the breadth and depth of the land.

The customs of the Mussulmans in the country, the Mohurrun, the

Eed-ool-fittur, the Eed-ool-quorban, the Ramazan, and the Berah, which they carry on with such absorbing interest, evince the great zeal and intense fanaticism of the followers of Mahomet. No one who has visited the Upper Provinces can have failed to notice this, and to observe also, that although one may intrude with comparative impunity upon the ground which the Hindoos occupy in performing their extraordinary and barbarous solemnities of worship, yet it is very evident that with a Mussulman assemblage engaged in their processions or acts of devotion, the case is far different. No fear from a superior force would hinder a Mussulman from proceeding to the direst course of revenge if any foreigner or inexperienced person were to offer an insult or interruption to his proceedings. Some of these are so fantastic, that though one could scarcely refrain from laughter at witnessing them, yet it would be much more prudent to do so *à la distance*, which indeed must be evident to any person of sense, as such an interruption would, in place of preventing those benighted creatures from continuing their worship, only exasperate them and goad them to frenzy. I have seen all the males of a party, the seniors leading the movement, dancing at the Mohurrun with the most unintermitting vehemence, all the time striking their breasts and repeating the names of the martyred saints, Hossan and Hossein, in whose memory the Mohurrun is celebrated. They are equally rigid in their observance of the Ramazan fast as the Arabs are, and the usual observances of the days of sacrifice, when a goat is duly brought out and held with its head to the east, and has its throat cut while the priest says "Allah ho akbar" (God is great), on the several days of Eed-ool-fittur and Eed-ool-quorban, are never dispensed with. The practice of the Berah outar is one that engages the interest of the youths of both sexes more than any other. It is said to be a very high and holy rite by the learned amongst the Mussulmans, doing honour to the prophet Quaja Khizer, the name which the Arabs give to the prophet Elisha. The learned Moslems assert that it was his divination that procured the discovery of the water of life, and it is certain that the spurious tradition of the followers who worship the Arabian prophet has been derived from the chapter of the Koran which describes the acts of the prophet Elisha, and in a garbled manner copies the account in the Scriptures of the miracle which he performed in making iron swim, as also in the miracle of dividing the waters with the mantle given him by Elijah. There is scarcely a remarkable incident in the Bible that is not borrowed by the writers of the Koran, and though the sketch of some facts is preserved, still the detail is so much mingled with uncouth absurdities, that in some instances it is difficult to trace them to their origin. Thus at the ceremony called by the Arabs the Eed-ool-quorban, and by the natives of Hindostan the Bukra-eed, the goat which is sacrificed is said to be in memorial of the occasion of Ishmael's life being about to be taken, and of the goat which Abraham sacrificed on Mount Moriah; but, curiously enough, they insist that the Angel desired the patriarch to sacrifice his son Ishmael, and that Ishmael's mother begged that at least she might be allowed to put a bandage before his eyes, that he might not look on his son as he killed him, that Abraham consented, and she dexterously managed to place a goat in place of Ishmael before the patriarch, which goat was then slaughtered, and her son escaped. This is a fair specimen of the garbling which the Scripture met with during the pro-

cess of its being copied from the Bible to the Koran. In like manner the fabulous is mingled with the sacred truth in the instance of the Berah, and it is an occasion that draws such a concourse of the Mussulman inhabitants together, that it is viewed with more interest by the English, who have made themselves acquainted with the language of the natives of India, and who have been at the trouble of ascertaining the meaning of their various ceremonies, than most of the other processions, which occur at stated intervals during the year, like clockwork, in their several periods of rotation.

During the month of September in Upper India this takes place. It is prevalent with all the descendants of the Moslems, and especially revered by the Mussulman inhabitants who reside in the towns which are situated by the banks of the river Ganges. The origin of it is traced, according to the lower orders of them, to the circumstance of one of their saints having bestowed a blessing on some rafts which were crossing the river during a storm, and in consequence they reached their destination on the other side in safety. Every Thursday evening in this month, previous to sunset, the Mussulmans who are in hopes of any event which they have set their minds upon, and especially the younger part of the community who are lovers, and most of all the females, proceed to the banks of the Ganges, with a raft which has been mounted on earthen pitchers, large, light, and round, called in the country ghurrahs. They put some lighted lamps upon the raft, and float it on the waters of the Ganges, which at that time of the year—the breaking up of the rains—is swollen to a great size, and in most parts of the Doab is two miles across. After the raft, which is made of bamboos, has been consigned to the water, they watch it most anxiously, and they suppose that if it reach the opposite shore without having its lamps extinguished, they will meet with success in their different wishes; and if, on the contrary, they should see by any chance the lights quenched, they must expect disappointment. It is then curious to see the numbers who crowd down to the river-side on such occasions: the light flowing dresses of the girls, veiled, some of them coming in litters, and just leaving them for the purpose of placing the raft on the waters; the anxious looks of the youths; the innumerable little lamps which glow over the surface of the river; the calm mildness of the atmosphere, which at that time is charged with the odours of the hosts of flowers indigenous to the soil—the jumbelee, the chumpaa, the acacia, the orange-blossoms, with their perfume too powerful for any chamber, but breathing deliciously over the river air; the boats of every sort used by natives plying up and down the stream; the groups of Mussulmans in every variety of picturesque costume; and to mark the strange character of a custom prevalent nowhere else but in this country, I used frequently, when I was living in Upper India, to repair to the banks of the Ganges to witness the scene, which had in its character partly a romantic interest for me, and seemed partly grotesque when one considered the absurd credulity which could have induced so many to give credence to it. So general is the belief, that a very common saying in the language, expressive of a wish that any one may succeed in any undertaking which he sets his heart upon, is to this effect: “I hope that your raft will get across.” When a saying has such a general proverbial use you cannot but feel certain that it originates in a custom very generally

believed in. But more powerfully than any sense of either romantic interest or of apparent absurdity, was the feeling of sad consciousness that so many hundred thousands of blind infatuated creatures were hopelessly sunk in superstition, and ignorant of the only hope that feeble man can trust to.

I recollect one lovely evening which I passed at Cawnpore, in September, several years ago, just previous to the departure of some regiments of native infantry, who were about to leave the station and proceed to a far distant one. It was one of the Thursday evenings in which the natives celebrate this ceremonial of the Berah. There was a great assemblage by the banks of the Ganges, at some little distance from the town. The groups came successively to the river, and launched their small rafts on its surface. The young men wore a light muslin dress, and appeared in their best turbans, some of them of a green colour, to denote that they were either Syuds, or that they had performed the Haj, which they call the pilgrimage to Mecca, an act of all others conferring most honour upon one of their creed. The qubba, or body-coat, was of light muslin, like a long tunic, reaching down to half way between the hip and knee, and tied at the waist with tape, and fastened at the right breast with small white buttons. The sleeves were open (and hanging) from the elbow downwards to the wrist. The waist was bound round with a cloth called a cummurbund. They wore very loose trousers called pyjamas, and their shoes, turned up at the ends so as to form a circle, were generally ornamented with brocade. Those who could afford it wore rings on the fingers and toes, and some had necklaces and earrings, but none of them had either gloves or stockings. The dress was graceful, and the effect of the light flowing robes and the turbans and cummurbunda, some green and some rose-coloured, made the costume look gay and becoming. The young women come generally in either palkees, chundoles, or meanees, all which were different sorts of litters, curtained so as to keep the inmates concealed from all observers; and the kuhars, who bore them along by placing the poles of these conveyances on their shoulders, and trotting on with them to the banks of the river, were the only parties of the crowd who seemed destined to look on the matter as a labour, as all others were dressed in their holiday attire, and viewed it as a gala-day transaction, and an act in which pleasure was mingled with devotion.

But the energy and soul with which these people enter upon this or any other acts of ceremonial worship, is such as would throw shame upon those who are better taught, and who join in their own devotions, which they must know the truth, and ought to feel the earnestness of, with such apathy and disregard. I have frequently observed the Mussulmans, who never at sunset dispense with the evening prayer—when the evening drive at Calcutta was crowded with carriages and riders, and fashionables in numbers either riding or walking were present—lay down their small carpet by the side of the road and prostrate themselves in prayer; nor would any circumstance, or the presence of any party, induce them to forego their thus fulfilling their devotion, which they call the Moogrub namuz. The light dress which the young women wore this evening was, of all others, the sort best adapted for showing off their figures of classical mould and faultless symmetry. There were no corsets, crinolines, or flounces; the light drapery of the saree

encircled the whole body in a winding fold, being one compact cloth of white muslin, and its graceful folding reminded me, more than anything else, of the figure of Pietà displayed in the Crystal Palace, which veils the features and the whole form, and allows the lines of beauty to be discriminated through the translucent marble. The drapery, also, resembles that which, represented in marble, clothes the figure of Lady C. Walpole, the statue which appeared to me the loveliest in Westminster Abbey. The careless air of Nature's untaught elegance, the unconscious charm of unaffected loveliness—the “*simplex munditiis*” style of these youthful and unsophisticated children of the sun—was such as to engage the interest warmly of one who admired grace of attitude, or loved the natural simplicity of beauty in its most primitive aspect. Of all the groups and figures which were there assembled, I was most struck with two young girls who descended from two litters, and, joining hands, as their custom is, walked down to the river-side, where some others were standing by its banks, and proceeded slowly, till the groups which had been standing there before their arrival had dispersed. Two of the bearers followed them, carrying a raft. I knew by the conversation of these two girls that one was a mistress and the other her servant. As I had been conversant for some years with the language of the Mussulmans, I could understand what these girls were talking about; and the remarkable familiarity which exists between a lady of that kind and her domestic, contrasts curiously with the haughty and stern demeanour which the male portion of the community observe to their dependents. I was on the high bank which stood beside a path running alongside the Ganges, and I heard the lady say to the maid, whose hand she held: “Sister, is it true that the regiment is ordered to leave this at the end of the month?” The maid answered: “The chokeydar heard from the water-carrier this morning that the native officer had mentioned to the men of his company that all debts in the bazaar should be paid, as the sahib who holds rank had told him they must soon leave.” After this there was a long pause, and I had leisure to see the two figures, and to observe the extreme beauty of the lady as she bent afterwards over the stream and placed the raft on it, when the groups had dispersed who had stood before on that spot. I saw her anxiety as she watched the lights moving off slowly from her. I recollect the smallness of her hand, and the beautiful shape of her arm. I saw the flowing hair fall in tresses over the scarf which hung loose from her shoulders. Her eyes were deep black, and their languor was made more apparent by the *kaurjil* which she had put to the eyelids, and which these women universally make use of. Her colour was scarcely browner than that of a Spanish girl, but the contour of her features and form was of such faultless proportion, that they would have struck any one as presenting a most inimitable model for a statuary.

Borne far away by the motion of the waters, the raft carrying its lamps floated off from her sight, and I thought of the *ignis fatuus* which lures the traveller to his doom when I looked at those who believe in such an unreal mockery as this scene presented to me. Her companion evidently shared with her in the credulity which led them to trust to the omen which they were so intent in observing, and the absorbing interest which marked the expression of their innocent eyes was such as I have seldom seen, and shall never forget.

Long after I was able to discern the faintest glimmer of a spark from the Berah they still remained, and looked in the direction of it, and shortly after that I heard the girl say to her maid, "I will go now to the grove which you know of, and you come with me and leave me there. The bearers can take the palkees back to our house. Having left me there, you can go back with them, and I shall stay there. If he do not come, I shall go elsewhere in search of him."

Then the maid said, "If the mistress, your aunt, or her daughters, should ask me where you are, and why you had not returned from the 'Berah outar,' then what answer may I make?"

The girl then said, "Say to her that you left me at the Beebee Muhoob Jan's house, and she will not ask any more about it. She loves me not, and would be glad if I stayed away from her house for ever."

I knew, on hearing this, that this young, beautiful creature, was one of those girls of whom there are such numbers in India, who have no immediate parents living, and remain dependent at the house of a relative; and I thought that, whatever her personal attractions might be, she was evidently not possessed of any means which could make her an eligible wife in point of fortune; her exceedingly prepossessing appearance had, probably, made her an object of envy with her female relatives. Such a person, dependent as she is on others, is really an object of compassion in any country, but especially in India, where the well-known avarice of the elder females induces them so frequently to take sums of money for conniving at, if not forwarding, the ruin of their younger relatives. I saw this youthful pair again mounting their palkees, I heard the voices of the kuhars as they carried the vehicles away to the road. The short twilight of the Indian evening was fast fading away, and the light of the different rafts was fast disappearing from the surface of the waters. The muslin-dressed thousands who had flocked to the river were wending their way homewards, and the coolness of the evening breeze was bringing its refreshing influence to the English residents of the station, who were congregated to hear the music of one of the military bands, and all of whom were either driving or riding, as such an object as a Feringhee on foot was a rare one indeed. I proceeded by the banks of the river homewards. I had not joined the rest of my brother-officers and the English residents that evening in attending at the band-playing, and for once found it more congenial to my fancy to watch the extraordinary custom which had engaged so much of the interest of the Mussulman population. It was really surprising to see the great indifference which all the English seemed to evince to the habits, character, pursuits, or concerns of the natives, by whom they were surrounded. Partly from ignorance of their language, partly from dislike to their strange ways, and greatly, also, from the enervating indolence which is induced by the influence of the prostrating heat of the climate, the generality of the English officers were totally regardless of the scene which was that night going on at the river, and I felt convinced that on my return home, and subsequent meeting at the mess dinner with a large party of them, had the topic been introduced it would have been voted a bore, and the mention of any native custom would have been followed with a unanimous anathema of a most emphatic kind. This was their state of feeling, and thus they went on, careless of what the natives thought, felt, or even

what they did ; as little interested with their actions as they would have been with the capers or grimaces of a herd of monkeys, and, generally speaking, as little disposed to enter into their feelings as if they were not human creatures. The gulf fixed between them seemed wide and impassable, and the want of congeniality between them was universal. Suddenly the slumbering tempest of disaffection burst like a tornado over the whole face of the country, spread like wildfire through every district, and inspired myriads of insulted and despised serfs to wreak their vengeance on their haughty oppressors.

I went to the mess dinner. This party was to be assembled in the largest chamber of a house, all of whose rooms were built on the ground floor, and which contained a library in one wing ; a spacious central apartment seventy feet by forty, in which we dined ; a large adjoining room, where were two billiard-tables, which presented the grand attraction of the evening after the dinner was over. The whole building was surrounded with a spacious verandah, and on our first arrival we went into the library, where we waited a few minutes, until the old turbaned attendant who had principal charge of the mess establishment, and was called a *khan-samah*—whose appearance was like a veritable seneschal's, such as you read of being steward of a castle in mediæval times—announced to the English gentlemen that the dinner was ready. We then adjourned into the largest room, and sat down to the ample fare which was prepared in such abundance, and served in most costly style, on a table covered with profusion of plate. Every glass and tumbler was supplied with a silver cover, to keep off the intrusion of the flies. Every plate had a hollow deep plate of china underneath it, of which the interior was filled with hot water. The silver covers to the dishes were such as are generally seen in rich gentlemen's establishments, and the different courses, setting aside the fare, which naturally had many native ingredients in it, were such as take place at most large dinner-parties ; but every guest was dressed in a light calico jacket and vest, not unlike what is worn by a waiter at an English inn during the summer season, and behind each one's chair was a turbaned attendant in muslin, without shoes or stockings ; a huge framework, similar to a window-shutter, hung suspended from the roof of the room.

The interior of this was cased with white calico, and the edges were widely fringed also with white cloth, like a frill. In the centre of this framework was a rope fastened by a large noose, and to the noose was attached a cane, which went through the wall of the chamber to the verandah outside, where a native stood perpetually pulling it to make the framework or *punkah* move artificial air to the gentlemen who were sitting round the table. The conversation was of sporting matters, of horses, of gambling, of the latest arrived belle who had added another magnet of attraction to those dearly prized and rare, which had gathered an eager host of admirers round their cynosure. The elders of the party seemed to consider it rather a fatiguing affair, and I could not but recal the words of Horace :

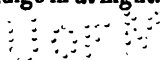
*Inter lances mensasque nitentes  
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus.*

Nor could I avoid noticing a rejoinder from one of them to another of the party, who asked him if he liked Cawnpore. It was, "I like nothing

in India but the rupees which one gets in the way of pay." This somewhat sordid sentiment I fear would have met with a responsive echo from many of the seniors present, if they had been candid enough to speak their minds.

It is true there were some of the old seasoned Indians who solaced themselves with the hookah, that phase of dinner enjoyment peculiar to India. This is a large pipe drawn through a winding tube, called a snake, about four yards long, which is coiled in circles. The ingredients put in the bowl for smoking are tobacco, mixed with conserve of roses. This is inserted in a pipe, which has one extremity placed in a large vase of rose-water, through this vase also passes the snake, and the smoker sucks this by means of a gold or silver mouthpiece, which he fixes between his lips. Those who indulge in this truly Asiatic luxury have always a separate servant to attend to the hookah, called a hookah bardar, and at a word from the master this domestic comes into the dining-room, lays down the hookah carpet, places the large apparatus behind his master's chair, and then slides the mouthpiece through one of the arms of the chair on which he is sitting. Such a thing as a chair without arms never appears at table. The thread of the dinner discourse also might be said to be of a mingled yarn, inasmuch as everything that any guest might require from the servant behind his chair, he had to ask for in Hindostanee. So far up the country as Cawnpore, there are no servants who understand the English language. This mixture of English and scraps of Hindostanee, very much garbled generally, with now and then the gurgling which the drawing of the hookah snake through the rose-water at intervals caused, were the principal sounds which the ear was saluted with during the course of the entertainment. The hecatombs of meat, poultry, river fish, curry and rice, preserved hermetically-sealed dainties, country vegetables, and pastry, which followed after the removal of the soup, were most of them scarcely touched by the languid foreigners assembled; but not so the wine, which was in bottles, cased in cloths of varied colours, handed round by the numerous attendants.

After the routine of the dinner courses, the bottles of wine were placed (having been well cooled previously, and wrapped round with cloth cases) before the president, the long train of turbaned servants disappeared, and the conversation became more general and more enjoyable. The heat of the atmosphere had been in some measure allayed, and the sedate old gentlemen, as we then called them, began their sederunt over their wine. Nearly all the junior branch adjourned to the billiard-room. I did not feel disposed either to join in the play or to do as all the spectators were doing, they being busily engaged in smoking cheroots, but I entered into conversation with one of the officers of a native regiment who was dining with us that evening, and who told me that his regiment expected to leave the station in a few days. This led me to account for what I had heard by the banks of the river. This piece of information was given to me at intervals between the puffs of a cigar, and as I found that no conversation was likely to find favour which had a more elevated character than a bet upon the state of the game, or a sporting proposal to play, or a detail of a gambling nature, I very soon retired from the dissipated scene, and sought repose, preferring the prospect of being able to enjoy the next day's early morning's exercise to the feverish excitement which youths in that country so much indulge in at night. The occu-





pations, discourse, and habits of one class of men also differ so much from those of another class, that, however pleasing and engaging the society of people who play, drink, sing, and smoke all night may be to those addicted to such pursuits, the thoughts and aspirations of an intellectual man make him find being obliged to mix with them most tiresome.

Very primitive indeed is the couch which is found most desirable in that extremely hot climate—a framework in the shape of a bed on four short legs, whose surface is of broad tape covered with a sheet, is the usual resting-place. The tape, which is called in the country newar, is drawn tight across the top, bottom, and side planks, and plaited like the warp and woof of cloth, but anything softer than this elastic material would be quite unbearable to lie upon. This couch is laid outside the verandah of one's house, and with a pillow at its head, and no further preparation than putting on a shirt and loose muslin trousers, one finds it the best bed to repose on from the fatigues of the melting day. Many employ natives to pull the punkah over them through the whole night, and stay in an inner apartment, but I always found, during eight months of the year, the sleeping out of doors most refreshing. This night passed over like many others, but in the morning, just as the first faint glimmer of light was seen, I was roused by my native servant, who told me that one of the sergeants was in waiting, and had orders for me. I desired the man to bring me the book. He did so, and I saw that I was nominated to attend at a court of inquest which was to assemble about two miles away at an office belonging to the bazaar of one of the native infantry regiments. I found, when I arrived there, that the colonel, who was to officiate as president of the court, and the two captains who were its members, had arrived, and they were waiting for the interpreter, who was to explain to them the native evidence. I held this office myself, as I had passed my examination in the native languages, and was conversant with them. I shall never forget the feeling of horror which seized me when they brought me to the room where the body lay on whom the inquest was to sit. I had heard often of cruelty, and I had seen the inimitable picture wherein Hogarth depicts the various stages of it; I call to mind forcibly the expression of the countenance of the countryman who is supposed, in the picture of the Last Stage of Cruelty, to look on aghast on seeing the body of the young female found murdered, whose murder had been perpetrated by her brutal betrayer. I saw now in reality something exceedingly like what he saw. The same face, the same innocent expression, the same small hands, the same contour of form, the undoubted identity of which to me was perfectly evident, and which made me perfectly certain that I saw now before me the girl whom the night before I had seen by the banks of the river going through the ceremony of the Berah. I had been often before made painfully acquainted with the cruel habits of the Mussulmans with regard to their wives and their female slaves, and I had heard that their creed authorised them to have power of life and death over the inmates of their houses, —or of their *Zenana*, as the female seraglio in India is called—I had frequently attended at courts in which I had been obliged before to witness the appearance of corpses which had evidently met with a violent death from the hands of some ruffian, and which were all females; I had become aware of the fact of its frequently happening in the neighbouring province of Oude that women had had their noses cut off by their

cruel masters, but I never, even after having heard of these revolting circumstances, could have been prepared to believe in such a heartrending act of cruelty as the one which was now brought to our notice. For some offence, the wild and turbulent spirits of those "sons of fire and children of the sun," might be supposed to be led on to their savage and revengeful conduct, but where was the crime of this creature which we now saw before us, whose throat had been cut by some sharp instrument from ear to ear, and her wrist nearly severed across, evidently while raised to avert the hand of the assassin. This seemed

The very top,  
The height, the crest or crest unto the crest  
Of murder's arms. This was the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke  
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

We proceeded to the mournful detail of the inquest, and the first person who gave evidence was a policeman, who stated that he was going his rounds in the vicinity of a tamarind-grove, which lay about three miles from the bazaar of the city, and that about four o'clock in the morning, when the faint beams of the moonlight were bursting out, he saw under a tree what seemed a mass of white cloth, and on approaching close to it he found it was the dead body of the girl now before us, and that a pool of blood had issued from her neck; that he ran to the Suddur bazaar, and informed the magistrate, who had instantly sent to the brigade-major to summon an inquest. In all cases of such a nature—bodies being found—the authorities are obliged to have the inquest immediately, as the heat of the weather does not permit the bodies being kept many hours. The next person who gave evidence was the aunt of the unfortunate girl, who said that she had just received notice of her being wanted at the inquest; that she saw the body of her niece in the next room; that the girl had left her house the evening before to go to the Berah by the river-side; that she supposed she had gone afterwards to the house of a female relative of hers, as she had not seen or heard of her since she left the house along with her servant, until she saw her body, mutilated as it was, in the adjoining room.

She further said that she knew that the girl had formed an acquaintance with one of the naeks, or corporals, of the native regiment, and that she believed before this that she was likely to be married to him. On hearing this, the court decided upon sending policemen immediately to the hut of the naek, whose name this woman informed us of, and making him a prisoner in the first place. This was ordered accordingly, and the inquest proceeded to examine the inmates of this naek's hut. This was done by questioning them, and never was I before made more fully aware of the great propensity to falsehood which shows itself in the natives of India than on this occasion. His mother, being examined, swore that he had been very ill the preceding night, and was quite unable to leave the hut that he lived in, and that to her knowledge he certainly had not quitted it. His servant swore that he suffered severely from diarrhoea, and that he (the servant) was beyond any doubt cognisant of the fact. His father swore that he had heard his wife and the servant say that his son was very ill indeed, and that though he had been out all the day before on business,

he knew that his son was so ill the night before that he could not have left the hut which they all lived in.

At this stage of the proceedings we thought it prudent to pause and make all native witnesses and native servants withdraw; and it appearing to us that no truth could be elicited from examination of such parties, we resorted to the expedient of sending to the hut one of the most tried and trusty of the police functionaries, whose orders were to say nothing previous to his entering the naek's chamber, but to lay hold of his boxes, or any other movables in which he kept his clothes, and bring them before us. The court was then adjourned till the man's return, and the naek and all the witnesses kept apart from each other until we wanted them again. When the man came back, he brought with him some of the dress which the naek had worn on the previous night. Amongst these were a pair of cloth trousers, which were clotted with blood on the inside of the legs, as if some one had wiped his hands by rubbing them on them.

The awful truth now flashed upon us. This was the man whom she had gone to meet. This naek was the wretch who had committed the murder. He now stood before us, and certainly neither shame, remorse, nor fear appeared depicted in his face. He was a Mussulman of the Syud class, and this accounted for his being held in such respect by the girl, a person who evidently moved in much better circumstances of life than he did. Such, however, are the straits to which many of the Syuds are put from poverty, that they will consent to accepting much lower situations than the one he filled, and not consider it derogatory to the dignity of their birth. I have frequently met Syuds who were menial servants. The fine, athletic, and handsome-looking man who now stood before us appeared not more than twenty-five years of age. He looked on at the transaction with apparent disdain, neither could one gather a single hint from his appearance of his being cognisant of the fearful facts which we were there assembled to investigate. His face was almost a model for a painter: the nose slightly aquiline, the mouth small, firm, and well shaped, the forehead high, and the eyes almond-shaped and sparkling. His colour was of course the general brown hue which is seen with all the inhabitants of Upper India, only one shade less dark than that of the labouring classes, whom exposure to the sun constantly makes as black as the negroes are. His stature was tall, and his figure well made and commanding. No trace of any weapon could be found, neither could any other circumstances, further than the bloody clothes, testify to the deed; but the aunt of the poor girl that was murdered identified him as the person to whom she supposed it likely that her niece would be married, and described him as a man who had used every art to win upon the affection of the unfortunate victim. She said that she was under the belief that he would soon make known his intentions to her, and that from his being a Syud she would have been disposed to favour his suit. She added, that she did not at first believe that her niece had gone after the Berah to meet this man, but thought that, as she frequently went to the house of a female relative, there was nothing to apprehend in her being away from her the night before. Several other witnesses deposed to the fact of her having often gone to meet this man secretly; and her servant proved that she had accompanied her to the grove in which the policeman had found the body, and that since then she had not seen her. This evidence the bearers of the palanquins all confirmed. It now remained for us to

send the man before the civil magistrate for trial, and in order to bind the witnesses over to appear, notice was given to the magistrate of the bazaar. No doubt could now any longer exist as to the real state of the transaction. The regiment to which the naek belonged had received orders to leave the station, the man had found that he had involved himself in an engagement which, if he fulfilled, he would have been hampered with a great expense in the journey which was before them. The dependent condition of the girl showed him that he had nothing to expect from her friends to assist him under the circumstances in which they stood. The pressing urgency of the case probably made her unfortunately seek from this fiend in human shape for some specific answer immediately as to his intentions previous to the departure of his regiment. The secluded situation made him suppose that there was no chance of her cries being heard, and his cruel disposition made him a stranger to compassion. But still it was almost too horrible to believe.

I have set down verbatim the facts which I was myself, several years ago, actually cognisant of. Such scenes, whatever may be the current of circumstances which pass over one in transitory life's pilgrimage, are so striking, so appalling, so fraught with horror, that it is impossible not to retain them in vivid force in one's memory. The tales one reads, the stories one hears, are more or less impressive in proportion to the language in which they are brought before our minds, or the mode in which they are recited; but the living picture, the mute pathos of the reality of woe, the unerring evidence of one's senses, bear a recollection which it is impossible to obliterate.

The hardened wretch, when, after his trial before the magistrate he was found, on circumstantial evidence, guilty of the murder, and condemned to death, did not evince any remorse, and no confession of any kind was heard from him previous to his being executed. When the case came to be tried before a magistrate, he told me that he relied principally on the circumstantial evidence. This I was not surprised to hear, for certainly nothing could have been more unsatisfactory than the evidence which was given us by the parties which we examined in this case. The men of the Moslem creed are sworn always on the Koran, which book is placed in their hand by a Moolvie, and they are adjured to speak the truth on the strength of their belief in one God. But with the women this is not considered the proper mode of swearing them. The most binding oath with a Mussulman woman is to make her place her hands on the head of her child and swear by it. This form they will probably hold a superstitious reverence for, and indeed, here as elsewhere, the love for their offspring is the strongest hold which attaches itself to the affections of women. With such feelings and sentiments totally uninstructed, it is mournful to reflect that so many millions are subjugated to the iron rule of masters whose minds are totally estranged from every feeling of sympathy, and devoid of every quality which elevates human nature. Even the man of common philanthropy might deplore the circumstances of the condition of these women, as yet unblest with the least amelioration, from the fact of their land having become colonised by Christians; but how much more must the Christian, in his aspirations for the spread of the glorious Gospel, devoutly hope for the time when the knowledge of a true God and the love of a blessed Saviour, may diffuse their humanising influence in that benighted country.

## A NIGHT ON KNOCKMELEDOWN MOUNTAIN.

ONE day, towards the middle of August, 1863, a solitary pedestrian was proceeding from Lismore to Clogheen, so celebrated in song as the meeting place of Sergeant Snapp and Paddy Carey. These towns mark the boundaries of the counties Waterford and Tipperary, and are divided from each other by Knockmeledown, the loftiest of the chain of mountains that separates these counties. Persons passing from one town to the other generally avail themselves of the road which crosses the mountain, as it saves time, and is of a more picturesque character. It was this road the pedestrian had taken, and was following its sloping course upwards, a stout walking-stick assisting his steps. In his dress and appearance there was nothing particular to attract attention, for, like most persons out for a walking excursion, he wore a shooting-coat and a Jerry hat. Having walked half way up the mountain, he arrived at the monastery of Mount Melleray, and as he stopped to admire the architectural beauty of this building, as well as its neatly laid out grounds, he reflected how well chosen was the monks' abode for inspiring a true devotional spirit.

Farther up on the mountain he paused from time to time to gaze with delight on the beauties of the surrounding landscape. In the valley beneath was Lismore, seemingly no larger than a bed of flowers in a parterre. Though the town is built on an elevation of ninety-three feet above the level of the river, the streets seemed undefinable, the houses huddled together. The steep embankment rises at a little distance to a rugged and precipitous cliff, upon which stands the castle, its bold, angular outlines half in shade and half illumined by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. Beneath, the deep and surgy Blackwater flowed by castle and town in its rapid course towards the sea. In the distance were the well-defined outlines of the rock and the Cathedral of Cashel, and far away in the opposite direction could be discerned the ocean and the bays of Youghal and Dungarvan. Having sufficiently admired this truly panoramic scene, the pedestrian resumed his journey upwards. He now left the road which winds round the right shoulder of Knockmeledown, and in order to cross the summit he ascended amid the dapple grey stone and purple heath with which the southern side of the mountain is covered.

The day was near spent, and a sudden change in the weather was perceptible. Clouds of a lurid hue, which brightened into a deep orange as they extended towards the west, overcast the sky. The atmosphere, though at so great an elevation, became oppressive, and a thunder-storm seemed imminent. To escape from so exposed and perilous a position as the bare mountain-top, the pedestrian quickened his pace and crossed the summit, passing not unnoticed a small cairn, which there marks the last resting-place of an eccentric person, who was buried in this elevated spot in compliance with his dying request. Heavy drops of rain began to fall, and thunder already resounded round him; but, though caught in the storm, he knew that shelter was at hand.

At a short distance from the summit, and under a rocky projection on

the side which faces the county Tipperary, stood a cabin, wildly situated, but sheltered on every side except the north. It had remained unshaken by the fierce blasts of several winters. Often did the tired sportsman rest himself and his dogs beneath its humble roof: never was the weary wayfarer sent away unrefreshed from its door. No sooner was friend or stranger seen advancing along the "bit of a boreen" that led to the cabin, than he was cordially welcomed by the owner, Mickey Ryan, or, if he was not at home, by his wife, Judy, who was generally accompanied by several little mountaineers hanging on by her petticoat, whilst she seemed never without another in her arms, that chirruped its welcome as you approached. No sooner had the stranger entered the cabin than every little comfort it afforded was placed at his disposal. Did he come in drenched with rain, as it not unfrequently happened, the addition of a few sods and some twigs made the fire burn more briskly, and his clothes were quickly dried, while he was being refreshed with fried rashers and eggs, some griddle bread, and a little potheen punch. How the potheen found its way up Knockmeledown was a question which Mickey Ryan would rather not be asked, and which he invariably declined to answer. But down in Clogheen it was mysteriously hinted that Mickey was a "cute" boy, and "undherstud distillin'." Be that as it may, however, the "dew" was always plentiful enough to refresh liberally any one who sought the hospitality of his humble home.

It was to this cabin that the pedestrian whom we have followed in his ascent of Knockmeledown, hastened for shelter. The rain had made the mountain-side slippery, still he walked rapidly along, as he was not unfamiliar with the ground. He turned in the direction of the boreen, and in a few minutes was partaking of Mickey Ryan's hospitality.

The fire was immediately replenished. The guest's wet garments were being dried, whilst he sat with one of Judy's petticoats round his shoulders, and a cupful of hot punch before him. A few peals of thunder were heard reverberating round the mountain, the rain fell in torrents, and penetrated here and there through the thatched roof of the cabin; but Ryan and his guest sat before the fire, and smoked and drank regardless of the weather without.

The host was tall and raw-boned, with gaunt visage, prominent cheek-bones, ferret eyes, and freckled face. A patch of ground on the mountain-side yielded him potatoes enough for the subsistence of himself and his family. He kept a pig, of course, and treated it with the respect which the Irish peasant usually shows to this animal by lodging it in the best apartment, and supporting its claim to this distinction by telling you "it's the gintleman that pays the rint." Besides, he had some friends and many well-wishers down in the town of Clogheen, from whom he occasionally got employment at digging or mowing, according to the season, or as a labouring hand at some building work.

But when the times were bad, he passed readily from these employments to another, in which he had not yet been disturbed by the vigilance of the exciseman. In short, Mickey Ryan gained his living chiefly by making and selling whisky without being duly licensed. Like many others as humble circumstanced as himself, he found illicit distillation too profitable to be deterred by its risks. There is also, it appears, for many

persons, an unspeakable pleasure in the hazardous nature of the occupation.

But the phase of character in which we have now to consider him is that of an entertaining host, beguiling the hours with his scraps of stories and superstitious beliefs. When having his pipe and his glass a complete change came over him. Then his features grew radiant with good humour, his ferret eyes dropped their cunning leer for a look of confidence and communicativeness, and an unceasing flow of legendary and superstitious lore issued from his lips. With such a companion, the pedestrian found the night to pass over very pleasantly. Much of what he said on that night has passed from our memory, but what is still remembered will lose, we fear, in attractiveness by having the plain language of narrative occasionally substituted for his pointed and racy descriptions.

He dwelt with pride on many of the customs of the ancient Irish. He showed how impotent had been priest and crosier to efface from the mind of an imaginative people the poetic beliefs which a Pagan creed had taught. The sanctity of some places, the divinity of some substances, were articles in the creed of the Irish peasant as ineradicable in the nineteenth century as they may have been when the city whose lofty towers are supposed to gleam in the waters of Lough Neagh was still fitted for human habitation. The heathen rites which propitiated the divinity of a sacred well were altered to Christian devotional exercises; the wells were blessed and called holy, and became, on certain days, the resort of fanatics and pious pilgrims. He pointed out how the lingering relics of the worship of Baal were discernible in the custom of lighting bonfires on May-day; and in the mystic character of the dance performed round them by the peasantry; how young men purified themselves for the marriage state by jumping backwards and forwards over these fires, which on that day blazed in every town and village; how those who intended to travel followed the example of those who intended to marry, in order to make their journey lucky. As the night waned, and the fires burned down, the cattle were brought out and driven over the embers, after which it was supposed they could not be attacked by distemper nor affected by witchcraft. Then pieces of the wood still alight were snatched up by the dispersing crowd, each individual believing that his prosperity for that year depended on his bringing his brand home unextinguished. But Mickey having refilled his pipe and his cup, may now be left to speak a little for himself.

"Shure," said he, "no one iver heerd of the likes of the ould scholard that lived all alone below in the bit of a house by the river near the breedge. Sorra one he iver let near him but an ould crone that wint in iv a mornin', you see, to tidy up the place. Well, they say he was a mighty knowledgeable man intirely. When he was on fur it, the sorra a cloud he'd let pass by but he'd take the thunder out iv it, an' put it in a bottle an' cork it up, jist as asy as you'd hook a trout in the strame below, an' put it in your basket. An' whin he felt himself *go'in'*, he sent fur some iv the people hard by, an' got thim to promise to bury him up here—you know the spot where the heap of stones is. The ould chap's name was Eeles, you see, an' me father knew some ould people that had givin the coffin a lift, an' they but gossoons at the time. Shure, they

tould him the people came from all parts to the berrin, an' follied the corpse to the top of the mountain, the strongest ov 'im givin' a shoulder now an' agin; an' fagged enough they were afore they'd got the coffin up to the grave. I dar say the ould gentleman wanted to be as near to heaven as he could, havin' his doubts that he'd iver get so far in the usual coorse.

"But I haven't tould you all yit, an' whin I do, you'll say, I'm thinkin', that berrin's run in the blood like wooden-legs.

"Ould Eeles had a brother almost as ould an' as knowledgeable as himself. Well, he'd no sooner settled himself in the ould house, an' got hould iv the money an' the combustibles for drawin' down the thundher, thin he cocks his toes one mornin' too, lavin' all behind him wid dyin' ordhers for his berrin to be on the top iv the mountain forninst us. Ay, in throth, there they lie; an' whin the thundher rowls overhead, an' the lightnin' flashes about the mountain-top, the boys think thim that's above have a hand in it, an' say that the ould gentlemin are at their thricks agin."

The host, having imparted this piece of local information, took a few whiffs from his pipe, and finished his cup of potheen; then, with the spirit of a giant refreshed, he resumed his discourse.

He spoke of a melancholy period in the history of the country when the cholera first visited it, and the people were panic-stricken. Their minds reverted to the ancient belief in the efficacy of fire to avert disease, and they invoked the aid of that element to arrest the ravages of the fearful epidemic. But they were far from thinking that this invocation was evidence that the belief in the divinity of fire still lingered amidst them. By some special organisation, or contrivance, stations were marked out, at which men swift of foot were placed, with specific instructions. These were to take the lighted torch from the bearer, who had run in breathless and exhausted, and emulate him in his zeal and speed to arrive at the next station, where he in turn was relieved by a fresh man, and so on, till the circuit of the island had been accomplished. Thus, in one night, a fiery cordon was drawn round Ireland.

In continuation, he spoke about witches, and the spells they cast upon people and their possessions; and he maintained that a horse-shoe, nailed to the door-post of the dairy, was a potent talisman against witchcraft. He had himself once joined in a singular and exciting chase—it was that of a witch, who, in the form of a hare, was caught milking a cow in the open field: "It was Paddy Phelan's cow, too; poor paddheen was melancholic by rason iv the cow runnin' dhry, an' he was intindin' to put a *soogawn* on her, whin, as luck would have it, he met meself an' a couple of other gossoons wid a bit of a gun betune us, whin lo an' behold ye! we saw Miss Pussy at work, savin' paddheen the trouble of gettin' his cow milked. Thin the boy wid the gun ups an' fires, an' hit Miss Pussy in the croobeen, an' didn't she squeal an' run as if a whole pack of hounds was in purshuit, wid the blud drippin from her all the time. Thin sich a chase as we had! We were in full cry afther her till she came to the cabin of an ould crone that the neighbors had all along suspected of dalins wid a certain 'gentleman' below, thin, all of a sudden, the hare jumped in at the open windy, an' you may be shure our feet wint like a clapper whin the birds are casting longing eyes at the corn, an' the



clapper-boy's on the alert, an' we niver cried stop till we bounced all at once into the cabin; but sorra sight of the hare was there, only me ould duchess was sittin' on her three-legged sthule smokin' her dudheen, an' lookin' fur all the world as if butther wouldn't melt in her mouth. Iv coorse we axed did she see the hare, an' iv coorse she sed she didn't. But that I may niver sin the drops of blud were thick all along the flure, from the windy to the sthule, an' were drip, drippin' from under her rags of petticoats. Thin we saw how matters stud at once. The ould witch, you see, could turn herself into any shape or form she liked, an' she found it convaynient to be shure whin she was spitefully inclined, an' thin she'd lave dhry uddhers wid the cows iv any one she'd a grudge aginst. Well, maybe the boys an' meself wern't in a great way intirely wid the ould lady! Some iv us were fur makin' a coultter red-hot an' doin' fur her at once; an' more were fur tellin' the whole story to Father Dempsey, who might likely enough turn her into a goat, an' banish her to the mountains. This proposhal was so plasin' to the boys, that we all lift the cabin widout sayin' as much as a word to her."

Having narrated the chase and its results, Mickey's eyes fell on his wife Judy, and rested on her well-known form and features with the complacency and fondness of his courtship's days. Time had began to efface, with ruthless fingers, the lineaments of beauty of her who had long been the companion of his humble joys and sorrows. Wrinkles were creeping into her face, which had now lost its youthful freshness and fairness of colour; but these could not weaken the strength of his attachment. Was not every wrinkle the result of her solicitude for him and his children? and therefore the outward and visible link of the chain by which their hearts were bound together.

He now slyly alluded to her girlish coquetry, and to the baths of May dew which she used to give her face on the dawn of a May morning; and to this simple circumstance he ascribed the beautifully fresh complexion, now faded and gone, but which had then rendered her so irresistible. He spoke with fondness of the way she used "to foot it" at pattron or fair before she became Judy Ryan. This pleasing reminiscence made her incline her head modestly, and she said it was all along of her having heard the fairy pipes on the eve of May-day; and, indeed, it was near being the death of her, for when the drones first struck her ear she could not keep her feet from going it ding-dong, heel and toe, until she fell down from sheer exhaustion; and there she might have lain, and fallen into the power of the "good people" (here Judy always crossed herself), if a couple of gossoons did not happen to be coming that way, and, seeing her lying all of a heap, picked her up and brought her home.

"An' shure, agra," she continued, "I have rason to remimber it: wasn't it only the Candlemas afore that the banshee ris the whillaloo undher the windy of myself an' sister Alice? an' didn't it come out thrue, as it always does?—an' didn't that year's primroses ghrow on my poor Ally's grave?"

This allusion to the death of her sister Alice made her cry, whilst it revived the memory of other death-scenes in her husband's mind. His love of fun and frolic usually predominated over every other sentiment, and gave a rosy colouring to his general discourse. Seldom, therefore,

was the impression left on his casual visitors other than pleasant. The Celtic temperament is averse to anything that would introduce the ancient Egyptian custom of bringing the spectre to the feast.

But Alice had died of the fever which had stricken down the Irish people by thousands, and he related how disinclined they were to call in a physician, and how they preferred to fight the fever with an old woman's cure, which was so novel and extravagant that it cannot fail to strike the reader as a remarkable instance of their superstition.

It was thus the "knowledgeable" woman treated the fever patient. Some clay was scraped from the threshold, which no person was supposed to pass without saying, "God save all here!" The clay was then heated in a skillet, and put into a woollen stocking, which was applied to the patient's back! The healing virtue of the specific was thought to be in proportion to the number of benedictions pronounced over it.

"In throth," said Judy, "the same thing was tried wid me father, an' he didn't mind a bit, but died off just like the snuff of a candle. Shure it was at the wake, Mickey, agra, that you put the comedher on me. Thin the next trouble we had was wid the childre. You remimber whin the eldest was carried off by the 'good people,' an' the cantankerous weeny cratur left in its place. Shure I hadn't a bit iv comfort fur many a long day, till the blessed saints put it into our heads to lave the ould place, an' come up here. Didn't the cratur kick up rukshuns whin we come to the river, an' whin I had got it jist half ways across the bridge didn't it jump clane out of my arms into the water, an' thin all of a suddent wasn't my own lost darlin' given back to me?"

Mrs. Ryan was not an exception from mothers in general, and when she had a favourable opportunity and a willing audience, she would dwell with maternal pride on the care and solicitude with which she had brought the "childre" through the various disorders incidental to childhood. One of these we shall notice on account of the remedy which was once so popular among the Irish peasantry, so frequently mentioned in Irish story, but which has now fallen into disfavour, and will soon have passed into oblivion. One of Judy Ryan's children had got an attack of "wildfire," and for this disease the most simple and efficacious remedy was a few drops of blood of a male lineal descendant of the Keogh family. When "wildfire" was prevalent, the Keoghs must have been in great request. But they at length grew weary of the distinction which was conferred upon them by the superstitious belief of their neighbours. Unless when decoyed into the sick person's chamber, and an urgent appeal in the interests of humanity was addressed to him, a Keogh would modestly but persistently decline to open a vein at the solicitation of an afflicted person in whose physical welfare he felt no interest. By a slight effort of the imagination, however, the Irish peasant found a substitute. In the veins of a domesticated pet animal the blood of the Keoghs was supposed to flow. And this supposition was based upon the following tradition. Far away in the obscurity of the time which history has not penetrated, the Tuatha de Danaans were busily employed in erecting those great Irish puzzles the Round Towers. Hard by the site chosen for one of them were stones to build it, and the peculiar clay to cement them in abundance. But they were the property of a Keogh, a man proud and selfish and sadly deficient in public spirit, and utterly incapable

of making the slightest sacrifice for the public good. He churlishly refused to supply the building materials for the tower, and in consequence of his refusal the Tuaatha de Danaans, who were skilled in magic, transformed him into a black cat. Hence it was popularly believed that the blood of such an animal, provided his coat was unblemished with a single white hair, was as efficacious a remedy as the blood of a Keogh.

Mickey Ryan now commenced the narrative of his unsuccessful efforts to become possessed of buried treasure. This was an invariable sign of the strictness of his evening's devotions to the potheen cup. In his sober moments he was too apprehensive of the ridicule of his friends to make any allusion to his treasure-seeking adventure; yet it was no secret, for Mickey was partial to the "dhrop," and his discretion vanished under the influence of the "mountain dew." Well did his cronies know when the story of "diggin' for goold" was coming. He would press his finger down on the half-burned contents of his pipe, and lay it on the table. Then his face would wear a serious expression, which might have been acquired from a careful study of the portrait of Brian Boiraimé, which adorned the front of the head inn of the town of Clogheen. The artist having faithfully transferred to the picture the look that that invincible monarch is supposed to have worn at the critical moment in the battle of Clontarf. Then he would throw himself back in his seat, put his hands in his pockets, and commence his story:

"What I'll be afther tellin' you," he would say, "is as thrue as that the rock of Cashel is to the fore. Above all days in the year it was the eve of blessed St. Patrick's-day, so it was, an' jist three months afther the priest had said the words over Judy an' meself, an' thinking I was, as me heart cottled to her, how consated I'd be if I only had a new gownd to give her in the mornin' for her 'Patrick's pot.' Shure it was wid this on me mind that I turned into the bed an' had the dhrame. I dhramed that I left the town behind me, an' was on the road that brings ye to the ould cave, an' that I walked on an' on till I got there. Now mind ye, I was gettin' ready to go in at the gap in the rock, an' to see was there any luck at all at all fur me down in the cave, whin I sees standin' right forninst me a good-natured-lookin' ould man, dressed like one of the quality. He had on a brown shute of clothes, an' looked as grand as a dock in blossom. He talked to me, in throth, as if we'd bin bred an' born together.

"'Mickey Ryan,' ses he.

"'That's me, yer honour,' ses I, makin' him as grand a bow as if I was axin the agent's daughter to dance.

"'Nabocklish,' ses he, 'so you'r in wants of money to buy Judy gownds, an' you'r "cute" enough to know where it's to be found; maybe I know it too.' Here he tapped his nose wid his finger, an' then took as rousing a pinch of snuff as if he'd got it fur nothin' at a wake. 'If you'r not afeerd,' ses he, 'to go below at the right time, you'll have gownds galore fur Judy. Now here's what you'll have to do. In the cave below, Mickey, you wouldn't get what 'id jingle on a tombstone; but walk on to the hole in the wall on the right-hand side, an' go into the big cavern that is full of the shiny pillars that look fur all the world as if they were made of lookin' glass. At the third one on the right, forninst the wall, an' undhur the glassy bobbins that hang from the roof——'

"Now ye see, as if bad fortin 'id have it, there was a husho put on the could gintleman's discoorse, fur the pig broke loose, an' came gruntin' over to the bedside, an' woke me up."

Mickey, it appears, dreamed three times of the buried treasure before he ventured to tell Judy of what had been running in his head whilst he slept. She listened joyfully to his recital. His golden dreams, she considered, were indicative of the favourable intentions of the fairies, who had doubtless singled him out as the object of their capricious bounty. They would enrich him and relieve themselves of the responsibility of guarding the treasure. She entreated him to go to the cave, and obey the instructions he had received in his dreams.

The cavern was a dreary place to visit at any time, but at the solemn hour of midnight few would care to enter it alone. To the mind of the superstitious gold-seeker it would be filled with a thousand imaginary terrors. Then he brooded over his dreams till their details became, as it were, intensified into reality. The cavern, the old man, and the spot where the treasure was supposed to be buried, were constantly present to his mind. Hence he already considered himself a rich man, for with a little courage and exertion he should become the possessor of untold gold. But superstition extinguishes courage, and thus the person becomes incapable of exertion.

Having regard to these circumstances, it may readily be imagined that his wife's urgent solicitations were for some time unavailing. However, by dint of laughing at his fears she overcame them, and prevailed on him to set out one night for the cavern, taking with him a pick, a spade, a couple of rushlights, and a bit of blessed candle that had lain by since Candlemas-day. He was provided with flint and steel to strike a light, and with a bottle of first shot potheen, which the thoughtful Judy had thrust into his pocket, to keep up his courage. Thus equipped he sneaked rather than walked out, for he was fearful that some one might be loitering on the road, who seeing him thus equipped might through curiosity follow him to see what business he had in hand, which, should it end unsuccessfully, would expose him to the laughter of the town.

It was only a few miles from his cabin, which was in the outskirts of Clogheen, to Skiheenarinky, where the cave is, and as he hurried along he looked on either side of the road, and sometimes behind him, uneasily and furtively, though it was now dark, and there was little danger of his being accosted. Soon he felt his spirits flag, and the loneliness of the road began to oppress him. He tried to rouse himself by whistling the "Rakes of Mallow;" but his heart still sank at every step of the road, and even at every bar of the tune, and Mickey, as a last resource, put the whisky-bottle to his lips. The sovereign efficacy of the "dew" was immediately manifested. He became blithesome and brave; and he now whistled so tunefully that larks, of much experience even, awoke astonished that it could be daylight already, and looked about for the presumptuous bird that had anticipated their morning carol.

Having arrived at the cave, he sat down upon a large stone which half blocked up the entrance. The business of the night now crowded upon his brain, and he remained for a short time perplexed and irresolute. The cavern still had terrors for him, which made him pause before descending, and he again had recourse to the "drop of comfort" to clear his head, to

steady his nerves, and to inspire him with courage. He had already applied so often to this friend and consoler, that the bottle was half empty when he now put it to his lips. He was fatigued with walking quickly, and carrying the pick and spade, so the rest on the stone was most agreeable. It was a fine, cold, starlight night, and as he looked up at the heavens he muttered a prayer for "good luck;" for if the crook of gold he had come in search of were once his, would he not have a guinea for every little star that shed its twinkling light upon him? He felt in his pockets, the flint and steel, the rushlights, and the bit of blessed candle were there ready for use. The pick and spade were close at hand, the cavern was behind; but his courage was again rapidly flowing from him. However, he would fortify himself with a drop of potheen, and then proceed to business. He helped himself as liberally as the occasion required, and his courage rose again, till he felt himself as brave as one of the Fenians of olden time.

He descended. Pieces of rock, fifteen or twenty in number, formed, as it were, a series of steps down to the cave. It was not so dark as he had expected it to be, for a pale silvery light disclosed the shape and size of the steps, the rough-looking sides, and the lofty roof, then faded into gloom in the distance. The flint had fallen from his pocket whilst he was slipping down the stones, but he struck fire from one of them with his steel, and lighted his blessed candle. Then he looked boldly about him, for he had banished all feeling of apprehension, and was buoyed up with hope. The candlelight had mingled with the light so strangely visible, and disclosed to Michael Ryan's astonished gaze the vast extent of this subterranean apartment. Water had percolated and stained the roof, dropped down on the uneven ground, where it formed into pools. He saw nothing here to excite his curiosity, so he hurried along by the right-hand side, searching diligently for the aperture which leads to the cavern in which he was to seek for the money. He had been walking a few minutes when he descried the opening, or rather hole, in the rock, through which he dragged himself and his tools, till he came to a stupendous cavern, resplendent with natural decorations. The sight quite dazzled him. The pale silvery light was visible in this cavern also, but it was brighter and more luminous, owing to its being reflected from thousands of stalactites, which in huge pillar-like masses were pendent from the top; many of them reached to the ground, and were of various forms; some spiral, some circular, and some square; and the spaces between them were so architecturally regular as to give the appearance of design to the arrangement.

Though these pillar-like masses hang from the roof, they seem to support it; and in the midst of them is a long wide passage, which extends to the extreme end of the cavern. When the visitor first enters it, and his eye glances from pillar to pillar till they are lost in the dim obscurity of distance, he may trace in it a fanciful resemblance to the aisle of a gigantic cathedral. It boasts also of other embellishments. Between the pillars and the sides drop a profusion of fringe-like stalactites, glittering in the light, and so artfully disposed as if Nature had studied effect when she put them there.

Mickey Ryan was quite awe-struck with the splendours of the place. The numberless pillars reflected and multiplied the light of his blessed candle a thousand times. But these illusions did not distract his mind

from his business ; he counted the columns, remembering the intimation he had received in his dreams, and he selected the third one on the right-hand side, which he thought pointed, like the wizard's wand, to the buried treasure. He fixed his candle in a little heap of earth, and took up his pick and began to dig. One, two, three strokes into the ground, and he fancied he heard some one sneeze at his elbow. This he thought a trick of the Palashantra, the guardian of the treasure, to make him say, "God bless us!" which would have put an end to his treasure-seeking for that night. So he took no notice, but went on—four, five, six strokes; another sneeze; still he took no notice: seven, eight, nine; then a double sneeze resounded through the cavern, and made him look up in spite of himself. Then he saw a sight which surprised, but did not disconcert him. He could never afterwards account for the wonderful self-possession and total abstinence of fear which he experienced on this occasion. At a short distance from him, in the central passage, were two old men seated on two tall-backed chairs. They were dressed in brown, rather pleasant to look at, despite a slight expression of anxiety that was visible in their faces. In front of each was placed a box shaped like a coffin, and filled with indescribable-looking objects, highly luminous, and which bore some resemblance to fiery swords twisted out of their original shape. The old men were employed in keeping these bright, and as the blade-like surfaces of each were rubbed with pieces of silk, flashes of intense light were emitted, which further illumined the cavern. According as one of these strange-looking objects was polished it was placed in either of the boxes; then the polisher helped himself to snuff from an old horn-box which he took from his coat pocket. The snuff was very pungent, for each pinch was followed by a sneeze; and both old gentlemen having sneezed together, had caused Michael Ryan to look up, when, to his astonishment, he recognised one of those before him as the old man of his dreams.

"So you'r there," sêd he. "I was gettin' afeerd you'd forgit what I tould you; but you can take a hint, I see."

Mickey's first impulse was to cross himself; but he stopped his arm midway to his forehead, and checked the prayer that had rushed to his lips, for he had been told that either would have been fatal to his gold-finding for that night, so he contented himself with saying:

"Shure yer honour knows that to a boy, like me, a nod is as good as a wink any day."

"Since we've met before, an' are likely to be friends, it's but fair you should know who you are spakin' to; I'm Eeles," said he, "the Mither Eeles, you know, that was berried on Knockmeledown Mountain." Here the old gentleman drew himself up and looked mighty grand.

"See that, now," said Mickey, leaning forward on his pick, and resting his chin on his hands, whilst his eyes were fixed on his new acquaintance, who pointed to his venerable companion, and said:

"This chap's my brother; an' now, I see, you'd be afther knowin' what we're up to down here, an' what thim contrairy-lookin' things in the boxes is; well, ye see thim's thundherboults that was picked up in the bog of Allen, an' they're sent to us to be claned, an' thin, ye see, they can be let off agin, an' they'll look as well an' make as much noise as bran new ones."

"D'ye mane to tell me it's come to 'that wid them? Shure, thim'll be only second-hand thunderboulds."

"You'r your father's son, Mickey. You see we're kept here from one day's end to another tidivatin' thim fur use agin."

"Yer honours must be very knowledgeable intirely fur sich a job."

"You'r a sinsible boy to say so, fur afore we came down here there wasn't a mother's sowl could do it, an' there was a great waste intirely of thundher an' lightnin'."

Mickey, on finding himself spoken to so confidentially, grew bolder in his speech, and, being naturally curious to know whether the same desire to drink was felt by the brothers as it was by himself, he asked :

"D'ye get e'er a dhrop at all at all, whin the drooth comes on ye?"

The elder of the brothers, who spoke for both, answered :

"Ye disrimimber that we're no longer like yourself, carryin' about our clay to be moistened ; no, Mickey, our clay is on the mountains above. But we mustn't waste our time in palaverin' whin we've bizness to do. I can help you to the goold if you'll help me wid the job afore me."

"Ax me anything but that, ax me anything but that," said Mickey, getting hot; "shure it would be a bad day wid me whin I'd take to passin' off ould thunderboulds fur new ones on me neighbors."

But he quickly recovered himself when he recollected that his loss of temper might cost him a fortune, and he added, apologetically :

"You see, yer honour, the daycent people are mighty partikelar in regard to their thundher, an' be rayson of their not bein' very knowledgeable, they might be afther thinkin' that Ould Ireland was goin' to the devil intirely if they couldn't always have frish thundher. Faix, the boys 'id think it as bad as watherin' their whisky."

"I don't want ye to do anything of the kind," said old Eeles, mighty huffy, "but to get me a bould that's astray, an' which Father Dempsey fastens the sacristy dure wid."

"D'ye mane to say that he locks the dure wid a thunderbould?"

"Now ye have it, an' ye must contrive to get it fur me."

"Is it to rob the church ye'd be afther axin' me, ye ould haythen? May God bless and prserve!——"

This pious ejaculation and the night's proceedings were suddenly and violently interrupted. What he now saw and heard quite bewildered him. The pillars of the cavern seemed changed to pillars of fire and danced around. The old men disappeared in flames, the lightnings flashed from the coffins round the cavern, which they seemed to set on fire, then directed their forked points towards the devoted head of Mickey Ryan, who grew giddy, and fell down insensible. The day was breaking; the light frost of an early spring morning encrusted the ground, bespangled the shrubs and herbs, and hung like icicles from the leaves of the trees, when he recovered his consciousness. He was lying on the rock outside of the entrance to the cavern. How he came there he never knew. His pick and spade were beside him, his flint and steel and rushlights were still in his pockets, but the whisky-bottle lay empty at his feet. Nothing could disabuse his mind of the idea that he had been forcibly ejected from the cavern; nothing could prevail on his wife and others to whom he narrated the story to believe he had ever been in it.

The general supposition was that the adventure was nothing but a dream induced by too copious draughts of potheen.

As this story was never introduced unless when the host was a little inebriated, so it was generally the closing pleasantry of the night. But on this occasion he was stimulated to a further effort, and in spite of his voice being thicker than usual, and his manner more excited, he maintained that he was "as fresh as paint," and insisted on singing in praise of his favourite beverage Carolan's celebrated song:

Oh, whisky is the nostrum that can cure every ill,  
'Tis the charm that can work beyond the doctor's skill,  
    If sad, or sick, or sore,  
    Take a bumper brimming o'er,  
And sprightliness and jollity shall bless thee still :  
    Still seducing ;  
    Glee producing ;  
    Love inspiring ;  
    Valour firing ;  
'Tis the nectar of the gods ;—it is the drink divine :  
    Let no travelled dunce again  
    Praise the wines of France and Spain ;  
    What is claret or champagne ?  
    Be the whisky mine !

In a few minutes the vocalism had subsided into sound slumber, the unmistakable sounds of which resounded in the apartment instead of the voice of song. The guest looked round him, and saw that he was the only person still awake, so he rose from his seat, and sought the humble but cleanly bed that was prepared for him.

He who is not accustomed to make one of a happy family in an Irish cabin can have little hope of sleeping long in the morning. Within such an abode the rising of the sun is the signal for a general commotion. The cock crows incessantly, hens cackle, the pig grunts, and the playful prattle of the "childre" increases the hubbub. Such were the sounds that awoke the guest from a refreshing sleep. He made a hasty toilet, and prepared to resume his journey. Judy provided a substantial breakfast for him of fried rashers and eggs, after partaking of which he bade good-by to the Ryans, and received their hearty "God speed" in return. He left their hospitable cabin and walked briskly towards the road, which slopes its zigzag course down to the town of Clogheen. The thunder and rain of the preceding night had rendered the morning air delightfully fresh. The sun was shining brilliantly. Sweet odours from the heather-bell, mosses, and ferns came stealing up the mountain, and the pedestrian found the morning's walk but added to the pleasures of the night spent in the hospitable cabin on Knockmeledown.

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## POLITICAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE members of the imperial parliament, of all sides and every variety of opinion, towards the close of the year occupied themselves in addressing their constituents throughout all parts of the country, not so much in the way of accounting for their execution of the trusts reposed in them, as of making statements *pro* or *con.* regarding the measures of the government. This "starring" it over the length and breadth of the land, to adopt the phraseology of the players, is not to be regarded so much in the way of giving an account of their stewardships, as in that of an exposition of the conduct of the side they supported. Some, indeed, impugn the measures of the government, who vote with it upon the principle that they cannot get one more accordant with their wishes, and they may, by opposing it, change the bad for a worse. If, like the illustrious and noble-spirited patriot, Andrew Marvell, the session over, they confined themselves to an account of their individual trust, and in detail explained their motives for the line of conduct they had seen best to adopt in regard to particular measures, they would have stood higher in the estimation of truth-seeking people. The newspapers detail the measures of the government, and examine them as they are developed. The repetition of them, during the recess, by the members of the administration alone, to those who send them to parliament, is, in addition, quite enough for the general information. What we want is the real ground upon which a member of parliament personally supports a measure or measures during the session, whether he belong to the ministerial or opposition side. Marvell, above mentioned, one of the most witty and conscientious men that ever had a seat in either house of parliament, made it a rule to give a particular account of his management of the trust that had been confided to him, showing in what way he had seen fit to promote the political good of those who sent him to represent them, as well as that of the entire community. This glorious conscientiousness has been too seldom imitated in our venal times. The members of the cabinet, and men in official posts, are best able, and for the most part do, explain to the public the grounds upon which they act. Such must ever be the case in a free country, and these explanations being the most authentic, are sufficient to guide the popular judgment in respect to the nature and motives of the measures adopted. It is somewhat superfluous, therefore, to justify to constituencies those political acts which are more effectively justified elsewhere. It is the individual justification of the member by himself that should be the staple of his address to those who qualify him for his seat. To say "I voted for or against a minister because I am or am not of his party," is no satisfactory explanation. It is perfectly well known that, without getting a seat in the House of Commons, an individual has no chance of distinguishing himself in public life in England. Once in the House, a minimum of talent will be sufficient to gain him notoriety, and even ensure the success of mediocrity, or something less than an intellectual moiety

of the human average. This being well known, it is excusable if distrust be sometimes generated. We want to know what our representatives are in themselves, what weight of sterling metal they carry, what degree of conscientiousness they possess that will enable them to resist corruption, how far they are influenced by a desire for the popular benefit, and how near or remote they are from that selfish venality which is the prevailing sin of the time, and for which the public, or a ministry itself, is too often set at sale by those who are insensible to high feeling and love of country, as they are open to everything in the shape of prejudice, selfishness, and contracted action, wherever the public good is concerned.

We have often thought, that were it possible to ascertain the real motives of some men seeking for seats in the legislature, we should find in it causes no less for surprise than sorrow. The desire to benefit the people at large, and to exalt the national character, we should discover to be overlaid with candidates only anxious for the promotion of selfish schemes and individual lucre, through the obtaining of grants, the foundation of companies, and similar selfish objects. We once heard it stated that such and such a railway had got two or three members into the House. This might not be true, but it served as a picture of the ideas entertained by scheming or money-making men of parliamentary independence in law-making. It is upon the whole a matter for congratulation that the mixed nature of our constitution prevents the preponderance to an extent incompatible with the prolongation of our freedom, of either the agricultural or commercial interests. The former, when all-prevailing, has a tendency to the despotism of one, the commercial to a self-interest which leads to the tyranny of many. Our hope of a prolonged freedom, therefore, is not in the superiority either of agriculture or of commerce, but in what may be called a "mixed commission" of them, or the blending of one with the other. Feudality, and a Council of Ten, have both shown how ill they are adapted for the happiness of a people. We must endeavour to secure our liberties upon a basis that shall consist of a due mixture of the two pursuits. Still it is impossible not to perceive in powerful action that preponderating motive which, exalted for a time, works out in the end great reverses in national freedom. The Italian commercial states in the middle ages, and Tyre with Carthage in more ancient times, show that a rapid ascent to greatness is scarcely achieved by commerce alone before reaction ensues, and the national edifice crumbles into ruin.

But this is speculating on the future, the results of which are so deeply concealed in the womb of time—to the addresses of the ministers we must look for explanations in calculating probabilities for the year 1865. On the whole they must be pronounced satisfactory. Peace has been wisely and steadily maintained by the government during the whole period of the rebellion in America. The same has been the case on the European continent in that contest which Prussia ranks as a mighty achievement in arms, playing Bombastes all through the sanguinary game she commenced so needlessly, to show the world at what a small ratio she values the blood of her people, and exalts actions that from disparity of force can confer no credit upon soldiership. It is to be hoped the day of a bitter retribution is not far distant. She became what she is by means,

in too many instances, wholly indefensible, and her turn for her late infraction of the laws of reason and humanity, may cause her another abject humiliation in a second Jena. Will absolute sovereigns never learn the rudiments of humanity and wise government?

The wisdom of our own rulers has kept us from our old propensity of mixing ourselves up in every petty quarrel of a continental despotism, most of all with those which break out among the stolid German courts. We have before us work enough cut out with our fifty colonies at our heels to last for no little time to come. We have to husband our resources, and trust that we shall soon see our enormous debt reducing. Except as respects the navy, there is no reason why we should spend more money now than we spent thirty years ago. Pitt, after the close of the American war, began to pay off the debt incurred, and no doubt would have cleared away the larger part, had not George III. commenced a second ruinous war for kingly power, wholly unprovoked, until at last it became a war for our own defence. The lesson thus taught was a bitter one, but will, it is to be hoped, serve as a caution in similar cases, since it cannot be applied to a better use.

At home we have enjoyed peace, and, notwithstanding the American war and the default of the raw material in cotton, we have seen our commerce astonishingly increased. In Ireland there has been a most productive season in the fruits of the earth, as we learn from the speech of Sir Robert Peel to his Tamworth constituency. It is pleasing to hear once more from the place represented by his father that the sound of free trade comes from where the first Sir Robert Peel held that principle in private, which the late lamented Sir Robert, his son, at first opposed, then with a conviction that could only have been the result of much thought upon historical and existing evidence, read his recantation of his earlier ideas upon the subject, and honestly and manfully avowed them to those who were too blind, prejudiced, or interested to take the same manly course. The vituperation from the small minds which assailed him on that occasion, minds fatuous or wilfully blind to incontestable principles, what effect did it produce, but just that which depressed still lower, if possible, the ignorance or wilfulness, or both, employed in the congenial task of odious personal allusion to cozen the approbation of a faction? Where is that party now which talked so loftily of its own knowledge of the destruction free trade was to bring upon the country! How fearfully ill that measure has operated in reducing to zero the price of land! How look those angry or contemptuous visages that predicated national ruin in cheap food, and laboured so long and with such a formidable array of titles and names, destitute alone of common-sense argument, to resist that cheering state of things which has placed this country under the Palmerston ministry in a position so flourishing? If the old opponents of the principle have not already taken shame to themselves for their former opposition to it, they are past hope, and can expect only the pity of the humblest artisan in the nation, whose mind in perspicuity and acquirement is exalted as much higher than theirs as their circumstances in life are beyond his in the accidents of wealth and station.

In speaking of the last Sir Robert Peel, it is impossible not to notice the observations of the present Sir Robert, the secretary for Ireland, who was lately entertained by the Mayor of Tamworth, upon which oc-

oasion he became the exponent of the state of the sister kingdom. Ireland has been the great puzzle of every cabinet, Whig or Tory, since the latter became aware that to rule Ireland by cooking up a faction would not succeed. Prolonged experience will, at the eleventh hour, work out conviction in the more stolid. No one of any political creed desires to foment troubles in the sister kingdom. The people there will continue to puzzle all political parties in this country, and to this end, seem to have had conferred upon them an especial gift of subdolous management, never outdone under similar circumstances. If the minister of the day be successful elsewhere, there is always something discovered a little crooked in Ireland. Are the middling classes silent and comparatively contented for a time, an agrarian murder relieves the consequent monotony, and a tragedy is rehearsed to the horror of all listeners—a tragedy without one circumstance that can alleviate its bloodguiltiness, and well adapted for the purpose of an enjoying revel to the vulgar and perverted spirit of a sensation novelist of the passing hour.

The Irish want everything to be done for them, because they will do nothing for themselves, either through inertness or an apprehended claim upon the sister country. It is pleasant enough to have those who will think for us when we can get them to do so. Ireland found capitalists enough to buy up nearly all the estates sold on account of their embarrassments the other day, and yet nearly six millions of people are, from some cause or another, unable to match three millions in Scotland in those returns which exhibit the statistical wealth of the respective nations. In a country very far superior to Scotland, and where the breeding of cattle succeeds admirably, with a market at hand, we find that branch of agriculture by no means so extended as it might be made. It is really painful to contrast the diligence and opulence of the Scotch with the position of a finer country. Let us take the population of Scotland at 3,000,000 in round numbers, and that of Ireland at 6,000,000, two or three years ago, though this, in both cases, may be a little over the mark. We find the returns of income-tax for one year recently, for Ireland, 862,627*l.*; for Scotland, 926,626*l.* Take the mails, or rather the popular communication by letter, no bad criterion of the social state of a people. We find the Post-office returns for the same year were, for Scotland, 56,000,000 of letters for 3,000,000 of population. Ireland, with 6,000,000 of population, we find, returns but 50,000,000 in place of 112,000,000, which should be proportionably given to equal the Scotch returns. How does this happen with noble ports, coasts abounding in fish, excellent grazing lands, and a soil in general fruitful? It is this point which is to be explained. How comes it that 3,000,000 of people on poorer land exhibit this superiority? How, but because the one puts its shoulder to the wheel, and is active for itself, and the other hangs back, and expects everything to be done for it by others. We fear there is an idea that entering into business of any kind on the part of many individuals in Ireland, with a capital barely sufficient to support them without a profession, is to live in a sort of degradation ill-becoming the descendants of the illustrious fifty, who soon after the Flood came over and peopled Ireland, dividing the soil among them, according to their ancient historians. To be serious, there seems wanting the spirit of commercial enterprise in Ireland which is calculated to make it that which its natural advantages

proffer to its sons. The miserable religious jealousies which agitate the country are unworthy of a thinking people. In fact, they are adverse to all religion that bears the Christian name, and bespeak a character greatly behind the age.

We learn from Sir Robert Peel's Tamworth speech that, while the fruits of the soil recently have been abundant in the island, there exist complaints of Irishmen being kept back from the public service, which is by no means the fact. In lieu of such complaints, it would be well if the wealthier Irish attended a little closer to the poorer classes in their own island, if they set on foot fisheries, and imitated the inhabitants of the same class in the sister kingdoms. The country, as a whole, should be ruled with an impartial hand. Sir Robert very justly remarked, that the concerns of the three kingdoms should be treated upon the same footing. Ireland has no claim to especial favour set against those who have diligently, and with a true view to their own benefit, naturally including the general good, put their shoulders to the wheel, and by well-timed labour and a judgment acquired from experience, have in their own advanced the public interests. Why are there not fisheries on the coasts of Ireland, a great source of wealth? The reply will be, "Advance us money for the purpose, and we will experiment upon it." Now the Cornish, or Scotch, or Norfolk people did not come to the government for the means of establishing their fisheries. They joined hands, and if they began on a small scale, they soon found means by their diligence and care to extend their operations by means of their profits. There is capital in Ireland, but we believe its holders will not employ it, and the poorer classes are in consequence the sufferers.

The Irish people should imitate the Scotch in practice rather than in words. They should show that, while they boast of the "green island," there are grounds for boasting beyond leaving their bogs to nature, and their peasantry to idleness. As already said, the purchase of the embarrassed estates by Irishmen shows there is capital in the country; but we take it that the owners are averse from entering upon those undertakings which are only speculatively profitable. Hence the poor want employment, or only obtain a minimum of pay, and are driven to emigration as a resource. The ambition of the better classes is wrongly directed, and there is too much "swivel-headedness" among them, and a species of pride different from that we have ever noticed in other races. "They observe in Ireland," said Sir Robert, "that you must consider Ireland first, and everything else afterwards." We do not think the idea we have long entertained upon the subject could be put more lucidly. This is the result of a species of pride founded upon no valid basis. If we ask why we must consider Ireland "first," it would be difficult to reply, and much easier to answer why we should not. Can she claim that consideration from her own strenuous efforts to amend her social condition at home? We fear not. We have just witnessed the Belfast riots—scenes so disgraceful for the exhibition of any civilised land in the nineteenth century. Mobs fighting against each other under pretence of supporting that faith which is based upon peace and good will to all, in effect upon the reverse conduct, which leaves the inevitable conclusion, that neither party belongs to the creed for which they both seem ready

to champion to the death. They remind us of an epigram of the past, which purported to relate to an Irishman slain in a similar affair :

Here Paddy lies slain by two Christian religions.

Truly did Sir Robert Peel observe, that "we ought to endeavour to frame the wisest laws, which would be beneficial alike for all our fellow-countrymen who are subjects of the Queen, in whatever part of the realm they may happen to be."

Sir Robert justly observes that he had found "the Irish a most amiable and kindly people." Of this there can be no doubt. He with equal justice speaks highly of the amenities of the Irish gentry. In this commendation it is probable all the world who knows them will join. Hospitable, kindly, good hearted, they are registered in the bosoms of all. The truth is, that these virtues almost always accompany men who are seldom very deep thinkers. They are moved by impulse, and are among the most susceptible of mankind. Their generosity of temper is proverbial, and their quickness of apprehension remarkable ; but, on the other hand, their want of thought and hastiness in conclusion are no less conspicuous, and lead them into oddnesses which sometimes appear grotesque. There is a want of quietude, too, in the Irish character, which argues the lack of a mental object, or a deficiency in fixedness of aim in their conduct, with no excess of modesty. Few win their way so quickly to our esteem as the Irishman, and to none are we more ready to concede good nature of character ; nor is he apt to expect more from friendship than he would render in return if it were possible. His unsettled character is as conspicuous in public life as in private, yet his friendships are warm, and his will kindly. His restlessness is precisely in private life that of the entire nation. It is to be doubted whether, if he were ruled by Solomon "in all his glory," he would not find ground for complaint in some cause which it was easy enough for him to remedy by his own exertion.

The state of Ireland and the mode of its government in the past time of its history, and even before religious differences enhanced the troubles of the island, seems to have been of a most violent character. It was no felony to kill an Irishman not of the "Septs," as they were styled ; that is, such as were not of the three or four favoured clans. The Irish were not even considered as subjects, so as to be under the protection of the law, from the time of Henry II. of England until the reign of James I. Then were continued the religious differences in addition, which began in the time of Elizabeth, and were prolonged down to the death of George III., with some, but only a few, ameliorations. There has not, therefore, been time as yet to see renovated and placed upon a footing, perfectly equable, the opposing religious sects, one of which triumphs in the possessions of the places of pecuniary profit, under the false plea of "religion ;" the other under the influence of the old faith, having the vast majority of the people on its side, with the poverty of the original Church. The nature of such a state of things in emendation must naturally be slow. The island was still, as it had been for some time, in this transition state, when Lord Carlisle, as lord-lieutenant, and Sir Robert Peel, as his secretary, became its more immediate rulers.

It is to this last period that the late observations of Sir Robert more

immediately apply. It is not possible to impugn the statements of one so well informed as the Irish Secretary must be in all that relates to the position of the government and people. He bears witness, with very few exceptions, to the honourable treatment he has received there, and, consequently, to the chance of good, in continued progression, being in expectancy. During the whole of Lord Palmerston's administration the Irish never had less reason to complain of the mode in which they were locally ruled; nor will the term of Lord Carlisle's viceroyship be soon forgotten.

Sir Robert Peel, the present Irish Secretary, as his father boasted he had done, arose from among the people. There is the prospect, judging under the experience of his short career as yet, of his filling a vacancy in public life, which, while it recalls the career of his father, cut off so suddenly from the public service, will be still more fortunate in its beneficial results, as the progress of more enlightened political opinion continues. Sir Robert is in a wide field for acquiring a knowledge to which the past was strange, and to which there is no short cut. He has a right to the public confidence in his post. Towards those of his distrusters, for he has many, who would scatter doubts of his conduct, we would still recommend the observation of Cardinal de Retz for his guidance, that one is oftener deceived by mistrusting than by confiding. The Irish character is very peculiar. There is too much reason to believe that the distance between the landowner and the labourer has been too great from the intervention of those who feel no interest in either condition. It must be acknowledged, however, that there is a disregard shown for life there, and its destruction is so frequent upon the most trivial occasions, that either there is a natural indifference about the committal of violence, or the passion of revenge is cherished to a fearful degree by the labouring class—is it that there is no law for him but the wild law of savage vengeance? There is a minute scrutiny needed into the cause of those tendencies. Native Irishmen have assured us that to them there have been cases wholly unaccountable. In this and other predispositions of the native character there is much room for studious investigation on the part of those in authority.

Sir Robert appears to display a laudable anxiety to fulfil the arduous duties of his post satisfactorily. He seems to catch the humour of the native character, and to know how to turn it to account. It is never politic to be above this knowledge. Men must often be governed by flattering their foibles. Downright honesty of purpose is in all events to be preserved, if the means of illustrating it are too often as questionable as diplomatic practice can alone attempt to justify.

In the present state of public affairs we are highly gratified to see that there is the hope of some public men, at least, who will be guided by the advanced principles of the time. Among those we place Sir Robert Peel, and we cordially trust more will be found to continue to carry out the existing principles of the government, when those now grown grey in the service of the country have passed to where no knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device comes. It would be painful, indeed, should the present unparalleled eminence of this great country be lowered by interferences with the continental despotisms, and their merciless dealings with weaker powers. They have, most of them, to be purified yet, and this, we too

much fear, will only be by violent means. Both England and France will be wiser to keep aloof from the quarrels of those who are so far behind them in the arts, comforts, and advantages of a forward civilisation, in which Italy is on the eve of joining them.

The wisdom of Lord Palmerston's rule has produced corresponding effects. Never were the advantages of peace better exemplified; never was a course more consistent with the holy principles of our religion more manifest in its advantages. The energy of the native character was never shown to more effect. We have observed a salutary neutrality during the fearful rebellion in America. We have introduced at home improvements of all kinds, and a vast line of railways has been constructed in India, spreading peace and the blessings of rapid communication among a very ancient people beneath our rule in that distant land. We have colonised a new continent in the East, and have subdued the terrors of the ocean by steam. We have established communications with the most remote parts of the earth, literally with the rapidity of lightning, and have seen our commerce extend beyond all expectation. As to the curse of war, and its burdens, which we once too fearfully experienced, we are now enabled to place against them, in contrast, the manifold advantages of peace. Almost all the great improvements thus enumerated were the results of science in our own island during peace, whence they went forth, like blessings direct from Heaven, for the enjoyment and advantage of all the nations of the earth.

It is something for the man of mind—the multitude will not comprehend the feeling—it is something for the man of mind who venerates his country, to reflect that, in ages hence, among the differences and mutabilities effected by time, when grass grows once more on the area of St. Paul's, and on the site of that metropolis, where three millions of souls lived and bustled, generation after generation for ages, and the commerce of the modern Tyre is no more, and fragile paper and print are the only imperishable monuments of the past, because they are constantly renewed—it is something, as a source of just pride, for those now in existence, as it will be for the myriads who will succeed us, and pass away as we do, to reflect that the coming ages will recal our times, our inventions, our colonisations, and the benefits our discoveries have conferred upon the world, with a just pride, a noble exultation of the heart, while repeating, "These are the fruits of the science of our ancestors, and of some of the blessings of which Heaven made them the agents to introduce into the world for human benefit." Pure and holy will be that feeling, honest the glory felt in the acknowledgment by every generous spirit, since, of all our affections, that of the love of country, and the respect of it by others, is the most exalted. Such too, in degree, must have been the reflections of every true Englishman at the close of the year 1864.

We have still to lament the continuance of the civil war in America, a contest originating in behalf of slavery, an evil totally opposed to reason, humanity, and the spirit of an advancing age. When the rebellion there will terminate, and that exasperation which always marks civil war will cease, it is not easy to predicate. We should regret to see human bondage established from the Atlantic to the Pacific throughout the five new annexations, which were scarcely fixed as slave states before the war broke out. The illustrious Montesquieu has, in his "*Espit de Lois*," so



clearly shown the effects of this evil upon the manners, mode of thinking, and spirit of ruling, among any people, that those who consider the question must be converts to his reasoning, and have no desire to see a renewal upon the ocean of that traffic, the relish for which it would seem our own city of Bristol still maintains, judging from a recent meeting there interrupted by slavery advocates. These, it is most probable, cherish still the memory of the days when that city flourished in the traffic of human blood and integument. The violence thus shown originated, no doubt, in the remembrance of scenes contributive to the gains of its African traders. The wealth that city acquired by the vice, however flagitious in the mode of its acquirement, and abhorrent to humanity, aroused regrets that thus found vent. Another proof how difficult it is to eradicate from the human soul the lust of lucre, and how slowly just and humane principles are established where the reign of that which is gainful, however atrocious and desolating to humanity, has once prevailed in conjunction with a low pursuit, by which the human soul, once entrapped, loses all semblance to its immortal nature, all sympathy with what is great and good.

Our financial position for the past year is beyond expectation in its beneficial results, and, under Mr. Gladstone's management, will, no doubt, improve still further. When we see what has thus given us such a cause for national gratitude, we are led to regret our past waste of the resources of the nation in the contests into which we were twice led by George III. It was not until nearly twenty-five years after a gigantic war and its outlay, or near the year 1840, that the country, which had continued to stagger under its burdens, seemed to recover, and stand once more firmly upon its legs. It was from about that period, in the country parts of England particularly, that the fruits of the recovery became obvious, in renewed activity in every branch of labour, and in civic improvements throughout the land. At all events, the burdens of that terrible time, remaining yet to be lightened, will, it is to be hoped, operate as an example to posterity not to play the same losing game again, but to imitate the precedent set by the present cabinet, of peace and good will to all nations. We can only rely upon our innate power to reply with a smile to any war of words which envy or malice may direct against us, come from what quarter it may. A passage of arms with us will not be courted without due consideration of the power which will be exerted to find the seekers the gratification they may desire.

Since the preceding part of this paper was written, the Earl of Carlisle has ceased to exist. That nobleman, who seemed, by his conciliatory manners, his equable temperament and virtues, of a nature calculated to silence the insatiate dissatisfaction of a turbulent, but not numerous party in Ireland, if any human being could achieve such a hopeless task, was hurried out of existence at the moment when his friends—and he had assuredly no enemy out of the Irish faction, that seems to place itself at variance with all mankind—had otherwise anticipated. His departure occurred, too, when his amiable and excellent sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, had just quitted him, full of those hopes of his convalescence which shared the dark fate of too many of the similar anticipations of mortality. It was that gleam of hope's sunshine before a departure to the world of spirits, which is so often observed in those who are upon the verge of dissolution.

If any are inclined to question Lord Palmerston's judgment in the selection of an individual for the Viceroyship of Ireland, the appointment of the Earl of Carlisle to that post would be a triumphant reply. Difficult to fill, that lord-lieutenancy required peculiar qualifications to deal with those factions, the differences of which have existed so long that they have almost become proverbial. They have even led to the question, by some little disposed to examine into causes and effects, whether Ireland in its remoter corners had yet become completely civilised? The kindness, engaging manners, and frankness of Lord Carlisle, were never more required nor better exhibited than in his late high office. He was born to be esteemed, not by those lofty displays of talent which are so captivating to the multitude, but by those equable virtues to which the gates of heaven, to quote a distinguished writer, are flung more widely open than to those which merely dazzle the world by showy achievement.

In the career of Lord Carlisle, there were points which may be recalled when he sat in the House of Commons which marked his peculiar character, but not one which subjected him to censure. He obtained high credit as Lord Morpeth, when in the Lower House, by his speeches, but much more by his bearing and that temperament which distinguished him to the last, and made him in party conflicts respected on all sides. Perhaps his nature was less excitable than that of most other men. He had more of kindness than other political partisans, and he seemed unable, if he would, to divest himself of that virtue. The respect felt for him was ever personal rather than political. When Lord Morpeth, defeated years ago in Yorkshire, he made a resolve not again to enter the House of Commons; but he repented of his resolution, the only over-hasty thing, perhaps, that he ever did in public life. The Tory party was victorious, and its triumph seemed likely to be permanent. Lord Morpeth had not at the moment considered that just principles, political or otherwise, cannot remain long in abeyance. The spirit of the age was not to be overcome, any more than his own conviction of his error in his hasty resolution had been. He wisely retraced his steps. Yet his political opponents found it difficult to censure the politician when the man crossed their way. Even the affected horror of the chiefs of the party now extinct, or only seen amid its last struggles, palsied and expiring, when his lordship appeared, in his earnestness and sincerity, to uphold principles that the narrow minds of the leaders of the hour, inheriting from the painful reign of George III. all its baleful colouring, deemed next to Holy Writ in sanctity—even that horror did not disturb his own course, based as it was upon solid truths. The public regarded his open-heartedness with no small degree of affection, and he never deceived it.

He was ever the agent of his own sincere convictions. There was no miserable, cloudy varnish flung over his labours. He was always lucid and clear. He did not court popularity, and, as a natural consequence, it courted him. He did not care about policy where reason and justice should rule. Perhaps he did not always reflect that an idealism is not actively practicable in all cases, and that to contend against the habits and even weaknesses of our nature is not generally successful from admitted fallibility in its best condition. Things must be taken as they are, and we must sympathise with humanity. No one appeared more in the habit of it than his lordship. For his verbal integrity he was ever held in high respect.

No one relied more on the fact, that beyond all sentiment of rank, or reflection of a personal nature, as a consequence derived from intellectual acquirement, he was before all a man. "*Homo sum ; humani nihil à me alienum puto.*"\* He felt this, and, in consequence, exhibited none of those supercilious airs which men of rank and fortune often exhibit : he was above them, and could, relying upon his higher claim, regard his station only as an ornament. There was no affectation here. He felt as he acted ; free, courteous, gentlemanly in manner, he was so in his mode of thinking. There is, in this respect, a concinnity, a fitness, a dovetailing, if the simile may be used, between the mode of thinking and acting, which cannot be shown but where it is felt.

After his absence for several years from the House of Commons, to which he returned in 1846, during which time he visited the United States, he had still further improved on his appearance in parliament. His arguments were to the purpose, and were forcibly urged home. He had become at his age, then, all he ever could be as a public man. He spoke in the House sometimes in language a little high-flown, but always in sentiment generous, not soft in tone, and somewhat monotonous, but always earnest†—the great charm of an orator who would move the heart. His action was somewhat stiff, yet not unpleasant, and at times he suffered his audience to perceive that he was artificial and studied, rather than like himself in private life, all nature. Amidst its ambitiousness of style, and consequently a little aside the mark, he swayed his auditory almost wholly, because he carried its feelings captive. All was kindly and generous with him ; he was all heart, and such men are very rare in our day. He had no acrimony even for a decided foe, who must have relaxed before his sympathies. England could just now have spared a better man : Lord Carlisle carried away her affections. How Ireland has felt, we cannot judge. A new image is set up for the idolatry of Dublin fashion, and no doubt will soon attract the island worship. Lord Carlisle will pass away there, but not so in England. It remains for that singular people to characterise the deceased nobleman according to their own view. The view of England is already recorded regarding him, and will be inerasable.

These few lines must be regarded only as the mere register of a deplorable loss. It would require much space and time to treat the character of Lord Carlisle as it merits to be treated. We know of no loss more lamentable, if we refer to the office his lordship filled so long and so well. We were never but once in his lordship's society, but the impress he left was that of amiability and exceeding candour, and, contrary to his oratory, that remarkable simplicity which always accompanies a pure and elevated mind—elevated in the possession of many of the choicest but simple virtues that accompany frail mortality.

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\* "I am a man, and cannot be indifferent to the interests of humanity."

† This is the great key to oratorical effect. It is the secret of the success of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. His sermons are nothing in the closet. The life of Franklin, in mentioning Whitfield, details an anecdote to the same effect. Earnestness is everything.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CENTRAL ASIA.\*

ONE of the primeval seats of the human race, and once the centre of power, grandeur, and civilisation, there are in the present day no regions on the face of the earth that are in a more lamentable social condition than those of Central Asia. That this state of things should so long continue is in no small degree owing to the same international jealousies which uphold a semi-barbarous Muhammadan power within Europe itself.

The Turkomans pointed out sea-marks to Vámbéry on the Caspian which they said had been placed there by the "Inghiliz" to mark the limits of the Russian waters, the other side belonging to the Turkomans, "whom the 'Inghiliz' would always protect against the attacks of the Russians." There was naturally no foundation for the statement, but it shows what is the prevalent idea in the country; and so they go on with predatory raids, slave hunts, and murderous assaults on travellers and caravans, with an impunity which is only now and then repudiated by the equally cruel and barbarous local governments.

It is not a very pleasant version of matters that political exigencies should even in an indirect manner entail such a vast amount of moral responsibility, and it becomes still more disagreeable when it is considered that these exigencies have possibly no basis whatsoever. •

Politically, the mistake lies, in respect to Turkey, in always taking it for granted that, in case of Christianity supplanting the Crescent, Russia must necessarily be in the ascendant. In respect to Central Asia, the mistake is that Christianity, or civilisation, being in the ascendant, our empire in India would be thereby jeopardised. Geographers are all at utter variance with politicians upon this latter point. Sir H. Rawlinson, Sir R. I. Murchison, Mr. Crawford, and others, all agreed, when discussing the results of Vámbéry's explorations, that the real rivalry between us and Russia in Central Asia is in commerce, and not in politics.

It is a sort of law of nature, admitted as such by the late Sir Robert Peel, and shown by our own position in India and New Zealand, by that of the French in Algeria, and of the Russians in Central Asia, that, when civilisation impinges on barbarism, the latter must give way. The Russians were, in Vámbéry's time (1863), at Kaleh (castle) Rehim, on the Jaxartes; they are at the present moment masters of Kho-

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\* Travels in Central Asia: being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand; performed in the year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. John Murray.

kand. Nor do we grieve at these extensions of their frontiers; on the contrary, we are inclined to think, and so, we opine, will any one who will be at the trouble of perusing the following account of Vám-béry's experiences, or who are acquainted with the previous writings of Khanikoff, Lehmann, Wolf, Abbott, and others, that, in the words of a sound philosopher, "both nations, by advancing their frontier and approximating to each other, only tend to civilise barbarous regions, and to bring savage nations under a regular system of government."

The actual condition of these most miserable countries is exemplified the moment the frontiers are crossed. Vám-béry, disguised as a dervish, and having, therefore, advantages which no other European traveller ever had of seeing the interior life of the people, crossed the Caspian at its extreme south-east corner, from Kara-tepe (Black Hill) to Gomush-tepe (Silver Hill), an old Macedonian site, and which has probably received its name from the silver coins found there. On his way he passed Ashurada, a Russian station, where were three Russian men-of-war, especially employed in preventing piracy, and yet, notwithstanding which, we are told that piratical hordes of Turkomans still hide their vessels along the coast, whence, extending their expeditions to a distance of a few leagues into the interior, they return to the shore, dragging with them Persian, and even sometimes Russian, slaves. All are fish, indeed, that fall in their net, and an undisguised or unaccredited Englishman or Frenchman would experience the same fate.

"Let us," says Vám-béry, "only picture to ourselves the feelings of a Persian, even admitting that he is the poorest of his race, who is surprised by a night attack, hurried away from his family, and brought hither (to Gomush-tepe) a prisoner, and often wounded. He has to exchange his dress for old Turkoman rags that only scantily cover parts of the body, and is heavily laden with chains that gall his ankles, and occasion him great and unceasing pain every step he takes; he is forced upon the poorest diet to linger the first days, often weeks, of his captivity. That he may make no attempt at flight, he has also during the night a karabogra (iron ring) attached to his neck and fastened to a peg, so that the rattle betrays even his slightest movements. No other termination to his sufferings than the payment of a ransom by his friends; and failing this, he is liable to be sold, and perhaps hurried off to Khiva and Bokhara!

"To the rattle of those chains I could never habituate my ears; it is heard in the tent of every Turkoman who has any pretensions to 'respectability' or position. Even our friend Khandjan had two slaves, lads, only in their eighteenth and twentieth year; and to behold these unfortunates, in the bloom of their youth, in fetters, made me feel indescribable emotion, repeated every day. In addition, I was forced to listen in silence to the abuse and curses with which these poor wretches were loaded. The smallest demonstration of compassion would have awakened suspicious, as, on account of my knowledge of Persian, I was most frequently addressed by them. The youngest of our domestic slaves, a handsome black-haired Irani, begged of me to be so good as to write a letter for him to his relatives, praying them, for God's sake, to sell sheep and house in order to ransom him, which letter I accordingly wrote. Upon one occasion I thought, without being perceived, I might give him

a cup of tea, but unluckily, at the moment when he extended his hand to receive it, some one entered the tent. I pretended to be only beckoning to him, and, instead of presenting him the tea, I felt constrained to give him a few slight blows. During my stay in Gomush-tepe no night passed without a shot echoing from the sea-shore to announce the arrival of some piratical vessel laden with booty. The next morning I went to demand from the heroes the tithes due to the dervishes, or rather, let me say, to behold the poor Persians in the first moments of their misfortune. My heart bled at the horrid sight; and so I had to harden myself to these most striking contrasts of virtue and vice, of humanity and tyranny, of scrupulous honesty and the very scum of knavery."

It is curious to read with what facility these abductions of living beings are effected by the karaktchi, as the professional kidnappers are called. On one occasion we are told of a karaktchi who had alone, on foot, not only made three Persians prisoners, but had also, by himself, driven them before him into captivity for a distance of eight miles. On another occasion the karaktchi sailed in a boat to a Persian village under the pretence of purchasing a cargo. The bargain was soon made; and scarcely had the unsuspecting Persians appeared with their goods upon the sea-shore than they were seized, bound hand and foot, buried up to their necks in their own wheat, and forcibly carried off to Gomush-tepe. One would think that experience would make them a little more cautious. The Russians interfered on this occasion, and the Turkomans were obliged to give hostages for the future, but the Persians remained in chains.

At Etrek, the next place they came to, it was the same thing over again. They passed few tents without seeing two or three Persians in them heavily laden with chains. Among them was an unfortunate Russian, one of the sailors kidnapped from Ashurada; the other had died in captivity. The very name of Etrek, which is given both to a river and to the inhabited district in its vicinity, is, we are told, a word of terror and a curse for the unfortunate inhabitants of Mazanderan and Taberistan. "Even in Gomush-tepe," says Mr. Vámbéry, "these cruel scenes were loathsome to me: judge, then, how my feelings must have been revolted when I learnt to regard the last-named place as the extreme of humanity and civilisation!"

Beyond Etrek the desert began, and on its borders were a tribe of robbers called Kem, who plundered on their own account, and were in hostility with the other tribes around. The goat-skins were filled here with the last sweet water that they would meet with, until after twenty days' journey they should refresh themselves on the banks of the Oxus, and the caravan took a northerly direction, without the slightest trace of a path indicated by foot of camel or hoof of other animal. The author had, it is to be observed at the outset, as all along, much to suffer from the suspicions attaching to his physiognomy and general appearance, but, versed as he was in the language of the Koran and the religious sayings and practices of the Sunnis, he always triumphed over these obstacles. The positions he was placed in were, however, constantly demanding a considerable amount of ingenuity and resolution on his part. He did not, however, dare to take a note, nor could he ask the name of a place, village, ruin, rivulet, hill, or plain, for in his character of a dervish he was pre-

sumed to be indifferent to all sublunary things. All these matters he had to gather by stealth.

The Koren-taghi, or "hills," with their green valleys, first presented a change to the desert, with its salt marshes. On these hills is a ruined castle called Meshedi Misriyan, some of the square bricks of which resembled those found at Gomush-tepe and Kizil Alan, or Alexander's Wall. The Yomut tribe, who encamp here, have a tradition associated with this ruin connected with one Gök-leng, or "Green Lame One," from whom the tribe of Gök-lens are descended. The reader will remember that the hero of Samarkand, Taimür-leng, Tamerlane, or Timour, was also so called on account of his lameness. There were other ruins on the same hills.

Two days' farther travel brought them to the little Balkan, and one farther to the great Balkan, and the green hills and lovely valleys were not without charms, but there was no water, and the desolation was extreme, "an immense abandonment covering the whole, as it were, with a veil of mourning!"

Beyond came the great desert, and even the dervishes had to arm. They crossed on their first day's journey the old bed of the Oxus, which, tradition says, once flowed past the ruins of Meshedi Misriyan. Among the curiosities met with the second day were two chairs, held in honour because the travellers who had last occupied them had perished in the desert, and a wild man or outlaw, one who had blood upon his head, and had been for years wandering thus alone. The sufferings from want of water soon became intense, and it was impossible to eat without water to relieve the parched mouth. Many were suffering from diarrhoea from drinking saline and impure water. The heat was also unendurable, and added to the torments of thirst. Yet, as a dervish, Vámbéry had, under these circumstances, to visit and pray at the tomb of a saint who had once been a giant, and had in that character for countless years defended the wells of salt water around from the attacks of evil spirits who sought to fill them up with stones. "My despair," says our traveller, "knew no bounds: it was the first time that I really felt anxiety for the result."

Reaching at length the extreme boundary of the sand, a better country was announced by the presence of wild horses or asses, and gazelles. The former, as they advanced over the table-land called Kafankir, or "tiger-field," said to have been once an island between two channels of the inconstant Oxus, were met with grazing in herds of hundreds. On one occasion the cloud of dust raised by them, and the clatter as if of a thousand horsemen, caused quite a panic, till the sounds were found to proceed from a countless number of wild asses.

Hence they reached a district inhabited by Ozbegs, or Uzbegs, and Yomuts. The latter, as nomads, detest the Uzbegs, who lead a sedentary life. Beyond came the environs of Khiva, which, with its small homesteads in the form of strongholds shaded by lofty poplars, its fine meadows and rich fields, Vámbéry says, still seems to him, after visiting the most charming countries of Europe, as beautiful as ever. Khiva itself, rising in the midst of these gardens, makes with its domes and minarets a most favourable impression, but this, as with all Oriental cities, "when seen at a distance."

What need to say, then, that the interior is very different from what

its exterior would lead us to expect! Khiva has been visited and described by several English travellers, and Vámbéry sums up all that can be said of it when he declares that it is inferior to a Persian city of the lowest rank. Picture to oneself three or four thousand mud-houses standing in different directions in the most irregular manner, with uneven and unwashed walls, and fancy these surrounded by a wall ten feet high, also made of mud, and you have a conception of Khiva. The population is chiefly Uzbeks, with some Turkomans, Kara Kalpak, or "Black Hats," Kasak or Kirghis (same as Cossack), Sart or Tajik (old Persians), and Persian slaves and free men. One bazaar, called Kitchik Kervanseraï, or "the small caravan-serai," is devoted to the barter of Persians brought by the Tekke and Yomut Turkomans for sale. But for this article of business Khiva itself, Vámbéry declares, could not exist, as the culture of the land is entirely in the hands of slaves. Their number in Khiva alone is estimated at forty thousand. What a picture does this present us of Central Asia when this in only one khanat!

The khan who rules over this seat of abomination is so cruel that even his own subjects are ashamed of him. He at once makes slaves of all strangers of doubtful character, while his "cousin" of Bokhara puts them to death. It is doubtful which is the worst alternative. The palace here is called Ark, and a public audience Arz, from a derivation of great antiquity, Ar, "great or powerful." Vámbéry successfully played the part of holy dervish before this redoubtable chief, who presents, he says, in every feature of his countenance the real picture of an enervated, imbecile, and savage tyrant, and, congratulating himself upon his successful performance, he adds, "What a happy fatality, that gloomy superstition often imposes limits to the might and blood-thirstiness of such tyrants!" As a dervish he appears to have been well fed and even well paid by the Khivites. The good things in which he traded—for safety sake—were Khaki Shifa, or "health dust," dust from the Prophet's house at Medina, and the nefes, or "holy breath," both alike esteemed as infallible cures, and both very inexpensive—more especially dust. The Uzbeks, though rough hewn, are declared to be the finest characters of Central Asia.

At the Treasury, Vámbéry saw about three hundred Tchaudors prisoners of war. They were separated into two classes: those who were under their fortieth year were destined for slavery; the Aksakals, or "white beards," were led to the gallows or the block. Eight of these old men were in his presence placed down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the grey beard of the hoary unfortunate.

"Ah! cruel spectacle! As each fearful act was completed, the victim, liberated from his bonds, groping around with his hands, sought to gain his feet! Some fell against each other, head against head; others sank powerless to the earth again, uttering low groans, the memory of which will make me shudder as long as I live."

True, the Tchaudors are robbers, where all are robbers or kidnappers of men, and we only wonder they did not prefer falling in open fight. Strange to say, usage, law, and religion, accord in sanctioning such revolting reprisals. Offences against religion are punished with equal



severity. As at Bokhara you are put to death for even glancing at the dwelling of the ladies, so in Khiva, if a man looks at a veiled lady, he is hung, and the woman (who could not help the man looking at her) is buried up to the breast in the earth near the gallows, and there stoned to death. As, however, there are no stones in Khiva, they use hard balls of earth. At the third discharge, the poor victim is completely covered with dust, and the body, dripping with blood, is horribly disfigured, and death alone puts an end to her torture. And all this is done "according as religion directs." Well may we say, as Madame Roland said of liberty, "What crimes are committed in the name of religion! Not one single day passes but some one is led away from an audience with the khan, after the fatal words have been pronounced, "*Alib barin*"—Away with him!

While Vámbéry was in this pleasant place, about a hundred horsemen arrived, each of whom brought at least one prisoner with him, and amongst the number children and women, bound either to the tail of the horse or to the pommel of the saddle; besides which, he had buckled behind him a large sack containing human heads. On coming up he handed over the prisoners as presents to the khan, then loosened his sack, seized it by the two lower corners as if he were about to empty potatoes, and out rolled the bearded or beardless heads before the accountant, who kicked them together with his feet until a large heap was got together, consisting of several hundreds.

Vámbéry started from this city of blood with his fellow dervishes, all richly provided for by the bigotry of its cruel inhabitants. Is there not some natural association between bigotry and cruelty? History would seem to intimate as much. Our traveller had a stout ass, money, and clothes, and all the dirty mendicants and traffickers in piety were similarly accoutred. Were there steamers plying on the mighty Oxus, the journey to Eltchig, in Bokhara, would be a pleasure-trip; as it is, it is quite a different thing. At first, villages are met with at the end of the day's journey, each with its kalenter-khane or khan for dervishes (the reader will remember the calenders of the Arabian nights), the actual tenants of which are chiefly occupied in consuming bang or hemp-opiate. Vámbéry says, we think by mistake, flax. The Oxus was so broad where they ferried it, that both banks were hardly distinguishable at the same time; but this was the season of flood, and at all times its bed is much encumbered with sand-banks, ever varying in their position. At Shurakhod, a small walled town, our dervish attended a market, in which all were on horseback, sellers as well as buyers; and it was extremely droll, he says, to see how the Kirghis women, with their great leathern vessels full of kimio (sour mare or camel milk), sitting on the horses, hold the opening of the skin above the mouth of the customer. This, like the scene of handing over the heads, is made the subject of an illustration; but these have evidently been drawn at home, from description and memory.

At Tunuklu, on the frontiers of Khiva and Bokhara, were the ruins (always ruins) of a fortress on a little hill, at the foot of which flowed the Oxus, along a bed clothed with the most beautiful verdure. Beyond this they came upon two half-naked men, who had been robbed by the Tekke, who were on an alaman, or predatory expedition, in the neighbourhood, so our poor dervishes had to make *volle face*, and effect the best of their way

back to Tanuklu. Hence, in order to avoid the plunderers, they diverged sideways over the sandy desert known as the Khalata Chuli. This was in the month of July, and having to proceed hurriedly and silently, in constant dread of the Turkomans, their sufferings were very great. Even these were added to by the Tebbad, or sand-storms. By the time our traveller reached an outpost of Persian slaves on the confines of the city of Bokhara, he was nearly done for. "I was no longer able," he relates, "to dismount without assistance; they laid me upon the ground; a fearful fire seemed to burn my entrails; my headache reduced me almost to a state of stupefaction. My pen is too feeble to furnish even a slight sketch of the martyrdom that thirst occasions; I think that no death can be more painful. Although I have found myself able to nerve myself to face all other perils, here I felt quite broken. I thought, indeed, that I had reached the end of my life."

The desert, and with it the fear of death from thirst, robbers, winds, and hardships, ended, however, with their arrival at a sweet-water lake. At a place called Khakemir, some five or six miles from Bokhara, their baggage was overhauled, and their persons closely examined, by the Vakauvirz, or "writer of events." Beyond this were gardens and cultivated fields; there was a river—the Zerefshan—a "ruined" bridge, and a "ruined" palace, and then Bokhara Sherif, or "the noble," with, amongst some other buildings, its clumsy towers, crowned, almost without exception, by nests of storks—birds which do not frequent Khiva—reminding one of Pliny's evil omen—a city abandoned of swallows.

The emir was away at Samarkand, and the dervishes wended their way to a Tekkie, or monastery—the chief nest of Islamism in Bokhara, a city renowned beyond all others for its cruel persecution of strangers and unbelievers, and where, in Vámbéry's own words, "the government has carried the system of espionage to just as high a pitch of perfection as the population has attained pre-eminence in every kind of profligacy and wickedness." The Bokhariots will, probably, be not a little dismayed when they learn how the precincts of their most holy conventicle were defiled by a cursed dog of an unbeliever in disguise.

The wretchedness of the streets and houses in Bokhara far exceeded that of the meanest habitations in Persian cities; but the bazaars, although far from being so magnificent as those of Teheran, Tabriz, and Ispahan, presented a very striking spectacle, from the diversified mixture of races, dresses, and customs. The Persian physiognomy predominated, after it the Tartar and Turkoman. There were also Indians, Afghans, and Jews. English goods as well as Russian are met with in the capital of Central Asia, nor are the specimens of native industry to be despised.

It was, however, easier to deceive the priests and the people than the government, and spies were incessantly at work to catch our dervish tripping. A little shrivelled individual, who pretended to be an Arab from Damascus, was brought to him to be examined, and Vámbéry was strongly disposed to think that he was playing a part similar to his own. Obligated by this system of espionage to be excessively cautious, it is no wonder that our dervish learnt nothing new concerning Conolly and Stoddart, regarding whose fate the most contradictory reports are, we learn, in circulation to the present day. We only hope that the story of the well, with the flesh-eating crawling things, is an exaggeration. There

were also three unfortunate Italians imprisoned in the Ark, or citadel, at the time that Vámbéry was at Bokhara. They had gone thither to obtain the silkworm of the country, and we learn from the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society that they have since been all most cruelly put to death.

It is not complimentary to the "Eternal City," that Vámbéry calls Bokhara "the Rome of Islamism," as Mecca and Medina are its Jerusalem. The sense in which the epithet is used will be best gathered from the chief point upon which the author, as an Osmanli mollah and dervish, was cross-examined: "Why the Sultan does not put to death all the Frenghis (as they do at Bokhara) who live in his dominions, and yet pay no jizie, or tribute; why he does not every year undertake a jihad, or religious war, as he has unbelievers on his frontiers."

The fact of the Osmanlis having discarded the turban for the fez, and the long garments prescribed by the law and reaching to the ankles, for the nether garments of infidels, is also a great abomination in the eyes of these Islamite Romans. Nay, they may one day take to the peak or brim, abomination of abominations in the eyes of all true believers!

In the private houses, Vámbéry, who had the means of knowing, dreariness and monotony reign paramount. Every trace of gladness and cheerfulness is banished from those circles where the influence of religion and the system of surveillance are so tyrannically felt. The emir's spies force their way even into the sanctuaries of families, and woe to the man who permits himself to offend against the forms of religion or the authority of the sovereign. Ages of oppression have now so intimidated the people, that husband and wife, with no third person present, do not dare to pronounce the emir's name without adding the words, "God grant him to live a hundred and twenty years!" The introduction of articles of luxury, or other expensive merchandise, is forbidden, as is also sumptuousness in house or dress; in offences of this description there is no respect of persons. The commandant-in-chief having adorned a house with glass windows, the emir had it demolished, and the owner thrown into confinement and then exiled. It is forbidden to the laity, on pain of death, to enter the harem, or even to throw a glance or *direct a thought thither*: this is permitted alone to pious sheikhs or mollahs, whose breath is of notorious sanctity.

The most holy place at Bokhara is the tomb of Baha-ed-din Nakish-bend, the national saint of Central Asia, and the chief fountain of all those extravagances of religion which distinguish Eastern from Western Islamism. The tomb is approached through a court filled with blind or crippled mendicants, the perseverance of whose applications, Vámbéry says, would put to shame those of the same profession in Rome or Naples. In front of the tomb is the famous Senghi Murad, or "stone of desire," which has been made smooth by the numerous foreheads of pious pilgrims that have been rubbed upon it. It is probably, as in other cases of stone-worship, a meteorite.

Human beings are sold in Bokhara, as in Khiva, from the age of three to that of sixty. According to the precepts of their religion, unbelievers alone can be sold as slaves; but Bokhara, that has nothing, we are told, but the semblance of sanctity, evades without scruple such provisions, and makes slaves, not only of the Shiite Persians, who were declared

"unbelievers" so long ago as 1500 by the Mollah Schemseddin, but also of many professors of the Sunnite tenets themselves, after they have, by blows and maltreatment, been compelled to style themselves Shiites. It is only the Jew, whom they pronounce to be incapable, that is unworthy of becoming a slave—a mode of showing their aversion of course anything but disagreeable to the children of Israel, for although the Turkoman will make booty of his property, and strip him of everything, he will not touch the person of a Jew. At an earlier period the Hindhus also formed an exception. More recently, as they flocked by Herat into Bokhara, the Tekke or Sarik began to lay down new rules for their procedure. The unfortunate worshipper of Vishnu is now first metamorphosed into a Mussulman, then made a Shiite; and not until this double conversion has taken place is the honour conferred upon him of being plundered of all his property, and being reduced to the condition of a slave.

The road from Bokhara to Samarkand lays along the valley of the Zer Afshan, and it is, in consequence, carried for the most part through a cultivated country, with towns and villages, or with Bazarli-jay, small market-places, sometimes every half-hour, where there were inns and houses for the sale of provisions, and where gigantic Russian samovars, or tea-kettles, ever on the boil, were held to be the *ne plus ultra* of refinement and comfort. The farm-yards in the villages were, we are told, better filled with earth's blessings than in Persia or Turkey. There were also square stones to mark distances, which are attributed to "Timour the Tartar," not to mention small terraces raised in recent times for purposes of prayer. "So," says Vámbéry, "each age has its own peculiar objects in view!" The object in Central Asia being to uphold bigotry, ensure seclusion, and monopolise a ready road to heaven by the practices of slavery, rapine, plunder, and murder. Yet the Bokhariots have their aspirations. The emir was at this epoch at war with Khokhand, and at Kette Kurgan, a small fortified town, famous for its shoemakers, our dervish heard the people flattering themselves that the said emir would, after conquering Khokhand, reduce China and take possession of Iran, Afghanistan, India, and Frenghistan—i.e. all Europe! There are no people, even to the remote South Sea Islanders, who, in their seclusion, do not deem themselves the most powerful on earth. "Oh!" we once heard a Tajik *pur sang* exclaim, "how the Persians would fight, if there was no killing in battle!" The Neapolitans, among the least warlike of European families, are, in the same manner, among the most bumptious.

The first impression produced by the city of "Timour," with its domes and minarets, with their various colours, all bathed in the morning sun, was, as usual, very pleasing. The city lies at the foot of a hill, itself crowned by the tomb of the holy patron of shepherds. Although it equals Teheran in circumference, its houses do not lie so close together; while above them rise four lofty edifices in the form of half-domes, among which are the tomb and mosque of "Timour" himself. On the south-westerly limit of the city, on a hill, stands the Ark, or citadel, round which other buildings, partly mosques and partly tombs, are grouped. If we then suppose the whole intermixed with closely-planted gardens, we shall have an idea of Samarkand, "the focus of the whole globe," in

Oriental hyperbole. "But, alas!" says Vámbéry, "why need I add that the impression produced by its exterior was weakened as we approached, and entirely dissipated by our entry into the place itself? Bitter, indeed, the disappointment in the case of a city like Samarkand, so difficult of access, and a knowledge of which has to be so dearly acquired." And as he drove (for we forgot to say that the trajet from Bokhara to Samarkand is effected in carts) through the suburbs and cemeteries, our irreverent dervish was so much struck with the extremes of hyperbolic laudation and the real dilapidation, that he tells us he burst into a loud fit of laughter! He who laughs at Bokhara or Samarkand must be a bold man, but for a solemn mollah and dervish, with holy dust in his pocket and an anointed breath, it was the fiendish laugh of a ghoul among the tombs.

The descriptions given of the holy places in Samarkand, among which the sepulchre, mosque, reception-hall in the Ark, and summer palace of "Timour," take precedence, are, from the advantages enjoyed by our pious Islamite, by far superior to any yet published. We have in the reception-room of the great conqueror—or devastator, as the reader likes best—the celebrated köktash, or "green stone," as Vámbéry translates it; but does it not also read "sky-stone?" and probably, like the stones at the tomb of Baha-ed-din and at Mecca, an *aërolite*. There is also a black stone at the tomb of Mir Seid Berke. That on the tomb of "Timour" is broken in two, and it is said to have been sent as a present by Nadir Shah, and to have been broken on the journey. Others affirm, however, that it was a present from a Chinese or Mongol princess. No interest would have been attached to such stones, except as meteorites or *aërolites*. "Timour" had a Chinese princess among his wives, and the extensive *Madresse Hanym* bears her name. This vast collegiate church is now, like most other places of the kind throughout the East, in ruins, and it is used for the "hired carriages that ply to Khokand and Karshi"—a notion of comfort and civilisation which is quite cheering. Vámbéry sought in vain for the famous Armenian Greek library, which, according to many writers, the victorious "Timour" swept away to ornament his capital, and he does not believe that it ever existed. What is called the "new city" is at the distance of a full league from the ruins of the old walls, but as it is described as having "a few bazaars that have still survived from the ancient times," we must suppose it to be in just as dilapidated a condition as everything else that is Islamite. The temperature at Samarkand is pleasanter than at Bokhara, but the water as bad and just as productive of boils, guinea-worms, and other diseases. Wolf brought home from the former place one of these creatures in his person, which had to be extracted by the late Sir Benjamin Brodie. Samarkand, although in ruins, may still be characterised as beautiful, from its site and the luxuriant vegetation in the midst of which it stands—the suburb of Dehbid (the ten willows), on the other side of Zerefshan, described as being an especially charming site—but Samarkand (does not) resemble paradise.

Samarkand firdusi manend.

Our dervish got no money at Bokhara or at Samarkand; the inhabitants were as ostentatiously pious as at Khiva, but they kept their

girdles tightened. It could not be said of them, as of the Romans who strolled out of Antioch to Daphne, *si quis cinctus inveniretur apud Daphnen, discinctus rediret*. But this was in a more voluptuous sense. He had, however, an audience of the emir—not a very desirable affair—and was, indeed, favoured with a private interview, out of which he extricated himself with his characteristic cleverness. The emir, who is described as being in the forty-second year of his age, of middle stature, and somewhat corpulent, but of a very pleasing countenance, with fine black eyes and a thin beard, was seated on a mattress or ottoman of red cloth, surrounded by writings and books.

"With great presence of mind," our dervish relates, "I recited a short Sura, with the usual prayer for the welfare of the sovereign, and after the amen, to which he himself responded, I took my seat, without permission, quite close to his royal person. The boldness of my proceeding—quite, however, in accordance with the character which I assumed—seemed not displeasing to him. I had long forgotten the art of blushing, and so was able to sustain the look which he now directed full in my face, with the intention, probably, of disconcerting me.

"'Hadji, thou comest, I hear, from Rowan to visit the tombs of Baha-ed-din and the saints of Turkestan.'

"'Yes, Takhsir, but also to quicken myself by the contemplation of thy sacred beauty.'

[What Oriental prince could resist this! Mozaffar-ed-din Khan was fairly taken in.]

"'Strange!' however observed the sceptical emir; 'and thou hadst, then, no other motive in coming hither from so distant a land?'

"'No, Takhsir; it had always been my warmest desire to behold the noble Bokhara and the enchanting Samarkand [two heaps of blood-stained rubbish!], upon whose sacred soil, as was remarked by Sheikh Jelal, one should rather walk on one's head than on one's feet. But I have, besides, no other business in life, and have long been moving about everywhere as a Jihan-geshte.' [World pilgrim.]

"'What thou, with thy lame foot [Vámbery is lame], a Jihangeshte! That is really astonishing!'

"'I would be thy victim! Sire, thy glorious ancestor (peace be with him!) had certainly the same infirmity, and he was even Jihan-ghir, "conqueror of the world."' [Vámbery adopts the French etymology of Djihan for Jihan, "the world."]

"This reply was agreeable to the emir, who now put questions to me respecting my journey, and the impression made upon me by Bokhara and Samarkand. My observations, which I incessantly strove to ornament with Persian sentences and verses from the Koran, produced a good effect upon him, for he is himself a mollah, and tolerably well acquainted with Arabic. He directed that I should be presented with a serpay [complete dress, consisting of turban, over-dress, girdle, and boots] and thirty tenghe, and dismissed me with the command that I should visit him a second time in Bokhara."

Our dervish had a great deal too much good sense to run any risks, however, of such a second interview. He hurried back to his dervish friends, as he says, "like a man possessed by a devil," and he was advised by them to quit Samarkand with all speed, not to make any stay even in

Karshi, but to gain, as rapidly as possible, the farther bank of the Oxus, where, amongst the hospitable Ersari Turkomans, he might await the arrival of the caravan for Herat.

The journey from Samarkand to Karshi took—although a short distance, across a plain which reminded the traveller of the Pushta, or heaths of Hungary—two days and three nights. Karshi, the ancient Nakhshab, is, both from its size and its commercial importance, the second city in the khanat of Bokhara; it consists of the city proper and the citadel, which latter is but weakly fortified. Its importance appears to be derived from the transit trade organised between Kabul, India, and Bokhara—a trade which is grievously interrupted by constant political disturbances. The inhabitants, estimated at twenty-five thousand souls, are Uzbeks, Persians, Indians, Afghans, and Jews: the latter have the privilege of riding, which they are not allowed to do in any other part of the khanat. Karshi is distinguished for its manufacture of knives, which Vámbéry declares, both for durability and temper, put to shame the most famous produce of Sheffield and Birmingham. We suspect he means the cheap and bad articles sold for export to the East. Our dervish bought an ass, and laid in a stock of knives, needles, glass beads, and cornelians for trade at this place. The kalenter-khane is at this place the fashionable promenade, and huge samovars steam in every direction.

There was but one road hence to Kerki, on the Oxus, which is even at that point nearly twice as broad as the Danube where it runs between Pesth and Ofen. A little citadel defended the ferry on the nearer bank, while on the farther one the frontier fortress stood upon a steep hill, round which spread the city. No sooner had our dervish effected the passage, which lasted three hours, than he was arrested as a runaway slave making for Persia, and hurried away, bag and baggage, into the fortress, but he was soon liberated. The town was afterwards found to consist of only a hundred and fifty houses, three mosques, and a bazaar, and to be defended by a good wall and deep ditch. The inhabitants are Uzbeks and Turkomans, the town being, however, in the country of the Ersari Turkomans, who pay tribute to the emir only to secure themselves from hostilities on the part of the other tribes. These Turkomans are only seminomads, the greater part cultivating the land. The exertions of Bokhara in favour of civilisation, as such is understood in Central Asia, have, according to Vámbéry, stripped them at once of their sword and their integrity, giving them in exchange the Koran and hypocrisy. At the house of one of their most considered Ishans, the chief, whilst reciting the sacred poems, used to place before him a cup with water, into which he expectorated at the end of each poem; and this composition, into which the sanctity of the text had penetrated, was sold to the best bidder as a wonder-working medicine!

Vámbéry made an excursion hence to Mezari Sherif, the reputed tomb of Ali (who lies at Nejef, near the Euphrates), and close to Balk, the ancient Bactra, now regarded as the capital of the Afghan province of Turkestan. He found here bricks of the same size and quality as those in the ruins before noticed amongst the Yomuts. The people of Balk repair hither in summer for cooler air, and the place is celebrated for its roses, as Balk is, from its heat, for its scorpions.

. Quitting Kerki, where every traveller not well known is presumed to

be a slave, and seized as such till he can prove the contrary, our dervish could not contain himself for joy on thinking that he had turned his back on the khanat of Bokhara with what was more to him than anything—his life. Many liberated slaves had joined the caravan. Among them was an old man—a father—bowed down by years. He had ransomed, at Bokhara, his son, a man in his thirtieth year, in order to restore a protector to his family left behind—that is to say, to his daughter-in-law a husband, to his children a father. The price was fifty ducats, and its payment had reduced the poor old man to beggary. “But,” said he, “rather the beggar’s staff than my son in chains.” The hair of another, in the prime of life, had turned grey with sorrow, for he had lost his wife, sister, and six children in slavery—all had succumbed under the severity of their servitude.

Two days’ journeying brought the caravan to “the ruins of Andkhuy,” a place which is now tributary to the Afghans, and has about two thousand houses and three thousand tents. The inhabitants are Turkomans, with a few Persians and Afghans. The trade is in camels and black sheepskins, known as “astrakhan.” Great disorder reigned here, we are told, both “in justice and religion.” Every one did just as he thought fit, and even the most atrocious crime could be compounded for by a present. An old Uzbek remarked to our dervish that even the *Frēnghi* (English) would be better than the present Mussulman government. Moorcroft died at this place, and Vámbéry says all agreed in their accounts that he had perished of fever, and not of poison, as has been supposed.

It was twenty-two miles, or a three days’ journey for camels, hence to Maymene, the capital of an independent khanat of warlike Uzbeks. The way lay by Khairabad, but as that place was in the hands of the Afghans, who would have plundered the caravan under the pretence of levying their customs, it had to be avoided. Maymene is in a hilly country, on the same river that waters Andkhuy, and while the whole khanat is only some eighteen miles broad and twenty miles long, it has been enabled to resist the encroachments of the Afghans with success. The population is estimated at one hundred thousand souls, chiefly Uzbeks. The father of the present ruler, Husein Khan, was hurled down the walls of the citadel by his own brother to make way for his son, it was said, but really for the fratricide. Neither corporal punishment or fines are inflicted in this model little khanat; all offenders of high and low degree are sent to the slave-market of Bokhara. The city itself is extremely filthy and ill built, and consists of fifteen hundred mud-huts, with a brick bazaar “that seems about to fall.” Horses are good and cheap, and an export trade is carried on with Baghdad—an important consideration to those who are studying, in the commercial rivalry of Russia and England, whether the markets of Central Asia can be more easily supplied from the south than the north. The Maymenites hold also, it is to be observed, the mountain pass of Murghab, one of the highways of Central Asia, and the frontier of all Turkestan.

The actual frontier town of the Uzbeks is, however, at Tchitchektlī, and beyond this the caravan had to travel towards the river Murghab under the protection of the Jemshidi, the Surik Turkomans occupying their right, and the Firuzkuhi the left, and both being alike professional robbers and plunderers. A mountainous pass succeeded to a beautiful



valley, and next came the river, which was fordable at a point where there was a fortress on the left bank, within which were the tents of the Jemshidi, instead of houses. These Jemshidi claim descent from the semi-fabulous king of the Pishdadian family. Vámbéry says they are certainly of Persian descent. The taxes raised here, and repeated at the frontier of every little khanat, constitute, Vámbéry says, a positive hindrance to all commercial transactions, and from "the dreadfully tyrannical use made of their power by the petty princes, the inhabitants are prevented from profiting by the riches of nature that often ripen without any culture, and whose produce might bring a very good return, and satisfy the exigencies of domestic life." Among these natural products most in esteem are pistachio-nuts, nuts used for dyeing, and *teren-jebin*, or manna, used as sugar.

It is reckoned four days' journey for horses from the Murghab to Herat. Camels require twice the time, for the country is mountainous. At a first derbend, or pass, were the ruins of an ancient fort; at a second, the remains of an old castle. Beyond, was the lofty mountain, *Telkh-guzar*, which it takes three hours to pass over. On the other side of this, again, is "the former town and fortress," *Kaleh No*, now surrounded by a few tents of the *Hezari*. It was only fifty years ago a flourishing town, but had been ruined in wars with the people of Herat.

From *Kaleh No* the way again passes over lofty mountains to Herat; the distance is only twenty miles, but the journey is very fatiguing, and required four days, dervish-travelling, for its accomplishment. The *Sir-a-bend*, as the mountain chain is called between the two, is covered with perpetual snow. It is questionable if the *Sir* and *Sire* of Western Europe are not derived from this Asiatic word "*Sir*," which is applied to persons, as *Takh-Sir* and *Sirdar*, and to lofty mountains, as in this and in numerous other instances.

Herat had only that year been captured and plundered by the followers of Dost Mohammed Khan. Vámbéry pictured to himself the Afghans as a people half organised, and who, from long contact with Anglo-Indians, possessed some ideas of order and justice. He was, however, cruelly deceived. "The Afghan functionary," he says, "the first whom I had yet seen of that nation, threw into the shade all the inhumanity and barbarity of similar officers in Central Asia; all the dreadful things I had heard about the searches as to customs amongst the Afghans was only a painting '*couleur de rose*' compared with what I here witnessed. The bales of goods that owners would not open were sent under guard to the town; the baggage of the travellers was examined, and written down article by article; in spite of the coldness of the weather, every one was obliged to strip, and, with the exception of shirt, drawers, and upper garment, every object of dress was declared liable to duty." The poor dervishes had actually to sell their asses to pay the duty on them. In other words, they were confiscated.

Herat is a place of well-known importance to Anglo-Indian politicians, yet is very little, if anything, known either of its social or political condition in this country. The city itself stands on a very extensive and beautiful plain, but wanting in trees. So fertile is this plain, that, although a constant battle-field between adjoining nations, and only two months before Vámbéry's arrival hordes of wild Afghans had scattered

desolation and devastation in every direction, fields and vineyards looked flourishing, and the meadows were covered with high grass mixed with flowers.

Like all cities in the East, Herat has both ancient and modern ruins ; and here, as everywhere else, the ancient ruins are also the more beautiful and the nobler. To judge, in fact, by buildings as well as by people, the palmy days of Islamism are everywhere gone by, even in its furthestmost recesses. The remains of the monuments on the Mosalla, or place of prayer, reminded our traveller of the ancient city of "Timour;" the round towers lying scattered singly about looked like the immediate environs of Ispahan ; but the city, and the fortress itself, he says, formed a ruin such as is rarely met with, even in the East.

The advanced works, the gate by which they entered, and the houses by which they passed, were mere heaps of rubbish. The Ark, or citadel, having, from its elevation, served as a mark for the Afghan artillery, lies blasted and half demolished. A few wretched-looking Afghans or Hindhus—worthy guards of such a ruin—were perched here and there in the bare openings of the walls. Every step as they advanced gave greater indications of devastation. Entire quarters remained solitary and abandoned. The bazaar—that is to say, the arched part of it, where the quadrangle of the bazaar is united by its dome, and which has witnessed and resisted so many sieges—alone remains, and affords, in spite of its new population, a really interesting sample of Oriental life—a blending of the characteristics of India, Persia, and Central Asia, better defined than even in the bazaar of Bokhara. The eye is bewildered by the diversity of races—Afghans, Indians, Tartars, Turkomans, Persians, and Jews. The Afghan parades about, either in his national costume, consisting of a long shirt, drawers, and dirty linen clothes, or in his military undress ; but his favourite garment is the red English coat, from which, we are told, he will not part even in his sleep ! Thus accoutred, the wild Afghan is, in the eyes of some politicians, the advance-guard of Anglo-Indian civilisation ! He is, however, perchance, not a more formidable representative of a coming civilisation than the Cossack is on some of the advanced posts of Russian civilisation. At all events, he has adopted the red coat !

The wretchedly-dressed Herati, the naked Hezari, the Teymuri (or Timouri, if Vámbéry wishes to be consistent in his etymology) of the vicinity, and of Tartar or Mongolian descent, as their name indicates, are overlooked when the Afghan is present. He encounters around him nothing but abject humility ; but—and here comes the trying point of possession with a Russo-Persian force advancing to the rescue—"never was ruler or conqueror so detested as is the Afghan by the Herati."

The Afghan soldiery in the English uniform, with even shakos on their heads—a covering so contrary to the prescriptions of the Koran that they have not yet been able to introduce it into Constantinople—and with whiskers, an appendage regarded as a deadly sin in Islam, and even in Constantinople as a renunciation of religion, led Vámbéry to the conclusion, at first, that he had fallen upon a land where fanaticism had been blunted in its edge, but, he says, he had only forgotten, for a moment, that the Oriental is never what he seems, and his disappointment was indeed bitter.

The Afghans were not so easily led astray by Vámbéry's assumed disguise of a dervish as were the Khan of Khiva and the Emir of Bokhara. The governor of the suburb of Kerrukh, who held the rank of major or mejir—for the Afghans have their mejirs and their jomels, or cornels (colonels)—laughed in our dervish's face when he raised his arms to give him a *fatiha*; and the reigning prince, Sirdar Muhammad Yakub Khan, son of the present King of Afghanistan—the same who has treated his brothers after so Oriental a fashion—a lad only in his sixteenth year, rose from his chair when our dervish was presented to him in audience, calling out, "By G——, I swear you are an Englishman!" Following the young prince's example, every one wanted to detect the Englishman in him. "Persians, Afghans, and Herati," he says, "came to him with the express purpose of convincing themselves and verifying their suspicions." This was a very annoying ordeal to go through, but our dervish extricated himself from it with the skill and success which never failed him. The most absurd part of the thing was, that the Afghans thought they saw in him a man à la Eldred Pottinger, who made his first entry into Herat disguised as a horse-dealer, and became later its master. They insisted that he had credit there for hundreds, even thousands of ducats, and yet no one would give him a few krans to purchase bread!

With a boy ruler, who passes his time in watching the élite of the Afghan troops exercise before his window, highly delighted with the Right shoulder forward! Left shoulder forward! pronounced with a genuine English accent; a vizir, whose coarse features are, we are told, the sign-post of stupidity; a guardian, who, as Khan of the Jernashidi, has an understanding with the Turkomans; an insufficient revenue, and a covetous, grasping soldiery, detested by men of all nationalities; it needs only some attack, Vámbéry asserts, no matter by whom, to be made upon Herat, for the Herati to be the first to take up arms against the Afghans.

Nor does this observation apply to the Shiite inhabitants alone, whose sympathies are, of course, in favour of Persia, but even to those of the Sunnite persuasion, who would certainly prefer the Kizilbash (red caps) to their present oppressors; but it is pleasant to read that, in such an admitted state of things, there still exists a gleam of hope for the future to the "Gate of Central Asia." "I find," says Vámbéry, "no exaggeration in the opinion that they long most for the intervention of the English, whose feelings of humanity and justice have led the inhabitants to forget the great differences in religion and nationality. The Herati saw, during the government of Major Todd, more earnestness and self-sacrifice with respect to the ransoming of the slaves, than they had ever even heard of before on the part of a ruler. Their native government had habituated them to be plundered and murdered, not spared or rewarded."

Equally striking is the fact that the Dervase Kandahar, or Kandahar gate of the Bazaar, having suffered least of all during the late siege, this was attributed by the people to its having been built by the English. The Herati even go so far as to say it never can be demolished, because when the English build they lay brick over brick only as justice directs, unlike the Afghans, who mix the mortar with the tears of oppression!

## WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## PART THE SIXTH.

## I.

## THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

It was night; the London physician had not yet arrived; indeed, it was next to impossible for him to reach Woodbury before the following morning. The sick-nurse had received all her directions from the country doctor, and the chief point he had impressed upon her was to keep the room as quiet as possible. Mrs. Percival, in compliance with Alfred's earnest request, had retired from the sick-room to her bed, having received the sick-nurse's promise, and Alfred's, that she should be called if Mr. Montague were worse. Alfred had made known his intention of sitting up himself with his uncle that night, and Mrs. Winslow had been persuaded to take some rest, and leave her master to the charge of the woman who had been hired to attend him, and of whom Mr. O'Flynn had declared he had received a high character, both from a medical man and a clergyman, in the town to which he had gone to find a good sick-nurse.

Agnes, overcome with fatigue, after laying her head on her pillow, soon fell asleep, and slept soundly for a time. Suddenly she awoke, and seeing by a little French clock on the chimney-piece—for a night-lamp was burning in her room—that it was two o'clock, she rose, and putting on her dressing-gown, she went softly towards Mr. Montague's room, anxious to know how he was. As she approached it she fancied she heard strange sounds, and stopping for a moment on the outside of the door without attempting to open it, she heard Alfred say, in a somewhat imperious tone :

"You must, sir—you *must*."

"No, no," groaned the old man. "I can't—I won't."

"Come, sir, there is no use in refusing. You are only hastening your end by struggling in this way," she heard uttered by O'Flynn's coarse voice.

"I can't—I have not got my own consent," said the old man, feebly but distinctly.

There was a moment's silence—followed by a rustling noise, then came a deep groan, and immediately afterwards a sound like a sob, or sort of rattle in the throat, and all was still again.

Agnes touched lightly the handle of the door and attempted to open it. It was bolted within; she knocked gently—once, twice—then her husband came to the door, and opening it partially and seeing Agnes, demanded in no very bland tone what had brought her out of her bed?

She said she felt anxious to know how Mr. Montague was going on, and then asked what he had been objecting to so earnestly.

"So you have been listening!" said Alfred, who looked very pale,

and somewhat agitated. "Is Mrs. Winslow keeping guard close by also?"

"No, I am here alone, and I was not listening, only I heard the old gentleman's voice as I came to the door, and he was refusing something."

"He was refusing to take his medicine," replied Alfred. "And as the doctor left peremptory orders that he *was* to take it, we were obliged to make him do so."

"May I not come in?" asked Agnes; for Alfred was stopping up the little bit of the doorway that was open.

"No, you may not; he is going off to sleep; you will only disturb him. Go back to your room; I will let you know how he is by-and-by."

Alfred shut the door in her face, and Agnes returned to her couch, satisfied that with Alfred to watch over his uncle she could be of no use.

The pale light of the grey dawn of day was just struggling into Agnes's room, and contending, as it were, with the expiring flame of the night-lamp, when Alfred entered the apartment on tiptoe. Had Agnes not immediately recognised her husband, she might have mistaken him, in the uncertain light, for another ghostly visitant, he looked so white, and there was something so strange about his eyes, they seemed so glazed and rayless; he absolutely looked, to use Shakspeare's words, like "a living dead man."

"Alfred! what is the matter? Has anything happened? How is Mr. Montague?" she asked, in a breath, starting up hurriedly from her pillow, and in much excitement.

"Be calm, Agnes; do not excite yourself in this manner! Mr. Mon—Montague is out of pain now. He suffers no more. He is gone—gone, Agnes!" almost gasped Alfred, in a subdued and husky voice.

"Gone! Oh, dearest Alfred, you do not mean, you cannot mean that—that—"

"I mean, that what we all anticipated, what you so dreaded, has taken place; my poor uncle is no more!"

As he uttered these words he turned away to avoid his wife's sorrowing yet intense gaze.

She sprang from her couch, and rushing up to Alfred, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Alfred, Alfred! you promised to call me if the dear old man became worse. That sick-nurse promised to call me, and yet no one came; and he has gone, gone for ever, without my seeing him once again, without my bidding him a last farewell, or receiving even one look of adieu from him! How negligent, how ungrateful I must have seemed to the good, kind, old gentleman, to forsake him on the very eve of his departure from this life, to leave him so heartlessly at the very hour of death!" And Agnes burst into tears and wept bitterly. "My dear, kind, generous friend! And he is gone! Oh, that I could recal him, if only for an instant, to tell him how much I loved and revered him!"

"He went very suddenly at last, Agnes, dear; there was no time to call either you or Mrs. Winslow. I did not know his last moment was so near."

In a few minutes afterwards both Agnes and Mrs. Winslow were in

the chamber of the dead, and both were plunged into the deepest grief. It was with a feeling of the most profound awe that Agnes gazed on the stiffening corpse, and she started with an undefinable sensation of terror as she laid her hand on the cold, cold brow. Mr. Montague's was the first dead body she had ever seen, the first she had ever touched; that first sight, that first touch of the senseless clay which had breathed, and moved, and felt, so shortly before, which had contained an immortal soul, now fled from it, we know not how, or whither, can never be forgotten by a mind that is not utterly common-place, trivial, or capable only of gross ideas.

At a very early hour in the morning—in short, not long after sunrise—the anxiously expected London physician arrived with Winslow, only to find himself too late.

Poor Winslow was in the greatest distress that his beloved master was gone; indeed, he could not be persuaded of the fact until he beheld good Mr. Montague's inanimate remains. He shook his head and knit his brows, and looked as furiously at the sick-nurse as if the woman had assassinated the old gentleman, instead of performing the duties of her calling, and obeying the directions given her.

He found great fault with his wife for having left her charge to a complete stranger.

"I told you," he said, "to keep a sharp look-out in my absence, and you must needs go comfortably to your bed. It was very wrong of you. Martha, the woman, looks quite stupid this morning; I'll lay my life she was drunk last night. Who knows where O'Flynn picked her up."

"I don't know how the poor woman could have been intoxicated," replied the chided Mrs. Winslow. "She had her supper in my own little sitting-room, and, as she said she does not drink beer, I gave her a little gin-and-water, but only one glass; that could not make her tipsy. There's no use in blaming me, or Mrs. Tomkins, or anybody, Winslow. The good old gentleman's hour had come, and no human care can prevent the will of the Almighty being fulfilled. It is a sad, sad day for us all who are left here, but *he* has gone to his eternal rest."

Winslow was not the only person in the parish who found fault with the unknown Mrs. Tomkins; Mrs. Percy had a great deal to say on the subject of the sick-nurse. She ought not to have taken all the responsibility upon herself; she ought to have called up Mrs. Winslow when she found Mr. Montague getting worse. It was great folly to send for a strange person whom nobody knew; there were plenty of respectable, handy old women in the village who might have been brought in to help. It was all very badly managed—very badly indeed. And that young doctor ought not to have trusted so long to his own skill; he ought to have sent before for a more experienced medical man.

Mr. Montague's death was a fertile theme of conversation to talkative Mrs. Percy, and so entirely engrossed her attention, that she forgot the supposed delinquencies of the village belle and Captain St. George, and, for a time, ceased her censorious remarks on the pretty "Rose of Woodbury."

## II.

## THE WILL.

THE day of the much-lamented Mr. Montague's funeral arrived ; it was attended by all the gentry of the neighbourhood as well as by one or two old friends from London, and the hearse, with its four horses and nodding plumes, was followed to the grave by all his tenants, several other farmers, and most of the tradespeople of the village, while crowds of the peasantry, including many day-labourers, thronged the churchyard, all evincing by the sadness of their countenances, and the solemnity of their demeanour, their sense of the loss which all had sustained, and their regret that a good man had passed away from among them.

Mr. Montague's charities had been extensive, though unostentatious ; he was remarkable for his kindness to his tenantry, his general benevolence, his urbanity and courteous manners to his equals, his cordiality to his friends ; in short, Mr. Montague was a true gentleman and a sincere Christian, and his death was looked upon as a real loss to the little community among whom the greater portion of his life had been passed.

Every one showed proper respect to the old man's bereaved nephew, and, indeed, many evinced much sympathy in his sorrow, for Alfred played the mourner's part exceedingly well. He was very grave and silent, and now and then his hand passed slowly over his brow, or his pocket-handkerchief raised to his eyes, indicated a degree of emotion which he seemed anxious not to display.

The melancholy rite was concluded, the higher and the humbler witnesses of the sad ceremony were gradually dispersing, the two old gentlemen from London who were staying at "the Hall," the rector, Mr. Percy, and his curate, and Mr. Barwell, who was known to be an executor, all returned to the late Mr. Montague's house, to be present at the reading of his will. Mr. Black and Mr. O'Flynn, the two lawyers, were also both there. The will was produced from a drawer in an old-fashioned escritoire in the bed-chamber of the deceased, where he had told Mr. Barwell it would be found.

It commenced with a preamble, annulling all previous wills and testaments, declaring this to be his last will and testament, and setting forth that, for reasons known to himself, he had determined to make a change in the disposition of his property.

Mr. Black, who was reading the will aloud, paused here for a moment, and glanced first at Mr. Barwell, and then at Alfred Percival.

"Go on !" cried Mr. Percy, who was eager to know what the change was.

Mr. Black read on slowly and deliberately, and very much astonished the audience were when they heard that Edgar Howard, Mr. Montague's favourite grand-nephew, whom he had always named as the heir of Woodbury, had changed places in this new will with his cousin Alfred, and was only to receive twenty thousand pounds, the sum originally intended for Alfred, while to the latter was left the estate and the bulk of the old gentleman's property.

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. Barwell.

"Yes, you must have read the names of the heirs wrongly," said one of

the old gentlemen from London, who had been well acquainted with Mr. Montague's intentions, and who had been an executor to the former will, and, indeed, had read it, and assisted in drawing it up.

"Look at the will yourselves, gentlemen!" said Mr. Black.

They looked, and certainly the names stood as he had read them.

A scarcely perceptible glance passed between Alfred and O'Flynn; it was only observed by Mr. Barwell, but, of course, he did not seem to notice it further than by fixing his eyes for a few moments steadily on Alfred's face. Alfred met his gaze with the most perfect *sang froid*—with entire composure of countenance. He had probably never heard of that very pertinent French proverb:

"Le mot que vous avez dit, c'est votre maître. Le mot que vous n'avez pas dit, c'est votre esclave."

But he acted upon its principle, and prudently held his tongue, whatever thoughts, angry or otherwise, might have been passing through his mind.

"I think, gentlemen," said the rector, "it would be as well to let the will be read through without interruptions or remarks; when it is finished, it will be time to make any observations on its tenor which the executors, or the heirs, or those present on behalf of any of the heirs, may see fit to bring forward."

Mr. Percy was very anxious and fidgety to hear the will, for he thought it probable that Mr. Montague might have left him a handsome legacy.

There was no opposition made to this proposal, and Mr. Black recommenced reading the document aloud:

"A sum of 6000*l.* was left to Mrs. Alfred Percival for her sole use and benefit; 4000*l.* were left to her daughter, Cecilia Montague Percival, on account of her being Mr. Montague's name-daughter and god-daughter; 3000*l.* were bequeathed to Miss Edith Barwell; handsome legacies were left to the old gentleman's confidential servants, Winslow and his wife; sums of money to each of the other domestics in his establishment; 500*l.* to the poor of Woodbury and its neighbourhood; and, lastly, 1000*l.* to each of his executors, who, as in his former will, were Mr. Barwell and one of the old gentlemen from London."

As Mr. Black had proceeded with the legacies, Mr. Percy's face had been getting longer and longer, and when the document was finished, his jaw dropped, giving an evident sign of his disappointment and dismay.

"Nothing to me!" he exclaimed, in his own mind. "My curate will have the benefit of the money left to Edith Barwell—too bad! and 500*l.* thrown away upon the poor, forsooth—and not even left to me to distribute! He might have paid me *that* compliment, at least; he might have named me an executor also, and given me 1000*l.* I wonder if I were down for anything in the first will."

"When was this new will drawn up, Mr. Black?" asked the Reverend Mr. Percy.

Mr. Black did not know when.

"When was it executed, then—when was it signed?"

Mr. Black replied: "It was signed, I see, on the evening of Mr. Montague's death."

"Who witnessed the signature?" demanded the London executor.



Mr. Black handed the will to him, and the names of the witnesses affixed were : Daniel O'Flynn and Martha Tomkins. There was a dead pause.

"My uncle was very anxious to have the will signed," said Alfred, "and desired me to call up Mr. O'Flynn, who was in the house ; he himself suggested that the sick-nurse, if she could write, might be the other witness."

"Is the will in Mr. O'Flynn's writing ?" asked the London executor.

"No. Mr. O'Flynn was absent from home, and it was written out, according to the usual forms, by his clerk."

"Is the original will destroyed ?" demanded Mr. Percy.

"I believe not," replied Alfred. "I will go for it." He left the room, and speedily returned with the old will, which had a line of ink drawn down two or three of its first pages.

The will was examined with curiosity by most present, and with particular attention by Mr. Percy. With the exception that Alfred's name was substituted for that of Edgar, and Edgar took his place, there was not the slightest difference in the amounts of the sums and legacies bequeathed and in the names of the recipients : only there was in the first will a codicil written in Mr. Montague's own handwriting, leaving 6000*l.* to Agnes, and 4000*l.* to her little girl, while these bequests were embodied in the second will. At the end of the original will was written in pencil, in a tremulous hand, but apparently Mr. Montague's, "*This will to be altered.*"

Of course no more inquiries were made. The London executor congratulated Alfred on his heirship ; Mr. Barwell said nothing ; but Mr. Percy, angry at not having come in for any of the loaves and fishes, grunted : "Perhaps Mr. Howard may choose to contend this new will."

"You little know my cousin Edgar," exclaimed Alfred, with a scornful sneer, "if you think he could be guilty of such an act ! Mr. Montague had a right to dispose of his property as he pleased. I suppose no one will deny *that* ?"

As was to have been expected, Mr. Montague's last will, and the change in favour of Alfred, was a nine days' wonder at Woodbury and in the whole county ; it was discussed everywhere, and various were the opinions pronounced respecting it. Some said that nothing else was to be expected from "so whimsical an old man." Others, in regard to the absent Edgar, quoted the old proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind ;" not a few ascribed to the influence and machinations of Mrs. Percival ; her husband's good fortune ; and there were not wanting some who shook their heads distrustfully, and ventured even to whisper that "all was not as it should be."

This uncharitable surmise might perhaps have originated with the confidential servant, Winslow, who, as has been hinted before, had imbibed more than his master's dislike to Alfred, and was much chagrined at "the turn things had taken." He had his "misgivings" and his "reasons," the strongest of which was, doubtless, a suspicious circumstance. When Mr. Montague died, a pen was found grasped so firmly in his hand, that it would have been impossible to have removed it thence, unless the thumb or the forefinger had been cut off. Rather than that the corpse should be thus mutilated, the body was buried with the pen still fixed in the clenched hand.

To account for the odd fact of the dying man holding a pen at all, Alfred and O'Flynn both said that Mr. Montague, after seeming for some time to enjoy a tranquil sleep, had suddenly awoke, raving about his nephew, Edgar Howard, and insisting upon seeing him. That he was with much difficulty brought to remember how far away Edgar was; and that he then became equally anxious to write a few words of farewell to him. It was in vain they tried to dissuade him; he *would* make the effort; and just as they had placed the pen in his hand, and were supporting him to write, he was seized with strong convulsions, which speedily terminated in death.

### III.

#### O'FLYNN'S INCREASING PRESUMPTION.

ALFRED PERCIVAL did not hear any of the malevolent reports circulated about his acquisition of Mr. Montague's property, or, if he heard, he did not notice them, and, established at Woodbury in triumphant independence of his father, and of all the world, he had nothing to do but to be happy.

All that he had coveted was his. Fate had smiled upon his every wish; yet was he happy? No—for,

Happiness is not the growth of earth.

It might have been the desire for some unattained possession; it might have been some vain longing; it might have been some secret care that gnawed at his heart, but Alfred Percival was *not* happy. He seemed always wearied and out of spirits; young as he was, there was none of the buoyancy of youth about him. He was easily fretted, and was apt to take offence where no offence was meant, and he cared less than ever to mix in the society of the neighbourhood. He continued, to a certain extent, Mr. Montague's charities, but they were not bestowed with the open hand and kind feeling which had made them so precious to the recipients of the old gentleman's bounty.

The amiable and simple-minded Agnes, on the contrary, who had not been cradled in the lap of luxurious ease, whose early days had passed under the cold shadows of poverty, privation, and domestic gloom, thankfully acknowledged her present comforts, blessed Heaven that had more than realised her brightest dreams, and looked abroad on the fair face of nature with the glad eyes of guileless youth.

She had little more than two sources of regret. The one was for the loss of her kind friend, Mr. Montague, whose death she sincerely lamented. The other was her sympathy in the feelings of the disinherited heir, Edgar Howard.

"Oh, how I wish," she over and over again exclaimed to herself, "that the dear old gentleman had but divided his fortune equally between his grand-nephews! There would have been enough for both, and poor Edgar would not have been so disappointed, and *we* need not have felt as if we were interlopers. How will dear Alfred's cousin take the unwelcome intelligence!"

The tidings of the unexpected destination of Mr. Montague's wealth had to be conveyed to his discarded heir, and Agnes generously urged Alfred to divide their late uncle's fortune equally between his absent

cousin and himself. But Alfred by no means relished the proposition. Judging by himself, he feared that Edgar would grasp at the offer; to Agnes, however, he pleaded the inutility of such a proposal to a man of Edgar's pride.

"He would be more offended than pleased, believe me, Agnes. I know Edgar well. No doubt the loss of the inheritance to which he has looked forward from his childhood will be a grievous disappointment to him, but he will pretend to be very stoical about it; he would fain have it believed that glory, not fortune, has ever been the idol of his heart."

"A nobler idol!" exclaimed Agnes, with enthusiasm, the blood of her brave ancestors warming within her. "Who would not rather acquire fame—the fame that waits on the patriot or the hero—than sit down in nameless insignificance amidst heaps of gold?"

"The possessor of 'heaps of gold,' Agnes, need not be insignificant. There is no surer path to distinction than that which is paved with gold."

"Dear Alfred, surely there are distinctions which gold cannot purchase. It cannot command genius or powers of mind; it cannot prompt the daring deed; it cannot bestow an ancient name, interwoven, perhaps, with history, and bearing in its very sound the record of lofty achievements."

"There spoke your Scotch pride of ancestry," said Alfred, laughing. "Your old great-grandmother sowed good seed in you, Agnes—at least, sowed the seed of family pride in a good soil. I am sure your aunt, Miss Meeny, now, would barter her illustrious name for a little solid cash. What do you think?"

"On the contrary, I think my poor Aunt Meeny is very tenacious on the score of her name; you know she has never forgiven me for exchanging *the Stuart* for Percival."

"True; but probably an individual of her peculiar opinions on the virtue of celibacy and the crime of matrimony would not have forgiven you had you exchanged the Stuart even for one of the orthodox Highland *Macs*—Macdonald, Macleod, Mackay, or that most unpronounceable of all cognomens, MacLaughlan. No, you ought to have remained 'Miss Stuart' to the end of your days, and been doomed to 'lead apes in hell,' which I think the fancy of some very impolite poet has represented to be the occupation and position of ancient spinsters here, in the next world."

"Not a very enviable destiny, certainly," said Agnes, smiling. "But to return to your cousin. You *will* offer him a part, at least, of what was to have been all his—won't you?"

"Well, I may offer him a part, but he would be affronted at my even hinting at an equal division. Edgar would rather *give* than *take*. You can have no idea how proud he is—proud to a fault."

"Such pride is rather a virtue than a fault, nearly allied as it is to generosity. I have heard so much in favour of Edgar from poor Mr. Montague, that I quite long to become acquainted with him. I hope he will soon return to England."

The hope was not responded to by Alfred; and O'Flynn, who had just joined them, remarked, with his peculiar grin:

"So you wish Howard may soon come back to England, Mrs. Percival—humph! I should say he is better where he is. We might find him rather troublesome just now, with all his generosity."

"We!" thought Agnes. "What right have *you* to identify yourself with us?" But she suppressed the question, and Alfred immediately changed the subject of conversation.

Agnes found that O'Flynn himself was becoming very troublesome. He had always been forward and presuming when he received the least encouragement, but now he assumed a dictatorial air that Agnes could ill brook. He seemed to think that he had *carte blanche* to do and say what he pleased at Woodbury. He frequently presumed to address *her* in a tone of vulgar gallantry that was extremely displeasing to her; for Agnes was not one of those women who are so greedy of admiration that they will stoop to receive it no matter how, or by whom offered, while over Alfred he appeared to possess that degree of sway which might have been best described in a phrase suitable to O'Flynn's general mode of expression—viz. he had him entirely "under his thumb." O'Flynn projected and rejected plans, put up and pulled down buildings, and took upon himself to advise, or rather to direct in everything.

He did not exactly reside at Woodbury Hall, but an apartment had been allotted to him there by Alfred's desire, and he came whenever he pleased, and stayed as long as he pleased. The extreme distance and coldness of Mrs. Percival's manners made no impression upon him; he never seemed to think that he could be *de trop*; the scowling looks of Winslow, who still continued to be major-domo, the unconcealed sneers of the other servants, all seemed unobserved by him, though he noted them faithfully in his memory, to be repaid with interest at some convenient period; for Mr. O'Flynn had visions of an entire change in the household of the late Mr. Montague, as far as all his domestics went, at least. He felt very sure that Alfred, who also detested the Winslows, would willingly part with them; and he believed there would be no difficulty in getting rid of all the rest, with the exception of Alfred's own groom.

This groom was O'Flynn's particular aversion; he was jealous of the influence the young man seemed to have acquired over Alfred, though O'Flynn was well aware that the groom's knowledge of, or suspicion of, his master's little affair with Rose Ashford was the cause of that gentleman's indulgence towards him. The groom took no trouble to propitiate the Irish lawyer. He never touched his hat to him, or showed any of those small marks of respect which Mr. O'Flynn considered due to him; therefore that worthy was in direct antagonism to his friend's servant. But he made no complaint; he was content to wait until an opportunity should occur to insinuate to Mr. Percival that the groom was not to be depended on.

"And then," he said to himself, with his usual disagreeable chuckle, "away he goes! I could tell Percival to-morrow that he must dismiss the fellow; but, on account of that business of Rose, he might be restive; better leave it alone for a while."

Notwithstanding, however, this condescending determination on the part of Daniel O'Flynn, he was really so overbearing, that even Alfred's complaisance at length began to give way, and he not only listened to Agnes's complaints, but himself joined in blaming his friend. However, he was not willing to come to any rupture with him, and Agnes was obliged to be content with the assurance that he would endeavour by degrees to get rid of him.

## IV.

## THE SUICIDE.

DEATH was again busy in the families of Alfred and Agnes; but this time he came not unsought or unprovoked. The elder Mr. Percival had been esteemed more than "a good man," in the mercantile acceptation of the term. He had been considered extremely opulent, and not even his intimate friends had entertained the most remote idea of the real state of his affairs.

But no plan of deception can *always* be carried on with equal success. The hour of discovery must arrive at last; and Mr. Percival's downfall was as sudden as it was complete. The reputation for wealth had been to him as the breath of life, since it enabled him to indulge in his ruling passion—speculation. He was, in fact, a *mercantile gambler*, a character much more dangerous to society than that of the reckless individual who, with frenzied folly, stakes his all on the throw of the dice.

Mr. Percival was a ruined man. To conceal his affairs longer was impracticable—to retrieve them hopeless: and he who had gloried in the name of being rich, could ill endure the ignominy of poverty. He had not strength of mind to bear worldly mortification, yet—strange and dreadful infatuation!—he could dare to rush unbidden into that mysterious, that illimitable futurity from whence there is no escape! He died by his own hand! May we not suppose THE ANGEL OF DEATH addressing these words to the SUICIDE:

What wouldst thou, mortal rash and blind?  
Has madness triumphed o'er thy mind,  
That thou seek'st the deep, mysterious gloom  
Of the world within the silent tomb?

Mortal! I heard thy frenzied call,  
Afair in yonder shadowy hall,  
Where spirits, passing on their way  
To Heaven or Hell, a moment stay.  
Could but thine eye have glanced around  
Those flitting forms; could but one sound  
That there is heard have caught thine ear,  
Thou hadst not dared to bring me here!

I read thy heart—thou loathest life,  
Thou faintest 'neath the inward strife  
Of passions uncontrolled; for thee  
No more Hope chants her melody,  
But Disappointment and Regret,  
Like spectral foes, thy steps beset—  
Till thou wouldst fly to aught unknown,  
To 'scape the ills thyself hast sown.

Well! I have answered to thy call,  
Behold the black funereal pall!  
Behold the coffin's narrow bed,  
Where thou shalt lay thine aching head!  
Come! bid yon sunlit fields adieu,  
And yonder skies, so brightly blue;

Bid Ocean's sparkling waves farewell,  
And the green hills that softly swell;  
All nature's scenes for thee must close,  
Along with life and earthly woes.

At my cold touch why startest thou?  
'Tis vain to shrink and tremble now!  
I came not sent by His decree,  
Whose word is law to thee and me;  
But summoned by *thy* daring hand,  
To bear thee to yon viewless land.  
Come then! for death brooks no delay,  
Mortal! with me thou must away;  
And, let me whisper in thine ear,  
While all around is fading here,  
ETERNITY! Thou shudderest now—  
Cold dews are rising on thy brow;  
ETERNITY! What wilt thou feel  
When million voices loudly peal  
That word of awe and mystery  
Around thee, where thou soon shalt be?

Away—away to the judgment-seat  
Of HIM whom thou hast sought to meet.  
Before HIM how shalt thou appear,  
Whom spirits pure adore, yet fear?  
What sentence may thy crime await,  
Oh thou! who thus hast dared thy fate?  
Lost mortal! follow to the tomb,  
And to thine everlasting doom!

The intelligence of Mr. Percival's failure and his suicide reached Woodbury at the same moment. Agnes was deeply shocked, and sincerely grieved at the melancholy fate of her father-in-law, though she had no cause to like or to lament him. Alfred, too, was shocked and grieved. But the loss of his father weighed with him as nothing compared to the loss of his father's supposed fortune. He was quite stunned by this blow. From his early boyhood he had been looking forward to the vast wealth of which he was to be the sole inheritor. His father had not married young, and was well stricken in years; therefore, notwithstanding his good health, the time had not appeared very distant to his cold-hearted son when, in the course of nature, the elder Mr. Percival would be removed to another world, and as he could not take his hoards into the grave with him, they would become the property of his heir.

Often had the dutiful son said to himself, and occasionally the same complaint had been confided to the sympathising ears of Mr. O'Flynn:

"My father is very tough. The old fellow has not even the gout, and he takes as much care of himself as if he were made of glass. But he *must* go some day, and then I shall have a nice haul."

The wretched man had removed himself from the world, but the gold that would have consoled his son and heir—where was it? Alas! he had left his coffers empty, and Alfred was cruelly disappointed, and very indignant at having been "so shamefully cheated."

He looked so miserable, that Agnes became quite unhappy about him. It was the mode of his father's death, she imagined, which had made such a powerful impression upon him, and she endeavoured to console him.

"Dearest Alfred! try to bear up under this sad affliction!" she said. "It is, indeed, a frightful event, a terrible trial for you. The death of your poor father under any circumstances would have been a great bereavement to you, but of course it is doubly distressing on account of your having displeased him, and because he has—has made away with himself. But he must have been ill, though you did not know it; he must have been in a state of delirium, temporary insanity, when he committed the awful act. Oh! let us hope that the God of mercy may pardon him. What remorse I feel for having come between you and him! But for that imprudent elopement of ours, he would not have quarrelled with you; you would have been with him if he were ill, and have saved him from this appalling act! It is a weight upon my conscience, but do not let it affect you so deeply, my dear Alfred. You did what you could—you sought to be reconciled. It was not your imprudence which preyed upon his mind, it was evidently the unfortunate state of his affairs."

"It is dreadful altogether," groaned Alfred. "There does not seem to have been any sudden smash. Bad work has been going on somewhere. There will be a most disagreeable investigation into his affairs. I absolutely dread it. I hate to go among those greedy scoundrels of creditors, and yet I must go to London immediately. I hope everything is not lost; it will be very hard upon me—very hard! And my worthy father may have swamped, too, my mother's little legacy to me of the three thousand pounds, which you once thought such a handsome fortune, Agnes."

Alfred did not launch into any further complaints to Agnes relative to the loss of the wealth he had expected to inherit; O'Flynn was the depository of his disappointment, anger, and regret, and he did not scruple to execrate his wretched father's memory to him, and blame him, in the strongest terms, not for committing suicide, but for losing his money, "like an old idiot."

There was something in Agnes's unaffected goodness that always checked Alfred when he was on the point of exposing the real feelings of his evil heart. Yet had Agnes not been blinded by her affection for her husband, and her own unsuspecting uprightness, she might, more than once, have discovered the leaven of wickedness that was at work within him.

## V.

### THE FATAL NECKLACE.

AGNES had scarcely resumed her wonted cheerfulness, and cast off the heavy gloom which Mr. Percival's unhappy end had occasioned, when another and a worse blow awaited her, and she was doomed to lament the disgrace of her mother, and the untimely death of her father, Colonel Stuart.

The parents of Agnes had never returned to Britain from the period when they had left her in the care of Lady Glen Alpine, and her grand-aunt, Miss Meeny. They had resided since then entirely on the Continent, and chiefly in France and Italy. Their family had only been increased by one daughter, mentioned before, who was some years younger than Agnes, and in whom centred all their affections, and all their parental hopes.

Madeleine—she bore one of her mother's names—was a beautiful child, and, what is seldom the case with beautiful children, she became handsomer as she grew older. She was full of grace, vivacity, and a certain degree of cleverness, which was fitted for, and developed by, the education bestowed on her. Her parents, who agreed in nothing else, were equally anxious about the accomplishments of their little idol, and were desirous that she should shine in society.

Mrs. Stuart paid serious attention to Madeleine's dancing—her air, her carriage, her style of dress, and to the cultivation of those nameless little graces which impart such a charm to the manner and the person.

Colonel Stuart, on his part, took pains that Madeleine should study the elegances of language, that she should recite well, write pretty billets, and speak with fluency some of the modern tongues of Europe. But he did not insist on her reading much. Mrs. Stuart said reading would spoil her eyes; and her father thought, if such was to be the price of knowledge, it would be too dearly purchased. Yet she must not seem ignorant; a certain modicum of literature was necessary to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the age, and Madeleine, who was blessed with a retentive memory, was taught the names of the popular authors of the day, and made to get by heart selections from the best known passages in their works, so as to be able, when necessary, to quote from them with good effect. A few of the most prominent facts in ancient and modern history were also impressed on her recollection. She was taught a little of the *jargon* of art; could talk of statues and pictures without making very unpardonable blunders, and was familiar with the names of the best composers from the time of Sebastian Bach, from the memorable era of the wars of Gluck and Piccini, down to those who led the musical world in her own day.

She played tolerably well, and sang prettily the French romances, which were then so much the fashion; and those who heard her might have fancied she had some soul, as she warbled:

"Félicité passée  
Que ne peut revenir,"

or "*L'hirondelle, et le proscrit*," both very plaintive airs. She knew little, it was true, of Molière, Corneille, or Racine, but much of the actors who personated their heroes and heroines, still more of the dancers who formed the *corps de ballet*. In short, she appeared well educated, taking that word not in its most extensive sense. Above all, she was utterly ignorant on those subjects with which it most concerns all rational beings to be acquainted.

She knew nothing of the great truths of religion. To her the Bible was a sealed book, and its holy precepts—the only guides through time to eternity—had never been impressed on her youthful mind. Even the rules of morality had been negligently imparted to her; and experience had taught her that it was, in the eyes of her father and her mother, a greater fault to commit a *gaucherie* than to break one of the Ten Commandments. The example, too, and the conversation of her parents and her parents' friends, were ill calculated to foster in Madeleine pious and virtuous feelings.

Mrs. Stuart had no principles of any kind; her only aim in life seemed



to be the search for amusement; she was frivolity personified. Like the gay and sportive butterfly, she fluttered away her brief existence—ever on the wing, the chase of pleasure; yet not like the harmless insect, innocent in her folly.

Colonel Stuart was a man of abilities and education, chivalrous in his ideas of honour, and tenacious of the world's good name. But, unhappily, he had imbibed those perverted opinions which became so dangerously prevalent during that mad period of pretended liberalism, but actual despotism—the great French Revolution. That period which should serve as a warning to the infatuated of other nations, when the destroying scythe of *Reform* swept down religion, virtue, and peace, overturning the Church, the Monarchy, and the State, involving in one common ruin the high and the low, the great, the good, and the innocent, to glut the avarice and feed the fury of a factious mob.

Colonel Stuart was neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant, neither Jew nor Gentile; he was—an Atheist, and it was not to be expected that he would inculcate in his daughter that belief which he affected to despise. It was not, however, to his associating with the “*beaux esprits*,” as they styled themselves, the gay infidels of France, that Colonel Stuart owed his utter irreligion, but to the heavy materialists of Germany, to those self-lauding theorists who boasted of their learning and their philosophy, but who were, in reality, as ignorant, though not as blameless, as the beasts of the field.

Although his parents resided at Vienna, he had been principally educated under the auspices of some relations of his mother at Berlin, that hotbed of irreligion and iniquity. There he had listened to the shocking tenets which the corrupt teachers of youth did not blush to disseminate, and which have rendered the Prussian character what it is at the present day—one word will describe it—*despicable*.

He was a gay man, but dissipation did not lead him into low vice; on the contrary, he was extremely *recherché* in his gallantries, and very aristocratic was the list of the fair dames who had accepted of his *devoirs*. For his wife he had ceased to care very soon after his marriage; her jealousy had for a time annoyed him, but that feeling seemed to have worn out on her part, and, so that she did not interfere with his pleasures, he was content to let her follow her own devices, never, however, suspecting that she, too, had her *liaisons*.

He knew her to be vain and fond of admiration; in her principles he had no faith, yet he trusted her entirely—and why?

“Because she was a fool, and had not wit enough to deceive him.”

Fool as she was though, Mrs. Stuart *could* deceive. She had cunning, that quality which, as base coin will occasionally circulate for sterling gold, sometimes passes for real cleverness, and it had fully answered her purpose. Her different friendships, not always Platonic, had remained undiscovered; and, either grown more hardened or more careless, Mrs. Stuart at length took less pains to conceal her conduct.

A splendid necklace which she wore one night at a ball, and to which her husband's attention was directed by the beautiful parvenue duchess on whom he was in attendance, and who envied the magnificent jewels, was the first thing to awaken his suspicion. He knew she could not afford to purchase such expensive ornaments; he knew that this particular set

was not among the jewels, valuable though these were, which she had inherited from her mother's family. How had she become possessed of that costly necklace? It struck him that he had seen it, or one exactly like it, a few days before at the shop of a fashionable jeweller, and had sighed that his limited finances had prevented him from buying it as a birthday gift to his adorable duchess.

And his own wife was wearing it!

He went next morning to the jeweller's shop where he thought he had seen it, and there heard, to his dismay, that it had been purchased by a rich milord Anglais!

Colonel Stuart did not dream of asking himself this question:

"Quelle femme prendrait un amant, si son mari lui donne ce qu'un amant donne? Non pas seulement des soins, des prévenances, des attentions, de l'amitié; mais—un peu d'amour!"

What *French woman*, at least, he might have asked; for the question would not have applied to English ladies, the code of female morality, happily, being by no means the same in the countries separated by the Straits of Dover.

Colonel Stuart was suddenly roused from his blind security. His violence appalled his wife, and, deserting her home and her child, she fled with the profligate Englishman who was her then admirer, and who had no objection to the éclat of an elopement. Stuart followed the fugitives, and, tracing them from Paris, he overtook them at an obscure inn on the confines of Belgium. The injured and the injurer met, not again to part without deadly strife.

A duel was the inevitable result. The fiery Colonel Stuart would not postpone his vengeance even for a few hours; the spot fixed on was a field at some little distance from the inn, and there—with no eye to witness them but the immortal eyes that beheld them from the high heavens above, by the light of the cold, calm moon—they, the equally guilty, sought to take the life which God had bestowed—the life which had been misapplied and misspent by both, and through which neither had given one serious thought to the awful hour of death, on which they were now madly about to rush!

They fought, and Colonel Stuart fell, mortally wounded. The report of the pistols had roused and alarmed the peaceful inmates of a neighbouring cottage, and with their humane assistance the dying man was conveyed to the little inn, whose simple inhabitants had also been terrified by sounds so unusual amidst the happy quiet of these humble scenes. The unfortunate Colonel Stuart lingered a few hours in much bodily and mental anguish, attended, in spite of his earnest remonstrances, by the man who had so deeply wronged, the woman who had so shamefully deceived him. It was a bitter pang to him that *they* should witness his sufferings; but he was too feeble to oppose their will, and they would not leave him to die by himself.

When all was over, however, his body was committed to the care of strangers, and Mrs. Stuart and her companion set off instantly for Brussels, to avoid any unpleasant investigation which might, perhaps, be entered into by the local authorities. No one thought of detaining them, and they went their way—it would be charity to hope—not rejoicing.

## FORBEAR TO JUDGE.

WHAT THE KING SAID OF THE CARDINAL.

A ROYAL VETO.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

APPALLED were all who gazed on the last struggles of Cardinal Beaufort, rendered hideous by the tortures of agonizing remorse. Hope had he none. Despair was impersonated in the frenzied contortions of that dying man. King and peers stood beside the death-bed, awe-stricken and shocked. The king prayed for the cardinal, that the Eternal mover of the heavens might "look with a gentle eye upon this wretch:

O beat away the busy meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,  
And from his bosom purge this black despair."

See, says a less gentle observer, Warwick, how the pangs of death do make him grin. Royal Henry, on devouter thoughts intent, bids "peace to his soul," in parting, "if God's pleasure be." And then the monarch solemnly, urgently, importunes the moribund cardinal to give some token, ere he quite depart, that Despair has not made him all her own: "Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss, hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope." But the cardinal—dies, and makes no sign. The appeal is fruitless: no hand is held up; no signal of hope displayed. The baffled prince, cut to the heart, can but exclaim, "He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!" Warwick again interposes a harsher voice, "So bad a death argues a monstrous life," he is sure. But his sovereign hushes his damning criticism with a right royal veto:

FORBEAR TO JUDGE, *for we are sinners all.*

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation.\*

Forbear to judge. And the Shakspearean Henry practises in person the monition thus enforced. It is his rule to check in himself every tendency to uncharitable judgment. As when proof all but positive distresses him of his uncle Glo'ster's death being due to violence, he yet restrains the bent of his convictions by the prayer,

O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;  
For judgment only doth belong to Thee!†

It is by the death-bed of the man self-convicted of Duke Humphrey's death, that Henry can yet say, even of him, when from so bad a death is argued a monstrous life, Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

\* Second Part of King Henry VI., Act III. Sc. 3.

† Ibid., Act III. Sc. 2.

Are we to infer that Shakspeare was himself for backing to the full this royal veto? That, perhaps, were going too far. The veto is dramatically true to character, and designedly characteristic of the royal speaker. But if Shakspeare himself (we are assuming him to be the author of this disputed play) would or could scarcely in this particular instance have enforced such a lesson of charity, we may at least be assured, from the large tolerance and subtle apprehension so patent in his own kingly nature, that he would, in spirit, have echoed the king's *forbear*. Perhaps his own feeling might be as nearly as possible expressed in other words of his, put into the mouth of quite another character, and referring to quite another occasion :

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?  
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him.\*

Forbear to judge, is, nevertheless, the moral of this strain, as of the other. Human ignorance in the one case, human frailty in the other, ousts human nature from the judgment-seat.

No man, avers Sir Thomas Browne, can justly censure or condemn another; because, in fact, no man truly knows another. "This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. . . . Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself."† In a former section of this his profession of faith, this good physician warns those who, upon a rigid application of the law, sentence Solomon unto damnation,‡ that they condemn not only him, but themselves, and the whole world; "for, by the letter and written word of God, we are without exception in the state of death: but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his own law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which Solomon might be as easily saved as those who condemn him."§

The Vicar of Gravenhurst, in his position of parish priest, owns himself compelled to confess that the best people are not the best in every relation of life, and the worst not bad in every relation of life; so that, with experience, he finds himself growing lenient in his blame, if also reticent in his praise. "Again and again I say to myself that only the Omniscient can be equitable judge of human beings—so complicated are our virtues with our failings, and so many are the hidden virtues, as well as hidden vices, of our fellow-men."|| If judge at all we dare, and do, be it in the spirit and to the letter of Wordsworth's counsel :

From all rash censure be the mind kept free;  
He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice  
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.¶

\* Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 3.

† Religio Medici, part ii. sect. iv.

‡ St. Augustine, Lyra, Bellarmine, and others, are chargeable with this judgment and sentence.

§ Ibid., part i. sect. lvii.

|| Gravenhurst, or Thoughts on Good and Evil, by Wm. Smith, p. 276.

¶ Ecclesiastical Sonnets, part ii. No. 1.

Well and wisely said La Bruyère, that "*La règle de Descartes, qui ne veut pas que l'on décide sur les moindres vérités avant qu'elles soient connues clairement et distinctement, est assez belle et assez juste, pour devoir s'étendre au jugement que l'on fait des personnes.*"\* Real character, as William Hazlitt says, is not one thing, but a thousand things; actual qualities do not conform to any factitious standard in the mind, but rest upon their own truth and nature. "The dull stupor under which we labour in respect of those whom we have the greatest opportunities of inspecting nearly, we should do well to imitate, before we give extreme and uncharitable verdicts against those whom we only see in passing, or at a distance."†

Well—after all—

What know we of the secret of a man?  
His nerves were wrong. What ails us, who are sound,  
That we should mimic this raw fool, the world,  
Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,  
As ruthless as a baby with a worm,  
As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows  
To Pity—more from ignorance than will.‡

Who can say, asks Samuel Rogers, "In such circumstances I should have done otherwise?" Who, did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange concurrences, we are led astray; with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many sighs, how many tears—who, did he but reflect for a moment, would have the heart to cast a stone?§

The autobiographer of one of Mr. Wilkie Collins's earlier fictions proposes in an opening chapter to give a sketch of his character. But he sensibly refrains from the execution of a too ambitious plan. For, "what man can say: I will sound the depth of my own vices and measure the height of my own virtues; and be as good as his word? We can neither know nor judge ourselves—others may judge, but cannot know us—God alone judges and knows too."||

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring—its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it.¶

Dunsford the essayist's objection to all hasty judgment of our fellow-creatures is based on the ground of its being "such an unscientific proceeding." You comment, he says, upon another man's conduct, and attribute motives to him. Now an ingenious and imaginative person—a lawyer making a speech for him—might show many different motives of equal probability. You fix upon one, perhaps because it is consonant to

\* *Les Caractères de La Bruyère*, ch. xii.

† *On the Knowledge of Character.*

‡ Tennyson, *Walking to the Mail.*

§ "Fortunately these things are known to Him, from whom no secrets are hidden; and let us rest in the assurance that His judgments are not as ours."—Rogers's *Italy.*

|| Basil, § ii.]

¶ Burns, *Address to the Unco Guid.*

your own mind and nature, or because it is the uppermost or easiest one to conjecture ; but really you often ignore the doctrine of chances, and perhaps you would find upon strict calculation that the chances are fairly four to one against your having named the right motive. As the winning horse is often "a dark one," at any rate not the favourite, so after all some obscure and improbable motive is often the true cause of a man's actions. In short, Dunsford maintains that our condemnation of others is often as unscientific as it is unchristian.\*

When the Doge of Venice, Foscari, in Byron's tragedy, agitated by the summons to judge his son, speculates somewhat wildly on the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world, Marina submissively suggests that

These are things we cannot judge  
On earth.

And how then, demands the old man,

And how then shall we judge each other,  
Who are all earth ?†

Mr. Lockhart, in the closing chapter of his admirable *Life of Scott*, quoting Keble's lines,

Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh,

declares considerations of this kind to have always induced him to regard with small respect any attempt to delineate fully and exactly any human being's character. He avows his distrust of our capacity for, even in very humble cases, judging our neighbour fairly ; and cannot but pity the presumption that must swell in the heart and brain of any ordinary brother of the race, when daring to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, on the whole structure and complexion of a great mind, from the comparatively narrow and scanty materials which can by possibility have been placed before him.‡

Men who see *into* their neighbours, observes Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, are very apt to be contemptuous ; but men who see *through* them find something lying behind every human soul which it is not for them to sit in judgment on, or to attempt to sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe.

The same wise-hearted writer—wise of heart as well as head—has a dialogue between doctor and minister concerning a quasi-reprobate, to whom the former has been kind, and about whose destiny the latter is hardly more severe than certain. "Bad enough, no doubt," Doctor Kittredge owns this scampish half-breed to be,—“but might be worse. Has some humanity left in him yet. Let him go. God can judge him,—I can't.” “You are too charitable, Doctor,” objects the minister. “He has saved his neck—but his soul is a lost one, I am afraid, beyond question.” “I can't judge men's souls,” the doctor replies. “I can judge their acts, and hold them responsible for those,—but I don't know much about their souls. If you or I had found our soul in a half-breed body, and then been turned loose to run among the Indians, we might have been playing just such tricks as this fellow has been trying.”§ What

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\* *Friends in Council*, Second Series, vol. ii. ch. xii.

† *The Two Foscari*, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ See *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, ch. lxxxiv.

§ *Elsie Venner*, ch. xxvii.

said a greater Doctor when Boswell asked him whether, in the case of an aggressor forcing on a duel by ill usage, and getting killed in it, there is not almost no "ground to hope that he is gone to a state of happiness?" "Sir," said Johnson, "we are not to judge determinately of the state in which a man leaves this life. He may in a moment have repented effectually." And then Johnson quoted, apparently with approval, at any rate with hopeful interest, an epitaph, from Camden's *Remains*, upon a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in which epitaph he is supposed to say, "Between the stirrup and the ground, I mercy asked, I mercy found." On another occasion Johnson appealed to Richard Baxter's avowed belief that a suicide—if hurried by sudden passion to self-slaughter—may be saved. And "if," says Baxter, "it should be objected that what I maintain may encourage suicide, I answer, I am not to tell a lie to prevent it."\* Who, as Campbell asks, after surmising that the hand which smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone to deeds of mercy,

—Who may understand  
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?  
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.†

*Qualis vita, finis ita*, is a rhyming proverb not quite worthy of all acception. That Country Parson whose *Recreations* made him a name—such name at least as four initials may comprise—declares himself to have no look but one of sorrow and pity to cast on the poor suicide's grave, and thinks the common English verdict is right as well as charitable, which supposes that in every such case reason has become unhinged, and responsibility is gone. "No doubt it is the saddest of all sad ends; but I do not forget that a certain Authority, the highest of all authorities, said to all human beings, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' The writer has, in the course of his duty, looked upon more than one suicide's dead face; and the lines of Hood appeared to sketch the fit feeling with which to do so:"‡

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour;  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her soul to her Saviour.§

A different spirit informs the Kirk from the day when Wishart complained that, in their arrogance, her ministers, "as if they had been privy to the councils of God, or the dispensers of His vengeance to the world," presumed to pronounce upon the future state of their adversaries, and "doomed them, both body and soul, to eternal torments."|| Pity but the poet had been better man and Christian who wrote these strong lines on damnatory sentences *de mortuis*, even when there remains nought to show

—save a life misspent,—  
And soul—but who shall answer where it went?

\* See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, sub anno 1783; April 20, and May 29.

† Campbell's *Miscellaneous Poems*, *Lines on the Grave of a Suicide*.

‡ Concerning *Disappointment and Success*. (*Recreations*, Second Series, p. 62.)

§ *Bridge of Sighs*.

|| Wishart's *Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose*.

'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead ; and they  
Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,  
Unless those bullies of eternal pains  
Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their worse brains.\*

More in a reverent spirit, and in a farther-seeing one, is the mystic finale of the Laureate's memorable Vision of Sin, and its open verdict on the obscure crime of a great criminal :

At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"  
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,  
*But in a tongue no man could understand ;*  
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.†

Never let it be forgotten, insists a Quarterly Reviewer, that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single human being of which other men have such a knowledge,—its ultimate grounds,—its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment.

The writings of Mr. Arthur Helps are honourably distinguished by an oft-recurring plea for mutual tolerance, on the ground of the little we really know one of another. In "Companions of my Solitude," for instance, the author remarks that were it only considered how utterly incompetent men are to talk of the conduct of others, as they do, the talkers would often be silenced at once, and the sufferers as readily consoled. Take the one question merely of difference of temperament,—which, amongst men, is probably as great as that amongst the different species of animals—as between that, for example, of the lively squirrel and the solemn crane. "Now, if only from this difference between them, the squirrel would be a bad judge of the felicity, or generosity, or the domestic conduct, of the crane.

"Probably when we are thinking or talking of a person, we recal some visual image of that person. I have thought what an instructive thing it would be, if under some magic influence, like that, for example, which would construct a 'palace of truth,' it were arranged that as we gave out our comments on the character or conduct of any person, this image on the retina of memory should change according to the truth, or rather the want of it, in our remarks. Gradually, feature after feature would steal away till we gazed at nonentity, or we should find another image glide into the field of view, somebody we had never seen perhaps, but to whom the comments we were uttering really did apply."

Accordingly, our author would have the sufferers from injurious and unjust comment treat the whole thing as one which lacked reality. No thoughtful man, he urges, ought to be long vexed at such stuff, immaterial in every sense.‡ Such stuff as dreams are made of.

In one of his Dialogues, again, he makes Dunsford declare the most curious thing, as regards people living together, to be the intense ignorance they sometimes are in of each other. And Milverton follows up the remark by adding, that people fulfil a relation towards each other,

\* Byron, *The Island*.

† Tennyson, *The Vision of Sin*, § v.

‡ *Companions of my Solitude*, ch. x.



and only know each other in that relation : they perform orbits round each other, each gyrating, too, upon his own axis, so that there are parts of the character of each which are never brought into view of the other.\* —In another Dialogue, Milverton refers to the habit divines have of reminding us, that, in forming our ideas of the government of Providence, we should recollect that we see only a fragment. The same observation, in its degree, he holds to be true as regards human conduct. "We see a little bit here and there, and assume the nature of the whole. Even a very silly man's actions are often more to the purpose than his friends' comments on them."†

In yet another of his works, this popular Essay-writer devotes an entire essay to the subject of our judgments of other men. Who does not feel, he asks, that to describe with fidelity the least portion of the entangled nature that is within him would be no easy matter? And yet the same man who feels this, and who, perhaps, would be ashamed of talking at hazard about the properties of a flower, of a weed, of some figure in geometry, will put forth his guesses about the character of his brother-man, as if he had the fullest authority for all that he was saying. It is shown in detail how an opinion of some man's character and conduct gets abroad which is formed after a wrong method, by prejudiced persons, upon a false statement of facts, respecting a matter which they cannot possibly understand; and how this is then left to be inflated by Folly, and blown about by Idleness.‡

There is among Wordsworth's Poems on the Naming of Places, one which is memorable if only as containing one of the most admired lines he ever wrote, descriptive of Lady of the Mere,

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance;

—but which is also pertinent to the present occasion, as pointing a moral, after the poet's wont to moralise his song. A man had been seen in the distance by the poet and his friends, angling. No great harm in that, my masters? Nay, but the angler was in peasant's garb, and the season was mid-harvest, and therefore, and on the spot, they voted him improvident and reckless. But when they came up to him, these over-hasty judges found in the man they had summarily condemned, a poor mortal wasted by sickness, and all too weak to labour in the harvest-field—but using his best skill to gain a pittance from the dead unfeeling lake that knew not of his wants:

I will not say  
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how  
The happy idleness of that sweet morn  
With all its lovely images, was changed  
To serious musing and to self-reproach.  
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
And temper all our thoughts with charity.  
—Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
My Friend, Myself, and She who then received  
The same admonishment, have called the place

\* Friends in Council, vol. i. ch. vii.

† Ibid., book ii. ch. iv.

‡ See Essays written in the Intervals of Business, § iv.; On our Judgments of other Men.

By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast ;  
And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name it bears.\*

Forbear to judge ; for how pitifully little is the all we really know one of another ! Mr. Froude has forcibly remarked—even admitting the remark to be a truism—that whoever has attended but slightly to the phenomena of human nature has discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition. “Every one is a perplexity to himself and a perplexity to his neighbours ; and men who are born in the same generation, who are exposed to the same influences, trained by the same teachers, and live from childhood to age in constant and familiar intercourse, are often little more than shadows to each other, intelligible in superficial form and outline, but divided inwardly by impalpable and mysterious barriers.”† And yet how ready each “weak unknowing hand” to hurl the bolts of Heaven against whomsoever it deems to be Heaven’s foe.

Sir James Stephen bids all hail to Rhadamanthus on his posthumous judgment-seat in the nether regions. But when Rhadamanthus comes above ground, holds in his hand the historical pen, and resolves all the enigmas of hearts which ceased to beat long centuries ago, more confidently than most of us would dare to interpret the mysteries of our own, Sir James for one wishes him back again at the confluence of Styx, Phlegethon, and Cocytus. For, “it is, after all, nothing more than the surface of human character which the retrospective scrutiny of the keenest human eye is able to detect.”‡ It is in a subsequent portion of the same instructive treatise, that the writer pronounces human justice to be severe, not merely because man is censorious, but because he reasonably distrusts himself, and fears lest his weakness should confound the distinctions of good and evil ; and divine justice to be lenient, because there alone love can flow in all its unfathomable depths and boundless expansion—impeded by no dread of error, and diverted by no misplaced sympathies.§

In the course of some remarks on the harshness with which man is disposed to regard the fellow-man whose doctrine, in matters of religious faith, differs from his own, the author of the *Caxton Essays* is impressive on the fact that He who hath reserved to Himself the right of judging, has imperatively said to man, whose faculty of judging must be, like man

\* The friends spoken of, were Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth. The scene was the eastern shore of Grasmere. The date of the poem is 1800.

† Froude, *History of England*, &c., vol. iv. p. 1.

‡ *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. i. ; The Founders of Jesuitism.

§ On the “false humility” which shrinks from all censure or reprobation of what is evil, under cover of the text “judge not, that ye be not judged”—as if it were the intent of that text, not to warn us against rash, presumptuous, and uncharitable judgments, but absolutely to forbid our taking account of the distinction between right and wrong,—see Mr. Henry Taylor’s essay on Humility and Independence, in his valuable “*Notes on Life*.” The man of true humility, we are there taught, will come to the task of judgment, on serious occasions, not lightly or unawed, but praying to have “a right judgment in all things ;” and whilst exercising that judgment in no spirit of compromise or evasion, he will feel that to judge his brother is a duty and not a privilege ; and he will judge him in sorrow, humbled by the contemplation of that fallen nature of which he is himself part and parcel.—See “*Notes from Life*” (1847), pp. 46 *seq.*

himself; erring and human, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Now, argues the Essayist, of all our offences, it is clear that that offence of which man can be the least competent judge is an offence of defective faith. "For faith belongs to our innermost hearts, and not to our overt actions. And religious faith is therefore that express tribute to the only Reader of all hearts, on the value of which man can never, without arrogant presumption, set himself up as judge."\*

If even-handed justice, says Mr. Anthony Trollope, were done throughout the world, some apology would be found for most offences. Not that the offences would thus be wiped away, and black become white; but much that is now very black would, he submits, be reduced to that sombre, uninviting shade of ordinary brown which is so customary to humanity.† It is much the same humane thought which underlies Pelayo's apology for Roderick, when we read how closely that generous prince would and did

—cherish in his heart the constant thought  
Something was yet untold, which, being known,  
Would palliate his offence, and make the fall  
Of one till then so excellently good,  
Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,  
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.‡

As one of George Eliot's good parsons has it, God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, he says, because we only hear and see separate words and actions—not each other's whole nature.§—Do not philosophic doctors tell us, again, the reflective author in person elsewhere muses, that we are unable to discern so much as a tree, except by an unconscious cunning which combines many past and separate sensations; that no one sense is independent of another, so that in the dark we can hardly taste a fricassee, or tell whether our pipe is alight or not, and the most intelligent boy, if accommodated with claws or hoofs instead of fingers, would be likely to remain on the lowest form? If so, it is easy to understand that our discernment of men's motives must depend on the completeness of the elements we can bring from our own susceptibility and our own experience. "See to it, friend, before you pronounce a too hasty judgment, that your own moral sensibilities are not of a hoofed or clawed character." For, as this penetrating writer insists, in continuation of the metaphor, the keenest eye will not serve, unless you have the delicate finger, with their subtle nerve filaments, which elude scientific lenses, and lose themselves in the invisible world of human sensations.||

Deeds which, to quote another popular though less powerful pen-woman,¶ our acquaintance designate our follies, may at another tribunal

\* *Caxtoniana: Faith and Charity.*

† Were we all turned inside out, however, Mr. Trollope elsewhere surmises, some of us might find "our shade of brown to be very dark."—*The Bertrams*, chap. xix.

‡ Southey: *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, § xvii.

§ *Scenes of Clerical Life*, Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story, chap. xix.

|| *Janet's Repentance*, chap. xi.

¶ Holme Lee, "*Kathie Brande*," chap. xix.

be our virtues—our single redeeming points; who judges rightly, who can rightly judge where so many of our efforts are bent to seem other than we are, and the universal conjuring trick of this world is to throw dust expertly in our neighbours' eyes?

Centuries ago, well-nigh twoseore, it was written by the most philosophic, and perhaps the best, of Roman emperors, that men's actions look worse than they are; and, says he, "one must be thoroughly informed of a great many things before one can be rightly qualified to give judgment in the case."\* The sceptic Bayle was better Christian than Scaliger, when he protested against the assertion of that peremptory scholar that Bellarmin did not believe a word of what he wrote, and was at heart an atheist: besides the testimony of Bellarmin's life and death-bed to the contrary, such judgments are, said Bayle (and no friend to the Jesuits he), a usurpation of the rights of One who alone is the Judge of hearts, and before whom there is no dissembling.

An apostle's reason given for the counsel, Speak not evil one of another, brethren,†—is this: that whoso speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law. Now, there is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy; who art thou that judgest another?

Oh what are we,  
Frail creatures as we are, that we should sit  
In judgment man on man! and what were we,  
If the All-merciful should mete to us  
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal  
Sinner to sinner metes!‡

No observant reader of Mr. Carlyle but will have noticed, if not (which were better) laid to heart, his habitual abstention from that dogmatism of the judgment-seat in which smaller spirits delight. For instance, in his moral estimate of so erring a genius as Hoffmann, if, in judging him, Mr. Carlyle is forced to condemn him, it is with mildness, with a desire to do justice. Let us not forget, urges the critic, that for a mind like Hoffmann's, the path of propriety was difficult to find, still more difficult to keep. "Moody, sensitive and fantastic, he wandered through the world like a foreign presence, subject to influences of which common natures have happily no glimpse." A good or a wise man we must not call him; but among the ordinary population of this world, "to note him with the mark of reprobation were ungrateful and unjust."§ So, again, in the same author's review of the life and writings of Werner—who, always, in some degree, an enigma to himself, may well be obscure to us. For "there are mysteries and unsounded abyasses in every human heart; and that is but a questionable philosophy which undertakes so readily to explain them." Religious belief especially, Mr. Carlyle urges, at least when it seems heartfelt and well intentioned, is no subject for harsh or even irreverent investigation. "He is a wise man that, having such a belief, knows and sees clearly the grounds of it in himself; and those, we imagine, who have explored with strictest scrutiny the secret of

\* Marcus Antoninus, *Meditations*, l. xi. chap. xviii.

† St. James, iv. 11 *sq.*

‡ Southey's *Roderick*, the *Last of the Goths*, c. x.

§ Appendix ii. to vol. iv. of *Carlyle's Critical Miscellanies*.

their own bosoms, will be least apt to rush with intolerant violence into that of other men's.\* Still more elaborate and emphatic is the exposition of this doctrine as applied to the case of Robert Burns. The world, it is alleged, is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men, since it decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Whereas, by Mr. Carlyle's doctrine, not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. "This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured: and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared to them!" Here, according to our author, lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnes, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. "Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful: but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."†

To a very different style of sinners the same judgment—rather the same refusal to judge—is accorded, when the doom of Chaumette, Gobel, and other reddest of red-republican reprobates, is rehearsed, in the history of France's reign of terror, while the Revolution was devouring, so greedily, her own children. "For Anaxagoras Chaumette, the sleek head now [April, 1794] stript of its *bonnet rouge*, [and a traveller by tumbril to Saint Guillotine,] what hope is there? Unless Death *were* 'an eternal sleep'? Wretched Anaxagoras, God shall judge thee, not I."‡

Once more: "Unhappy soul; who shall judge him?"§ is the historian's deprecating query, in the instance of August of Poland, the Physically Strong,—who dies, confessedly a *very* great sinner, early in 1733. Who shall judge him?

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find his failings, faults, and errors?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own short-comings and despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors!||

Corporal Trim was once moved to avow his belief—rather hotly, for his *esprit de corps* was piqued—that when a soldier "gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not."¶

\* Life and Writings of Werner: *Foreign Review*, No. 1 (1828).

† Essay on Burns, *Miscellanies*, vol. i.

‡ The French Revolution: a History; part iii. book vi. ch. iii.

§ History of Friedrich II., vol. ii. p. 477.

|| Longfellow, In the Churchyard at Cambridge.

¶ Tristram Shandy, vol. vi. ch. vi.

In a like spirit, another clerical novelist, of a more recent type, and whose distinctive evangel is Muscular Christianity, introduces a "double-first" candidate for orders who reminds him of Mr. Bye-Ends in Bunyan: "And yet," comes the charitable clause conditional, "I believe the man was really in earnest. He was really desirous to do what was right, as far as he knew it; and all the more desirous, because he saw, in the present state of society, what was right would pay him. God shall judge him, not I. Who can unravel the confusion of mingled selfishness and devotion that exist even in his own heart, much less in that of another?"\*

In Mr. Thackeray's instance, exception has been taken, on ethical grounds, by no vulgar critic, to his habit of shrinking from moral estimate as well as moral judgment, in dealing with his characters. Into that distinction not without a difference, this is not the place (nor this the pen) to enter. But the critic in question—for some years a main support of the *National Review*—recognises this avoidance of moral judgment as springing from kindly feeling, from the just and humble sense we all should have that our own demerits make it unseemly for us to ascend the judgment-chair, and from a wide appreciation of the variety and obscurity of men's real motives of action.†

## B E R T R A M.

### A T A L E.

"VAIN is the hope, by man's mere will, to stay  
The guilty passions on their headlong way;  
Once yielded to, no more they brook restraint;  
They grow resistless while we deem them faint;  
Subdue their victim ere he thinks them nigh;  
And even vanquish when they seem to fly."  
—More had he said, the grey-haired man who told  
The painful history these lines unfold;  
More had he said; but we had often heard  
His morals, and the simple tale preferred.  
It was of one we all had known, while free  
As yet he seemed from guilt or misery.  
Happy his youth had been; each grove and glen  
Was linked with feelings fondly cherished then.  
For, Nature's worshipper, within her bowers  
The sacred muse had bless'd those youthful hours.  
His might not be the words of radiant light  
That make our master-spirits' pages bright,

\* Alton Locke, ch. xxiv.

† The avoidance of moral *estimate*, on the other hand, is imputed to an insufficient sense on the duty incumbent on all of us to form determinate estimates of men and actions, if only as bearing on our own conduct in life.—See W. C. Roscoe's *Essays*, II. 308.

But warm in virtue's cause he oft would feel,  
And some approved his lays, and all admired his zeal.

With thoughts like these, and woodland scenes around,  
Love was a welcome guest, and early found.

When from the hills the lengthened shadows fell,  
And twilight hovered o'er the leafy dell,

'Twas sweet to wander, but how sweeter far

When light and lovely as the evening star

Came one whose voice was gentle, and her eye

Mild as the softness of that twilight sky.

She was his own, his all; the rosy beam

That sheds its rays o'er rapture's early dream,

Then fades for ever; nor beloved the less

For darkened hours when kindness soothed distress.

Through years of youthful happiness she smiled

A thoughtless father's dear and only child;

But, ere those sunny years of youth had pass'd,

A ruined man her father breathed his last.

I dwell not on the story of her woes,

The midnight tear, the feverish short repose,

Her widowed mother's cry of wild despair,

The deep-drawn sigh of hopelessness and care;

Or how maturer years, long time, were spent

In the calm sadness that appears content.

Scant were their means: for this she little cared;

Nor thought of what was lost, but what was spared.

And, tho' beyond her power to have the aid

Of teachings, oft but had to be displayed,

Her simplest words were eloquent, her voice

Had tones to make the listener's heart rejoice;

And, with the gifts by Nature given combined,

Were all which thought and feeling give the mind.

Hers, too, a form which Art might fondly view,

And see its visions of perfection true;

And Love might worship with the ardent gaze

That o'er the object of its homage strays,

At every glance can fresh attractions find,

And trace a virtue in each charm enshrined.

For her did Bertram live. The crowd may prove

A transient feeling, and misname it love;

His was a deeper impulse, 'twas a part

Of the warm life that circled at his heart,

And she a heavenly ray that seemed to shower

Its influence o'er the feelings of each hour—

Hours ever blessed, when life has joys that shed

Remembrance sweet 'till hope itself has fled.

But manhood comes, and graver cares arise,

And interest claims its wonted sacrifice,

And years, that wealth would purchase back in vain,

Are lost in struggling for some distant gain.

A guardian's will he ne'er had disobeyed

Commanded him to busy scenes of trade;

And the first sorrow that the lovers knew

Was meeting but to part, and weeping bid adieu.

In the proud city that, still growing, spreads

Midst grandeur, meanness, palaces, and sheds,

Midst wealth and poverty its vast extent,—

A vastness, in itself magnificent—

Was Bertram now to dwell ; but he ne'er found  
In splendour's glare, or pleasure's glittering round,  
A moment's joy ; his was alone to dwell  
Upon the thought of her he loved so well ;  
Or, by the midnight taper's wasting light,  
The glowing language of the heart to write ;  
To speed the faithful missive, and to chide  
The lingering hours 'till words as kind replied.

So months had fled ; when on the wonted day  
No letter came ; another passed away,  
And still no tidings ; then dark thoughts ensue,  
She must be sick, or absent—or untrue ;  
O ! not untrue ! for, purity's sweet shrine,  
Guilt never dwelt in such a form as thine !  
Yet still no tidings ; now a week has pass'd,  
And every hour more dreadful than the last,  
When came a stranger's hand ; with failing breath  
He reads—and 'tis the messenger of death !

His heart was desolate ; his spirit fled,  
A deadly paleness o'er his features spread,  
Anguished he hastes to follow to the grave  
The stricken form he would have died to save.

He did not see her ; who would wish to see  
The one he loved in death's deformity ?  
Who would not rather part while yet the bloom  
Of youthful beauty yields its fresh perfume,  
Than mark the cheek's pale hollowness, the hands  
With bony whiteness grasp life's ebbing sands,  
The thin parched lip grow dark, and the dim eye  
Start with the glare of feverish agony—  
Who would not rather part while yet are given  
The lovely looks we hope to meet in Heaven ?

Now was the bitter tear in secret shed ;  
And grief, that seeks not to be comforted,  
Dwelt on its own sad loneliness. No more  
The cherished hope was his to linger o'er  
With her his treasured pages, and to trace  
The thoughts embodied with a poet's grace.  
All had the shade of death ; 'till ev'n the room  
He loved to read in chilled him with a gloom  
Which his own sorrows gave it ; and he flew  
To find elsewhere the calm that once he knew.

Chance, or the workings of that destiny  
Which some believe foredooms whate'er shall be,  
Led him, his suffering seeking to beguile,  
To where had lately risen a costly pile,  
The drama's home ; alas ! that e'er 'twas sold  
To baser uses for the love of gold.  
For him its charms were in the poet's art,  
That woke his fancy or could soothe his heart ;  
Loved Shakspeare's scenes ; or theirs whose shafts of wit  
With brilliant flight some vice or folly hit.  
Or, when the actor's weighed and varied tone  
Gave lines oft read a power 'till then unknown :  
Careless of all beside, on these he dwelt,  
And what was there but feigned confiding felt.

A milder aspect o'er his sorrows came,  
His grief was constant, but no more the same ;



In all that now he nightly saw, around  
 That gilded dome, some interest he found;  
 And once he wandered where the mingled train  
 Of guilt and folly held their rites profane.  
 He would have turned away; the pleasure there  
 Was not a pleasure he desired to share.  
 But one was in the throng, that past him swept,  
 In features strangely like to her he wept;  
 Vice may be virtue's counterfeit, and twined  
 With thoughts unhallowed, hallowed thoughts we find.  
 —So came the fiend, enclosed in beauty's mould,  
 Tempting to sin some anchorite of old;—  
 No earthly feelings first inflamed his breast,  
 He thought of one then numbered with the blest;  
 He saw her outward form, and grieved to see  
 That form midst degradation's revelry;  
 And tho' not his a heart to sacrifice  
 His better life an offering to vice.  
 Yet still the likeness—the bewildering trace,  
 The vision, of that perished angel's grace  
 Haunted each waking thought, each lonely hour,  
 Strengthening its impulse with mysterious power.  
 He hoped that, still perhaps, a friendly hand  
 Might from perdition snatch the burning brand;  
 And, once again that fatal threshold cross'd,  
 He saw, he spoke; was answered, and was lost.  
 How different now the feverish course he led!  
 In heartless joys the rapid moments sped;  
 Profuse beyond his wishes or his wealth,  
 Alike were lost time, innocence, and health.  
 Strange was the fascination. In her bowers  
 He saw no serpent lie beneath the flowers;  
 But gold his idol craved, she cared not whence  
 It came, to feed her folly and expense.  
 At length his means embarrassed, claims appear,  
 First gently pressed, then urged with tone severe;  
 To free his fettered soul he dare not try,  
 —Too proud to supplicate, too weak to fly;  
 In some few months he "promises to pay;"  
 And thus, awhile, averts the evil day.  
 But oh! a master-fiend's the power he lent  
 To that brief space and fatal instrument!  
 Another's name—an honoured name—he signed;  
 His own to guilt and infamy resigned.  
 The time has passed, exposure has gone forth,  
 Vain were his former virtue, talent, worth;  
 Th' inexorable law must be appeased,  
 And ruthless hands his trembling form have seized.  
 On all that followed 'twere too sad to dwell;  
 He died:—that dreadful death I fear to tell.

## THE PUNDIT'S PREDICTION.

### A TRUE STORY.

*Sit fas mihi audita loqui.*

I HAVE often heard it said by military men of the present day, and those also who had seen much service, and who had shown themselves energetic and efficient soldiers, that it was a good and wholesome enactment which provided for the abolition of duelling. In fact, on any one's taking the matter into consideration, the wonder to his mind would be that a civilised community should, until about twenty years ago, number amongst its members so very many of the patrician order, who showed by their actions that they thought very differently. Sir Walter Scott, even, moral and exemplary as he was, and revered as he must be in memory as the first novelist who prepared works which were fit to be delivered into the hands of young people as books of amusement, or placed upon a drawing-room table for ladies' perusal—even he advocated the practice of duelling, saying in one of his romances, that "If an insult were offered to me that the twelve judges in the House of Lords could not obtain redress for, am I to blame in standing up in hostility against the person who offers it to me?" Then, if we transfer our consideration from the writings of popular authors to the actions of the leading men of the day, how many of the first politicians do we find who have been implicated in such transactions?—Canning, Castlereagh, Sir Philip Francis—even the great Duke himself. To enumerate their names would be useless, and to say that the practice was universal would be only to say what is evident to any person who recollects the current of events not much more than a quarter of a century ago. These things, I repeat, are still present to the minds of those who recollect the state of society in England at the period I speak of—until the rational and excellent measures of our present most gracious and best-beloved of sovereigns were brought to bear in opposing, and finally abolishing, their practice.

But if it was so in this highly favoured and happy country, what must it have been in the colonies? As Chalmers says, "What would revolt the feelings of a community in Scotland, would be looked on with indifference, or even with approval, in a colonial settlement." But more than in any of the colonies, in India was the low state of morality and the common practice of duelling prevalent. I look over my notes which I took during the time that I was a resident in the Upper Provinces of India—a period of more than nine years—and I find that I have recorded what is really deserving of a second mention with regard to the details of duelling. Of these acts, revolting as they are, and horrible to every rational mind, I have known during my stay in the country as many as twenty-one instances, three of which were fatal, two in which parties were wounded; and, with the exception of seven, all were brought about from quarrels arising immediately at the gambling-table and about gambling. Nor were there more than three of the twenty-one instances cases in which men could urge the just cause of injury or unpardonable insult as an extenuation for their contemplated act of violence. I have no doubt, also, but that there were many more than these, but, owing to their

having happened at the gambling-table, the parties interested in them succeeded in keeping them secret. Of the three which were fatal I recollect all the particulars, and I frequently ask myself the question, What must be the horror—the remorse—the innate sense of anguish more intense than expression can give vent to—of him who is the survivor in a meeting of this nature? To reflect that in a hurried and unguarded manner he has sent a fellow-creature into eternity! To feel keenly to his inmost core

'Tis his the guilt and his the hell  
The bosom's desolation dooming,  
And that he earned the tortures well  
Which, unconsumed, are still consuming.

I recollect one day when I was travelling, seated upon the top of a coach, in one of the counties in Ireland, I was pointed out a man who was engaged in walking across a field some distance from the road, with a gun over his shoulder. The person who pointed him out to me said, "That, sir, is the gentleman who shot a man" (whose name he mentioned) "in a duel. Since that time he has never known real peace; frequently at night-time he has been known to start up and heard to scream, and, though possessed of ample wealth and continual good health, he is never happy."

But with reference to one of the instances of fatal duels which occurred while I was resident in India. The facts are so peculiar, and the train of incidents so characteristic of the state of society which then prevailed there, that I have borne it in memory as one of the striking occurrences which meets one's notice in one's passage through life, and which, amongst many others, would seem as if the Almighty had been pleased to award it as a lesson and a warning to those who were spared. For passing away the hours in the very hot days which prevail in India from March to the end of October, no resource is so much in vogue as playing billiards. Billiards morning, noon, evening, and night. It is much too hot to walk, ride, or drive out. Sedentary occupation is not much favoured by the young and active. Visits to the houses of the gentry are very rare and unlooked for, and, indeed, during the very hottest months, from May to the end of August, are quite ignored, except with those who are on terms of intimate acquaintance, so the billiard-room is the great resort of the young officers. This amusement gives a certain degree of exercise in pursuing it, and the skill required is such as to render it amply worthy of the consideration of the dexterous and ingenious, who find a pleasure in training their eye to the habitude of striking that point of the ball which is necessary to direct its course in order to make the points of the game effectively. I have often heard that the man who was a good shot eventually finds it easy to play the game of billiards successfully; in fact, the correct precision of aim, for which the sight is most brought into play, is the qualification most requisite for a marksmen, and is also needful for the man who wishes to strike at the proper point either his adversary's ball or the red ball, and make a cannon or a hazard. But to attain anything like perfection requires much practice.

I now speak of the merits of the game, if it has any, or if it be looked

upon simply as a pursuit in itself, solely with reference to the acquisition of an ingenious piece of pastime, independent of its being the means of introducing youths to habits of idleness and gambling. But as it is well known that few young men will be satisfied with simply playing for the sake of the game, it is (most particularly in India) fraught with every danger to the officer to resort to the billiard-room, as being destructive to his habits of study, deteriorative to what ought to be his object in forming a settled pursuit in life, and almost sure to allure him to the ruinous and debasing vice of gambling. But it is said that one example, or instance, is better than fifty precepts; and I think that there is more in the simple narration of some fact which is patent to the knowledge of mankind in general, than in a host of admonitory precepts, however ably they may be urged, or however eloquently put forth. So I proceed to relate, briefly, the case which I before alluded to, and which occurred in a station in the Upper Provinces in India several years ago.

More than fifteen years ago, in one of the up-country stations, there was a young officer who had been educated in England, but who was the son of an old Indian officer. This Indian officer, having resided in Upper India for a number of years, had lived with what is quaintly called there a country wife—one of the Hindoos, whose beauty had been a great source of attraction to him—and who was the mother of this his son, for whom he had succeeded in procuring a commission. When the young man arrived in the country, he had, besides being exceedingly good looking, and possessing those striking features which are so frequently seen with the Eurasians, good natural talents, and the acquired manners and address which mark the perfectly educated and the well-instructed young Englishman. He was welcomed not only at his father's house, but in the homes of most of the gentlemen resident in the station, as a most agreeable addition to the society; the well-known hospitality, so general in India, was also prevalent in that locality, and he was to be met everywhere.

The station I speak of was not an exception to the general run of up-country stations, in presenting no resource to the young officers, during the very hot months, but the billiard-room and mess-room. How the officers used to frequent the former! How the balls kept continually being struck by players! How numbers in the light costume—which is the only wearable one in the hot weather—sat on the side benches, either making bets upon the strikers or the game, or else waiting for their turn to arrive in the lists which the marker kept of those wishing to play. The costume, which was indeed the only one voted at all bearable, was the lightest possible consistent with decency, the wearer simply putting on shoes and stockings, shirt and trousers; such a thing as a jacket, even of the lightest calico, seldom appeared at the billiard-table. Then the interest of the game! the whole soul of the players, as well as the spectators, concentrated in the attention which they gave to the man who was striking the ball, and the whole conversation which was heard in the room was either an offer of betting between the strokes, or an arrangement of a match, in which the parties discoursed as to what odds should be given by him who was considered the better player of the two. Of all the good players which frequented the room—and there were many—the two best were a captain of the regiment which had been stationed there

some time, and the young man whom I spoke of, who had lately arrived at the station to join his regiment. The captain's name was Blane, and the young officer's Mardell. When these two commenced to play the interest was most exciting. There was throughout the whole chamber

A still attention mute as night,  
Or summer's noontide air.

Their skill being nearly equal, the competition which ensued was carried to a pitch of emulation which one would seldom find in players at any other game. Their numerous contests were watched by all the lovers of the game with the most intense interest. I have known no such absorbing topic ever to occupy the minds of officers, at least in the hot season, during the "piping times of peace." The rivalry was certainly very great, and one evening, after having had a series of rubbers together, the combatants ceased playing, and Blane proposed to Mardell that they should play, in a month's time from that date, a match of five games, for forty pounds, and that as he was going to Calcutta on duty, and would not be back for a fortnight, that they should each agree on not playing the game until the day for the contest should arrive. After some conversation, Mardell agreed to this, and the matter was, as gamblers say, done and done between both parties. Thus they were both debarred for a little while from their favourite amusement, and had to rest on their oars till the time arrived for resuming their contest with renewed vigour.

However, the fortnight that Blane had to pass in Calcutta soon came to a close, and he returned to the station, and on the evening that he came back he went into the billiard room. There were some of his old friends in the regiment there assembled, and two of them were busily engaged in playing a game. In the course of it one of the players made an assertion with regard to a mode of screwing off the red ball, and appealed to Blane, who had just come in, for his opinion with reference to this sort of stroke. Blane gave his opinion in favour of the appellant, and the other officer, who had been previously playing with this man who asked the question, said that the thing was in his opinion impossible. Shortly after the game was finished, Blane, in order to show that such a thing was possible, took up a cue and made the stroke in question, much to the admiration of both parties. After he had done so he did not look up from the table, but placed the balls again in position, so as to try it a second time, and while he was thus engaged, Mardell, who had passed the room just at the time he had first struck the balls, waited outside the window, in order to be sure, and saw him place the balls again and finish the second stroke. Then Mardell felt satisfied that he could not be deceived, and passed on without being seen by Blane. Indeed, so anxiously intent were the officers inside upon the event of the stroke, that Mardell was not seen by any person inside the room.

The day arrived for the contest, and the play, which was looked for, was said to have been as excellent as had ever been witnessed, and that no two persons could have exhibited more skill, judgment, and dexterity in striking the balls than these two officers did on this occasion. The contest for the four first games lasted nearly three hours, and the combatants were certainly very evenly matched, as Blane had won two games and Mardell also two at the close of the fourth. Then came the conqueror,

as they call it, the game which was to decide upon the match. It was played with the greatest judgment. Both got up to twenty-three, when Blane got the balls and won by one of his most brilliant cannons. After this a buzz of applause ran through the room, and Blane, coming to Mardell, claimed the victory. Mardell answered, "Yes, you have won now, but you cannot say that you have adhered to the agreement of not playing during the past month." Blane, who did not call to mind the way in which he had taken the cue to show the other players a stroke on the day of his return from Calcutta, instantly said that he had not played. Mardell did not then bring the detail of the circumstance to his recollection, but said angrily that it was untrue, for he had seen him play. Then followed the dreadful story. Blane sent Mardell a message by a friend, "either an apology or a meeting"—either he should state that he was mistaken and sorry for his assertion, or he should meet him and satisfy his insulted honour. Mardell told the friend who acted for *him* "that he would never consent to retracting his words on this occasion."

Now, had such an occurrence taken place in these days, the friends of both parties would have taken care that a full explanation of the whole of the circumstances should have been made to the satisfaction of both parties, that it would have been made clear to both billiard-players that, when Blane stipulated that he was not to play, he did not consider himself prohibited from striking the billiard-balls; and, no doubt, had all this been fully discussed, the horrible consequences which afterwards ensued would have been avoided. But no! the catastrophe was hurried on to its completion, by the seconds finding they could not come to other terms than to settle a meeting for their respective principals, to take place at five o'clock in the morning after the much talked-of match had been played. The place of meeting was about three miles from the cantonments. The morn was just breaking, and there were no spectators present but the parties immediately concerned and the native grooms, or saecies, who held the horses of the two gigs which the principals and seconds drove in. When they had all alighted, Blane's second measured the ground twelve paces, and, placing Blane at one extremity, gave him a pistol. Mardell's did the same to station his principal, and when each second had gone fifteen paces, to the right side of his respective principal, they faced inwards, and Blane's second called out, "Fire!" The two officers then fired, and Mardell, who handled a pistol as coolly and as dexterously as he did a gun or a billiard-cue, and whose nerve never deserted him, shot his opponent dead. He never moved. The fatal ball pierced his heart, and neither speech, gesture, motion, nor groan escaped him! Thus the frail thread of life was cut instantaneously—the victim of momentary mistake, a mere fleeting freak of the day—and his soul was launched into eternity. Keen, sad, and cutting were the pangs which the victor in this cruel contest experienced, and mournful, indeed, was the procession which brought back the corpse of the unfortunate Captain Blane to his home in the cantonment. Then came the doctor, the inquest, the court of inquiry, the funeral—all which things threw a fearful gloom over the neighbourhood. But, after some time, the fatal event ceased to be a topic of absorbing interest, and men's minds learned to forget it like other things. Many who now read the inscription on his marble monument are unable to find out from the

present living inhabitants of that station the story of his death ; and even those who, in his own native land—calm and secluded—had their bosoms wrung with the painful tale of his sudden—ah ! how sudden—fall, have long ere this ceased to weep for him. There was no time given him to express any wish with regard to his friends. He was sent to his dread account—

Cut off even in the blossoms of his sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd.

*Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro.*

If a preacher were to rise up and declaim for hours upon the horror, the dreadful recklessness, the soul-subduing influence of gambling, and its frequently attendant evil, duelling, he could not find words more effectively useful in portraying the course of the first, and the dire conclusion of the second, than the recital of this simple and too true occurrence. I recollect reading with interest a speech of the late gallant and much-respected general, Sir Harry Smith, wherein he took occasion to say that he felt happy in the reflection that he had rigidly through life observed an injunction, which, on his entry into the army, had been given him by his friends: "Never to enter a public billiard-room."

Amongst all the young officers who were belonging to the regiment there stationed, there was none who was in appearance, manner, and accomplishment, superior to young Mardell. He had everything which the means afforded by an unlimited supply of wealth, could promise him there at his command. He was the idol of his parent, and was the greatest favourite with the ladies. He was much liked by his brother-officers, who did not see aught but a foul mischance in the terrible act which his hand had been the instrument of perpetrating. But though young, spirited, ardent, full of vivacity and talent, his mind was never happy. The soul-harrowing thought, which never ceased to obtrude itself upon his reflection, was never away from his memory. Amidst all the pleasure and the luxuries which he indulged in, it haunted him.

Amid the roses fierce repentance reared  
Her snaky crest;

and the image of the companion who had fallen so instantaneously by his arm came to him in his dreams, and troubled his waking fancy. It was in August that the contest for the game and the subsequent dreadful finale had occurred, and in the October following he resolved to go for a journey far up the country with a brother-officer, and to endeavour by a frequent change of scene and place to banish from his mind the fearful remembrance of this direful meeting and his act of horror, to which it reverted continually. Their departure took place when it was about the middle of October ; it then began to be much cooler, and the climate upon the river especially rendered travelling and the diversity of the Ganges voyage exceedingly pleasant. The broad expansive river, the groves of bamboos waving gracefully, displayed their myriads of elastic stems and ever-living greenness of foliage. In sailing through the Lower Province of Bengal Proper one sees the large-leafed towering palms, the tamarinds in their waving branches, numerous and graceful, the neem, the acacia ; all these trees planted, as it were, in successive groves, lining the banks at intervals. Here and there was a large

idol-house, situated at the top of a lofty range of steps, which led down to the sacred river, and the steps were crowded occasionally with the village inhabitants, dressed in their simple white cotton garments, from the priestly Brahmin to the lowly water-carrier, who had come to pay their worship at the river and its attendant temple. Sometimes the day's voyage took them through lines of barren sandy banks, where they could see in the mid-day the alligators basking in the sun. They had plenty of opportunities of shooting when they came to any line of country which gave them promise of sport. They had only to tell their boatmen to shove in on the shore and let them land, and to wait for their return. They then entered upon their sport without question of license or restriction of any kind, and had no difficulty in finding game, but generally came back with their bags laden with snipe, quail, or wild pigeons, frequently partridge, and not seldom they found deer and peacocks. The natives whom they took with them to direct them where it was most advisable to proceed, were happy to assist them also in bringing home their game.

Thus they passed the days agreeably, and at night they anchored at some secure place of harbourage. The mode of life had great charms, from its complete freedom of restraint, and from the variety which marked each day's course. The host of attendant natives were strictly amenable to every movement which the young officers chose to make. When they arrived at Benares, as Mardell's companion had some friends living in the cantonments, they proposed stopping there two or three days. This city, of all others, is the one which displays the greatest number of Hindoo temples, and the performances of the Hindoo rites in this their headquarters of superstition, their holy Kasee, as they call it, are seen carried on with the greatest attention to form, and the number of worshippers and priests is greater than in any city of Hindostan. When Aurengzebe, the most able and powerful of the great Moguls who reigned during the latter years of their power, visited Benares, he threw down some of the Hindoo temples, and built a spacious and towering mosque in the centre of the holiest part of the town. This mosque stands pre-eminent as an object to any visitor who approaches the city by the river. But the temples of the Hindoo religion in and near the town and by the side of the river are still as numerous as if the benighted inhabitants were unconscions of any other creed, or unawed by any example. There is one building, about two miles from the town, which is looked upon by them with the most devout reverence. It is partly of stone—that is, all the courts surrounding it—but the inmost shrine, where the hideous idol is immured, is of iron. The court-yard, the arcades which surround it, the walls of stone which enclose it, and the steps which lead to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the idol, are literally crowded with monkeys, young, old, middle-aged, some holding their young ones in their paws, some lazily munching their food, which they seemed almost to disdain, some capering about the stone enclosure, some frowning upon you in defiance, but all of them held in the greatest respect by the priests who attend, and the natives who come to worship, there. These last throw them every sort of dainty food which they can manage to procure, and one may see the different pieces of food strewed upon the stones in all directions.

There was living near this temple a pundit, one deeply read in the



Shasters, an old man, revered and dreaded by the natives, being one in whose words of prophecy they fully believed. His mode of divination was to consult the stars, and, after a long inspection of them, and after also receiving a large fee from those who sought to know their fortune, he used to utter his oracular answers. There was an old servant of Mardell's, who, on their arrival at Benares, came to his master and told him of the fame of this great pundit, or astrologer, and advised him to go to him and ask him to tell him his fortune. Mardell had, no doubt, retained some slight share of the native superstition, which might be said to be consequent upon his birth, although his education in England, and his acquisition of European habits and knowledge, had nearly obliterated the faint recollection which in his earliest years he had imbibed of Indian impressions. But half doubtingly, half inquiringly, he resolved upon going secretly to this pundit, and asking him the question of his future fate. He chose for the time of going the earliest hour in the morning—about five o'clock. His companion had gone the night before to visit his friends in the cantonments, and was not expected back till ten in the morning, so he went to the temple and found the pundit's place of residence. As he spoke the language, he found no difficulty in explaining to the pundit what his object was in seeking him, and when he had given him a large fee, the pundit, after some deliberation, gave him the answer. I speak of what is known as well as any event which happened in the course of that year in India; it was the frequent topic of conversation; it was repeated by the young man himself; and since that time I have numbers of times heard his brother-officers tell the story. Were it not true, it would be a tale idle and unmeaning to tell, and unworthy of the most credulous or childish to record. But it is certainly beyond a possibility of doubt, corroborated as the fact is by many witnesses, that the pundit told that young officer "that he would not live to see the sun rise in the first day of the next coming year." Had the response been a pleasing or a favourable one, it would be less surprising, seeing that the pundit could evidently have no object to gain in shocking or terrifying the young officer. But such as it was it did not make much impression upon Mardell, who recounted it to his friend on his return that day from his visit to the cantonments. Indeed, neither of them laid much stress on the circumstance of a native prognosticating either good or ill to any one. The day after that they pursued their voyage up the country, and as they knew that however high up the river they might journey, the ease with which they could descend it in the voyage downwards would be such that a few days would bring them back to the station, they did not hesitate to devote a much longer time in making their voyage upward, so they continued their daily course, anchoring at night and sailing up the river by day, or else having their budgerow pulled by the natives. Any spot which seemed worthy of a visit they went on shore to see. The large native towns did not offer much attraction, with their narrow streets, crowded markets or bazaars, and hosts of swarthy natives. But frequently they passed near where a Mussulman's tomb stood in a grove of mango-trees—a large roomy edifice, which has numerous chambers, where travellers often take up their temporary abode. Such buildings are seen at intervals near the banks of the Ganges, and the travellers used frequently to land near where they saw

them, and, going thither, seek out any intelligence which the natives of the place could give them relative to sport, or any other local piece of information.

The young officer companion to Mardell was wonder-struck with the scenes of native life and native customs which were daily presented to their view. The ghats of Mirzapoor, with their several temples, particularly attracted them. There, carved in the stone, they saw the figures of dancers, musicians, attendant angels, and the usual gods which are worshipped by the Hindoos, cut out of the Chunar granite, which formed the sides of the magnificent temple, in mezzo-relievo. In another temple stood the simple pedestal emblem of Mahadeo, which is constantly worshipped by all Hindoos. He is the destroying spirit, or devil. This large building had a figure of an immense bull in front, and seated in crowds upon its broad and lofty steps were all sorts of natives—bards, water-carriers, Brahmins—natives eating pawn, and hundreds of them bathing, with only a light cloth on, in the river immediately beneath. The porches, porticoes, and under the awnings of the temple, were also continually thronged. Such strange scenes, and also the different rambles for sporting pursuits which they made in the interior, contributed to while away their time until they arrived at Cawnpore, and that being the station where reside the greatest number of Europeans which are to be met with in Upper India, they determined upon staying a short time there. Here the reckless round of gaiety and dissipation, the gambling, that grand source of ruin to officers young and old, the parties which sometimes did not break up till the duties of the morning obliged the young officers to go from the dancing-room to the parade, the hold that pleasure seemed to have taken upon the minds of the youthful officers and the few lady friends whom they could muster at their assemblies, were quite congenial to Mardell and to his companion. Shortly after their arrival, the world there were excited to a great interest by the absorbing topic of a grand fancy ball, at which every person, male or female, was expected to appear in character, and, in fact, all except a few of the very oldest officers decided upon throwing aside, for that evening, the uniform and joining in the merriment. It was not like a simple display of fancy costume. It was really the object of those who studied their parts to maintain a disguise which, together with the mask they wore, could enable them to remain unknown to their friends for a considerable portion of the evening. All the different Asiatic costumes, so flowing and picturesque, so fitted by the different array of colours to show off a large hall to perfection, appeared in the vast suites of rooms this evening. All the fanciful and grotesque characters, which those with the best recollections of home life vivid in their fancies brought all their energies to bear in personating, were carried on by their different representatives with the highest zest of enjoyment. There were kings, queens, Poles, sailors, bushmen, sweeps, costermongers, Captain Sponges, and every sort of clown, harlequin, and buffoon, and all seemed determined to keep up their parts as long as it was possible to do so. Some of these officers had got small tents pitched in the enclosed ground, or compound, as it is called in India, for the purpose of changing their fancy costume during the evening, and appearing in a new character. One man appeared in the dress and having the post-bag of a twopenny postman, and went round to all the young ladies in the room whom he

had selected as subjects for poetry, and gave them each an acrostic on their own names. There were many of these. I give one as a specimen :

E yes whose soft energy was born to please,  
 L nstrous whose rays might rival Psyche's beam,  
 I mage of Beauty such as Fancy sees,  
 S hine like an angel's vision in a dream ;  
 A nd oft the loveliness of looks like these  
 B ecomes the magic of a painter's theme ;  
 E liza's features might a sculptor trace ;  
 T oo lovely for this foreign sultry clime,  
 H er small white arm Cytherea's form might grace.  
 C an worship at such shrine be deemed a crime ?  
 R oaming, my eyes on different forms may gaze,  
 O r watch young beauty in its varying mood,  
 S till such as thine no form here displays  
 S uch calm pure eyes with softness so endued ;  
 M ay Heaven award their owner happy days,  
 A nd may they sparkle still in fairy lightness,  
 N or may the tear of sorrow dim their brightness.

In lavishing every epithet of praise upon the peculiar charms of each, this person indulged his whim, hoping that he might escape undiscovered. One man personated a nurse, or native ayah, who had received a number of characters from different ladies who had employed her, and occupied himself in going from one married lady to another, exhibiting these certificates, and begging for employment.

The grounds of the large bungalow which was the scene of the fancy ball, lay beside the river. They were portioned off in walks, planted on each side with orange, lemon, and citron trees, all in flower or in fruit; there were high arches, garlanded as entrances, festooned with the different native flowers, the jumbalee, the champa, the gayndee, and others, and the whole was a sort of fairy scene of festivity. There was a small island nearly in the centre of the river, opposite the house, on which were continued exhibitions of the numerous kind of fireworks for which India is so famous, and they rose, shooting up on the river and its banks at each alternate moment with a grand coruscation of light of every varied colour. The interstices of the trees, which lined the walks on each side, displayed their freshness, the glow of their fruit, and their beauty, by means of small lamps, which appeared in myriads through the branches, and were attached to a trellised-work on the sides farthest from the walks. Their glow and illumination gave the trees the appearance of a numerous assemblage of thick groves, lit up by gigantic fireflies. There were native grandees there also, dressed in their gorgeous silken robes, and bedecked with jewels, gazing on with apathetic and unmoved demeanour, but inwardly surprised that the great Feringhees should trouble themselves so much with the exercise of dancing. There was the great Mahratta captain, Ram Chunder Punt, who had been some time a prisoner in our hands, with his attendants, seven in number, all armed with swords, like himself, wearing turbans, silk coats fitting tight to the body, with hanging sleeves, large crimson sashes, light muslin dhooties round their waists and thighs, their calves bare, and their feet covered with the embroidered slippers,—all these were seated together on a large sofa at one end of the hall. Of the dancing and the music, it was such

as one might imagine as appropriate to such an occasion, and the different military bands contributed not a little to the enjoyment of all parties there assembled.

When the leading military men of the station stood in the van in encouraging all sorts of idleness and amusement—when those who were looked up to by the young and thoughtless took the lead in promoting these scenes of folly and dissipation—the late hours, and the wild disregard of time and regularity were allowed to run riot in a place where so many young and high-spirited European gentlemen were associated together. The theatre for amateur players, the ball-rooms, the Assembly-room, since made the scene of a fearful tragedy; then was the scene of all that was gay, light-hearted, frivolous, the world of the vain, the idle, and the thoughtless; the billiard-rooms, the constant lounge of the gamblers and those who sought to kill time—all these were in full force at Cawnpore at the time of their arrival.

Mardell entered heart and soul into all the enjoyments which the place afforded. He was an amateur player of the first order, entering with the highest zest into the spirit of the characters which he personified. His dancing was pronounced perfect. He rode with the young ladies who figured on horseback in the earliest dawn of the morning; he played billiards at mid-day with the officers of the station, and the skill and science which he showed used to draw around the table groups of spectators. He was quite a leading star of fashion in the different assemblages.

Had any person been able to penetrate his inmost mind, and to learn the thoughts which beset him in his heart of hearts—had the insight into his feelings been revealed to any of the many who saw him—had the window, which in ancient story it was said one of the gods had affirmed should have been placed in man's bosom, been there to show forth the inmost thoughts of his—what a troubled sea of conflict, remorse, and despair would have appeared; what a host of sad emotions and heartfelt misery. Like one of the victims who are described as wandering in the hall of Eblis, in the romance of Vathek—the undying thought of anguish for the deed that he had done never left him:

*E fe di sè la vendetta egli stesso.*

However, in outward semblance he was the most merry and light-hearted of the gay groups which figured there; and so many and so various were the modes of dissipating ennui during the cold season at that station, that they lingered there a month.

After the first week in December, these officers, whose leave was to expire at the end of the year, thought it was much better to take their departure, and continue their voyage down the river, so as to arrive at the station they were quartered in before the end of their period of leave. The scenes which were again visited had lost some of their charms for them, so they did not linger long on their way downward. The current of the stream—which the native boatmen took them in the centre of—of itself carried them a good way downwards every day; and owing to the frequent number of sand-banks in the Ganges, they were obliged always to stop and anchor at night. Beside the banks of the Ganges every day a new prospect opened itself, and their attention by turns was arrested by seeing the natives in the thick jungles cutting down the reeds, form-

ing rafts of them, and embarking themselves, their properties, and their families, upon these ephemeral conveyances, which they launched down the stream and disposed of when they came to any large town, such as Buxar, Gazeepoor, or any other place where they could find a market for them; or by seeing the hosts of kawruttees, or pilgrims, hastening to the confluence of the two rivers, Ganga (Ganges) and Jumna, at Allahabad, to perform their vows of pilgrimage, and fill their water-pots with the waters of the sacred stream; or by the varied sort of native boats, large, lumbering, thatched at top with reeds—either pataylees, or oolaks, or pansaways—filled with the native produce, with traders and their merchandise, which were continually passing upwards and downwards. The sights and views were not, however, all of an agreeable nature. Many times they saw on the banks the high piles of wood which the Hindoos had heaped up, and on each of these was stretched a dead body, which, in conformity to their creed, they burned, as the ancient Greeks are described by the poet as doing in conformity to theirs :

*δαίειδε πυρραὶ νεκρῶν καὶ οὐρό θάμειαι.*

Also they frequently saw the bodies of the Hindoos whose friends had been unable to pay for their funeral rites, and who had been thrown into the Ganges, and left to float away unregarded. It was after having been sunk for a few days that the bodies arose, and presented this curious appearance upon the surface of the water. But a sight more shocking and loathsome frequently forced itself upon the view of the travellers when the course of the river, taking a long reach, drifted the objects on its surface to the banks which were farthest alee; for there frequently they saw the bodies borne close to the shore, and the vultures, dogs, and horrid crows seizing on them and tearing ravenously their flesh, gorge themselves with the frightful meal. More hateful and hideous birds of prey than these vultures are nowhere to be seen, and their habit of devouring human flesh is often alluded to in the ancient poets—

*γύπεσσι πολὺ φίλτεροι ἢ ἀλόχοισιν.*

Also the gigantic stork, which the natives call the Hurgeelah, or bone-swallowers, and whose stately walk and erect posture have caused the European military to give them the name of adjutants, were seen sometimes in groups of twenty, and sometimes singly, standing by the banks or on the lofty temples.

It was very near the end of December that the two officers arrived at the station where their regiment was quartered, and a rumour of the existence of that fearful disease, the Asiatic cholera, was prevalent when they landed from their boats. Of all the inhabitants of the known world, the Hindoos and natives of India are those which suffer most from the ravages of such an epidemic as the cholera. They live mostly on rice, and their frame, which endures most wonderfully the violence of a hurt or a wound, suffers instant prostration from any stomachic attack; so the numbers who fall victims to Asiatic cholera are countless. But the cause of its approach, or the likelihood of whom it may attack, are matters wholly unknown to the faculty there resident, and the wise doctors are in the dark with regard to its origin, progress, and remedy in that country as well as in England. The English residents, who live high and

luxuriously, do not much dread it; however, occasionally a fatal instance occurs where fearful spasmodic pain, and a short duration of frightful agony, are terminated by the death of the hapless sufferer. The most striking and astonishing fact with regard to this disease is the manner in which the infection is conveyed. That is a mystery and an enigma which no one as yet has given the slightest clue to discover.

Thus on the landing of these two young officers, whether it was that they passed through the native town, and that stopping at one of the houses, Mardell lit his cigar and caught some infection from the inmates of the house, or that the air of *this place*, pregnant with distemper, had had a pestiferous effect upon him on leaving the clearer atmosphere of the river, but it is certain that, shortly after his arrival at his own bungalow, he was seized with the symptoms of this violent sickness. The doctor of the regiment of course was sent for, and it was from him, indeed, that I afterwards learned the whole of the facts which I have here set down, and this true tale, more strange than the fanciful dream of fiction, made a lasting impression on my mind, which many subsequent events and fitful varieties of situation have never served to chase from my memory. The images of those who enacted their part in it frequently rise to my fancy, and I recollect mournfully how gay, how bright, how full of promise was their appearance in the heyday of their life, and how fearfully sudden was their fall. The doctor could give very little hope when he saw the frightful manner in which the cholera had seized young Mardell, but his friend watched by his bedside, and tried every means in his power to soothe the violent pain which the spasms gave him. Hot water and brandy, laudanum, all the recipes which are invariably used in such cases by those who have been conversant with cholera, were tried by degrees with him. The pain increased very much on the third day after he had been first attacked, and the next day after that, the 31st of December, in the morning, the doctor pronounced that he could not possibly hope for his recovery. Many years have elapsed since then, but I was certain of the dates, as upon them rested the wonderful character of the facts. During this last day the frightful spasms were so violent that his friend was fearful, every new return of them, that he would be taken off by the excruciating agony. About two o'clock in the morning of the 1st of January a complete prostration of his strength succeeded to the series of vomiting spasms and acute pangs which he had been suffering for the last four days; and his friend flattered himself with the belief that he might have sunk into sleep, and would wake up refreshed and renovated in strength. But he waited for two hours, and saw that no sleep came to tranquillise him, but an icy stillness stole gradually over his features and his frame. He felt his pulse dying slowly away, and about an hour before the first grey dawn of the morning, when the gun of the station had just been fired, and the native servants and labourers had risen and folded the clothes which had been their couch, and gone about their labours, and the horsekeepers had gone to get ready the horses for their masters' riding, and the brightness of the morning star was just waning, an "hour before the sun rose of the coming year," young Mardell breathed his last.

## BROWNING'S DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.\*

It used to be the fashion to say that Robert Browning could not be understood at all. Those of his admirers who are blind to his peculiarities now say that he can be understood with ease. Between the two extremes lies the truth. To say that his thoughts are quickly fathomed is indeed no compliment to him; and saying it will send no earnest reader to his pages. He requires careful study: the trouble without which no good thing is to be got at. To say that he does not is to compare his work with the work of his weaker contemporaries—

Things done, that took the eye and had the price,  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,

Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

The student and beholder must spend much time in rightly valuing that which the artist has fashioned. A single hearing of "Mirella" will give no true idea of Gounod's genius: Holman Hunt is not to be known by a rapid survey of "The After-Glow in Egypt." Nor is Mr. Browning to be judged by a careless reading of two or three of his poems. To read them once is as if we were to go by night to see a cathedral. There would come to us immediately some sense of its grandeur and of its mystery. We should see the outline of its towers and spire. But the tracery of its front, the colouring of its windows, the play of shadow and sunshine among its sculptured stones, we should wholly lose. To see these to perfection we must walk round the church many times, and watch it by different lights. To learn the strength and beauty of Mr. Browning's poems they must be read many times, and in many moods. More than this: it requires differing intellects justly to discern his abounding beauties. The minds of men, in ever-varying forms, are mirrored in his works. The reflection that pleases one may not please the other. Or, if it please because of its beauty, bounded vision will prevent the recognition of its truth. There is a delicate tinge of melancholy in the lines of "Evelyn Hope," that may seem too fanciful to those who can duly estimate the pathos and passion of "In a Year;" lovers of the gentle Pippa may not admire the erring and impulsive Mildred; those who feel such lusty life as beats through the frame of Fra Lippo Lippi may know little of the resignation of Andrea del Sarto; while followers in the steps of Blougram, the modern materialist Bishop, will hardly understand the hopes and fears that filled the heart of the Greek poet, Cleon.

We do not purpose to consider, in this paper, each poem in "Dramatis Personæ." We shall seek rather to notice some of the characteristics of the book. Throughout the book there runs, we think, one air; and upon

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\* *Dramatis Personæ*. By Robert Browning. Second Edition. Chapman and Hall.

it there are many variations. It is not present to the exclusion of other airs; but it is oftenest and plainest heard.

When pain ends, gain ends too,—

that might be the motto. Mr. Browning contends that by enduring sorrow—sometimes by suffering wrong—a man may learn more than he can ever learn by pleasure and prosperity. “Is there nought better than to enjoy?” he is for ever asking. And the answer he gives in varying forms, whose essence is always the same.

Calm years, exacting their accout  
Of pain, mature the mind.

He says this in “James Lee.” And the old Jew, Rabbi Ben Ezra, who finds his strength in quietness and confidence, thus exhorts to courage and endurance:

Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

And Abt Vogler,\* with his much-loved music always in his thoughts, giving strange turns to his phrases, asks:

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

The abbot believes that our failure here is but “a triumph’s evidence for the fulness of the days;” and in God’s will that we shall strain and strive through all the years of our life he is content to acquiesce. In his words there is the expression of simple contentment, as in the words of Rabbi Ben Ezra there is the expression of quiet joy. The old Jew is persuaded that, good as the days have proved to him already, “the best is yet to be.” He deems that wisdom comes with age, that of God’s plan for working the world “youth shows but half,” and that we must patiently endure His act, “see all, nor be afraid.” A sermon—and a better one than we are often fortunate enough to listen to—may be read in the noble lines of “Rabbi Ben Ezra.” An optimist, the old strong-hearted Jew has been called; and happy he must have been. We should do well to copy his unfaltering courage, to learn a lesson from his unquestioning faith and his undisturbed repose. But the lesson is hard to learn in our time, when so many can but “faintly trust the larger hope,” and mount with such uncertain steps

the great world’s altar stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God.

Though told in a lighter strain than are the thoughts of Rabbi Ben Ezra, the tale of “Gold Hair”—a legend of Pornic, by the Loire—has a darker moral. “Gold Hair” is the story of a girl who was supposed by her friends to be too good for this life, and whose only fault, as they believed, was that, “she knew her gold hair’s worth.” Dying, she begged

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\* Abt Vogler’s tune, extemporised on the instrument of his invention, may be found in some ecclesiastical music-books. Mr. Browning exactly describes it.



that in her coffin her hair might be left untouched ; and her wish was granted. Years afterwards, when the pavement of Pornic Church was to be repaired, a mass of louis d'or—the price of her secret fall—were found wrapped in the folds of her mouldering hair. The priest, to whom the strange news was brought, dismissed it from his mind with the comment,

Saints tumble to earth with so slight a tilt !

But Mr. Browning has other words for us, suggested by this discovery of sin in one who had been held to be so pure. He has hitherto hurried on with his story, and hurriedly we may have read it ; but now he pulls us up with an old and forgotten truth, very forcibly expressed :

Why deliver this horrible verse,  
As the text of a sermon which now I preach ?  
*Evil or Good may be better or worse*  
*In the human heart ; but the mixture of each*  
*Is a marvel and a curse.*

These weighty lines deserve to be noted, for they are characteristic of Mr. Browning. As the lime-light, used in a theatre, can cast a dazzling glow over the well-worn scenery of the stage, so can Mr. Browning flash new life and meaning into a truth which previously his readers had ignored. We know that in the human heart there is good as well as evil ; but in individual cases we are apt to forget it. We are apt to forget that no man is entirely wicked ; that no man is altogether holy ; that in every soul—and ever striving each against the other with more or less earnestness—are the evil and the good, whose mixture is at once the greatest marvel of our life and its bitterest curse.

There is a poem called “*Dis Aliter Visum* ; or, *Le Byron de nos Jours*,” which tells the story of two wasted lives. A married woman, who is still young, meets an eminent writer at a ball, and blames him because he did not ask her to marry him ten years before, when he was a man of middle age who “knew too much,” and she was an innocent girl who loved “with faculties to seek.”

There was a morning when they walked together up the cliff-road of a French watering-place, and he considered her “a pretty thoughtful thing,” whose love he would like to gain if that were possible. All accomplished as he was, he deemed that love was better than art, poetry, and music. The girl by his side in that cliff-walk was better than the saints of Ingres, the songs of Heine, or the music of Schumann. She might be his wife. He did not fear a refusal, for in offering himself he would offer a great name. The lady in the ball-room says to the writer—and says it truly—that these were his thoughts when they walked side by side ten years ago :

She might take me as I take her.  
Perfect the hour would pass. Alas !  
Climb high, love high ! What matter ? Still,  
Feet, feelings, must descend the hill ;  
An hour's perfection can't recur.

He feared that she would tire of him ; that she would ask if all his equals

had the stains of fifty years; that she would prefer the young man's "Love me, or I die," to the old man's request for the loan of youth, and sight, and touch. It might be a charitable deed, on her part, to oil his grating wheels of life; but it would be pleasanter for her if the wheels needed no oil, going on swiftly and smoothly by themselves. And if, indeed, it might happen that the young girl should repent of her choice, it would be better for him not to put the choice in her way. And, thinking thus, he asked her nothing, took his last look at the old church on the cliff and at the sea and sky, then brought her down into the town, where they parted. Years afterwards, she married for money, and with a certain "Stephanie" he dragged a weary life. Now, as the girl of ten years ago talks to him at the ball, her husband solaces himself over the card-table, and "Stephanie's vogue has had its day." Bitterly the poet is reproached for his folly. Why had he not tried to win the young-hearted girl? In all she saw or heard around her—in the sea, in the grey old church, in the crosses and tombstones, in the swallows' call—God seemed to show her that there was a worthier thing to live for than the moment's pleasure; that there was a way—the way of love—by which earth could teach the uses of heaven. But their chance is lost. The Present is dark enough, and they dare not look into the Future.

The poems we have hitherto considered deal with the lives of common men and women. We shall soon have to speak of three works differing entirely from these; but before we do so, something must be said of "James Lee," the story of a love that grew greater on the one side, while it dwindled to nothing on the other. "James Lee" is divided into nine parts, the first of which shows us how, as husband and wife sit at the window, a dim fear rises in the woman's mind:

Look in my eyes!  
Wilt thou change, too?  
Should I fear surprise?  
Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear,  
In the good and true,  
With the changing year?\*

They sit again together. This time it is by the fireside. The wife is brooding over her chance of losing her husband's love. She looks at the burning logs, the shipwreck wood of oak and pine, and thinks of the sailors who trusted themselves on a sea that might be stormy, or still. They took their chance; she must do the same.

God help you, sailors, at your need!  
Spare the curse!  
For some ships, safe in port indeed,  
Rot and rust,  
Run to dust,  
All through worms i' the wood, which crept,  
Gnawed our hearts out while we slept:  
That is worse!

In the doorway of their house—on the south coast of France—she

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\* The words have been set to music, very successfully, by Virginia Gabriel.  
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stands ; and, with fears ever growing in her troubled mind, sees in the motions of the trees a likeness to her need and sorrow. Nature has become an orchestra, mournfully to accompany her mournful song. The fig-tree, that leaned to catch the salt air, has closed its five fingers. The vines are writhing in rows. And watching them, she says :

My heart shrivels up, and my spirit shrinks curled.

Husband and wife now walk by the beach together. He has done her wrong ; but she is quiet, and can reason with him. She knew him, she says, before they married—knew how uncertain he was, how faithless he might be :

You were just weak earth, I knew :  
With much in you waste, with many a weed,  
And plenty of passions run to seed,  
But a little good grain too.

Had he not found her his, to help him on in his life :

To watch the olive and wait the vine,  
And wonder when rivers of oil and wine  
Would flow, as the Book assures ?

The struggle between his lessening fondness and her ever-increasing passion is carried on ; but with no hope for her now. At last they are to separate. She sails for distant parts as a Sister of Charity ; but her love will last as long as her life. And from the vessel's deck she tells him that if she saw but one sign, howsoever small, of a returning affection, of his old fondness coming back, he might indeed fade to a thing like her :

And your hair grow these coarse hanks of hair,  
And your skin this bark of a gnarled tree,—  
You might turn myself ; should I know or care,  
When I should be dead of joy, James Lee ?

And thus the poem ends : powerful in its portrayal of a love that injury only serves to increase ; detailed in its portrayal of doubt, fear, despair, growing darker, step by step.

We leave it—with its wonderful word-pictures of the coasts and waters of France ; with its frightful presentment of a heart strained but unbroken—to go back over eighteen hundred years, and to find ourselves in the distant desert, where Saint John lies dying.

We read the contents of an old Greek parchment. It is the account of a "Death in the Desert," written by Pamphylax the Antiochene, or rather by Mr. Browning for him. The parchment tells how that Pamphylax, seeing the old Apostle was very near his death, desired yet to have some words with him. First, however, it was necessary to restore him ; and to this end Pamphylax laid a lappet of a linen robe over the old man's forehead ; Valens, a companion, broke a ball of nard to make perfume ; the boy who was with them chafed his hands ; and Xanthus, having dropped a drop of wine, began a prayer :

It is the Xanthus that escaped to Rome,  
Was burned, and could not write the chronicle.

These efforts to restore him were not made in the secret chamber of the rock, where he had been sixty days bedded on camel-skin :

But in the midmost grotto ; since noon's light  
Reached there a little, and we would not lose  
The last of what might happen on his face.

For a while their efforts at restoration were unavailing ; till the boy,

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought,

ran hastily into the secret chamber, fetched therefrom a plate of graven lead ; and, pressing his finger on the deeper dints, spoke the words : " I am the Resurrection and the Life." Saint John opened his eyes at once, and soon began to speak ; but he had had, it seemed, some dream or vision. With doubts even then thrown upon the Truth he had proclaimed, with Antichrist already in the world, he had feared that in the coming years Faith would all but pass away. A time of indifference, a time of doubt, a time of denial ; that was to be the course which the ages would take. And he could see his brethren of the later times :

— conversing, each new face,  
Either in fields, of yellow summer eves,  
On islets yet unnamed amid the sea ;  
Or pace for shelter, 'neath a portico,  
Out of the crowd in some enormous town  
Where now the lark sings in a solitude ;  
Or muse upon blank heaps of stone and sand  
Idly conjectured to be Ephesus :  
And no one asks his fellow any more  
" Where is the promise of His coming ?" but  
" Was He revealed in any of His lives,  
As Power, as Love, as Influencing Soul ?"

And one says that our mind receives but what it holds. And another wishes to go back to the birth of things, and prove that the will, intelligence, and love which man often thinks he *finds*, he, in fact, only gives. As S. John anticipates these objections—the wisdom of the nineteenth century—he strengthens to his task :

Nay, do not give me wine, for I am strong,  
But place my gospel where I put my hands.

And the doubts and difficulties of our day are answered and overcome. Gradually S. John leads up from teaching that might be pagan to the teaching of Christ Himself. Having had his say about the unbelief of later times, he falls back and dies. And, says Pamphylax :

— 'Twas about noon, the day  
Somewhat declining : we five buried him  
That eve, and then, dividing, went five ways,  
And I, disguised, returned to Ephesus.

How entirely has the writer thrown himself into the scene and situation ! As in a picture, we see the hot desert, the grotto where S. John is laid, the figures of his devoted followers, Pamphylax, Valens, Xanthus, and the

boy. Near the cave's mouth—for it is a time of persecution—a Bactrian convert,

A wild, childish man,  
Who could not write nor speak, but only loved,

keeps watch, while he who taught him what things had been done in Jerusalem utters his last charge. And the apostle dies, and quietly is buried, "the day somewhat declining." No sign of him may now be seen. His followers are scattered. The cave's mouth is filled with sand. And he lies, as in the old days at Jerusalem, breast to breast with the Everlasting Son of the Father.

There is a great gulf—but we must try to cross it—between the sublime truths that fall from the lips of S. John and the questions that Caliban asks, and fain would answer, touching the nature of Setebos, his dam's god, who "dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon." It would be dangerous, thinks Caliban, to talk of Setebos where Setebos might see or hear. Therefore, "in the pit's much-mire," and kicking both his feet in the cool slush, he will enjoy his speculations, and "let the rank tongue blossom into speech." Setebos "made all we see and us in spite."

He did in envy, listlessness, or sport,  
Make what Himself would fain, in a manner, be—  
Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,  
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the while,  
Things He admires and mocks too—that is it!

Being powerful, Setebos uses his power as it pleases Him. Caliban himself would do the same—nay, he does it now, so far as he can.

"Thinketh such shows nor right nor wrong in him,  
Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.  
'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs  
That march now from the mountain to the sea;  
'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,  
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.  
As it likes me each time I do: so He.

So, likening himself to one of the crabs—now allowed to pass, now stoned—Caliban thinks his fate endurable, and supposes that because it is so the god must be good in the main, and placable, if His mind and ways were guessed. Yet because He *can* show His strength, and does show it at times, Caliban must greatly fear Him. There is a something over Setebos; a Quiet that feels neither joy nor grief, but doth all that It hath a mind to do. But for the Quiet—so inoffensive and careless—why should Caliban care? It is Setebos only that plagues or pleases him. He only is worth thinking about. His mother, Sycorax, was of a different opinion. She held that the Quiet made all things, "which Setebos vexed only." Setebos must be borne with for a time—He, and the evil and the good He sends. One thing comforts Caliban:

'Believeth with the life, the pain shall stop.  
His dam held different, that after death  
He both plagued enemies and feasted friends:  
Idly! He doth His worst in this our life,

Saving last pain for worst,—with which, an end.  
Meanwhile, the best way to escape His ire  
Is, not to seem too happy.

And in order to persuade the god that he strives hard, and envies Him, Caliban dances only on the darkest nights, and in the sunshine groans and curses. The reader will remember his words to Prospero :

You taught me language ; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse.

Very useful is the accomplishment of cursing. If Setebos overheard this speech of his, to appease Him he would cut a finger off, or let "the tooth-some apple" rot upon the tree :

Hoping the while, since evils sometimes mend,  
Warts rub away, and sores are cured with slime,  
That some strange day, will either the Quiet catch  
And conquer Setebos, or likelier He  
Decrepid may doze, doze, as good as die.

While Caliban has been speaking the storm has gathered. The world is dark, crickets stop hissing, trees snap, and thunder follows. The "most credulous monster, most weak monster" shakes with terror. How appease the anger of the god ?

Lo ! 'lieth flat and loveth Setebos !  
'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,  
'Will let those quails fly, 'will not eat this month  
One little mess of wheiks, so he may 'scape !

That is the end of 'it. Thus it is that the low mind can feel God's anger, while knowing nothing of His goodness. "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself:" that is the key-note and motto of it all. The Caliban of this elaborate work has been called "a stalking horse, from which the writer shoots at higher game." Each for himself, as his need is, may surely learn a lesson from the dark gropings of Caliban. We shall not inquire here what is the number of Mr. Browning's targets, nor what the correctness of his aim.

We have to consider, and that very briefly—for the subject of which it treats has been perhaps too early handled—yet another poem, yet another dramatic utterance. We mean "Sludge, the Medium." A spiritualist having been detected in the act of cheating, and having with difficulty prevented his excited victim from strangling him, launches forth into a confession of his ways, but not of the error of them. There are so many excuses for the milder forms of deception : in this credulous world how many willing dupes ! Wonders are sought after : why withhold them ? Is it wrong to deceive, provided the deception hurt nobody ? Is Sludge worse than other men ? Who gets on without the helpful lie ? Assuredly the poets do not, from Homer to the men of our day. And there is no need to mount to them. Look only at the writers of plain prose.

Each states the law and fact and face of the thing  
Just as he'd have them, finds what he thinks fit,  
Is blind to what mis-suits him, just records  
What makes his case out, quite ignores the rest.

And, asks Sludge, who finds fault with him for this? He is rather praised than blamed—by those who think as he does, who act as he does.

"A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies," says Mr. Tennyson. But the world holds otherwise.

There's plenty of "How did you contrive to grasp  
The thread which led you through this labyrinth?  
How on so slight foundation found this tale,  
Biography, narrative?" or, in other words,  
"How many lies did it require to make  
The portly truth you here present us with?"

It matters little to Sludge whether or not he is right; whether or not his patron—or his victim—is convinced. He believes in himself, and if he cannot make Hiram H. Horsefall believe in him, that is of little moment. Hiram H. Horsefall is not the only fool in the world: he is well aware of that. In other places and with other men he may yet succeed.

The poem, as we venture to think, is not so much directed against the spiritualists as against the credulity of common men and women. Sludge has his knuckles rapped, to be sure, for the rogue that he is; and yet he is allowed to say some soft and kindly words about a child's grave.

Mr. Browning, be it noticed, is not given to look upon the worst side of life and character. He has described bad men, and he has depicted misery. But the bad men have their good points, and the misery is not to last. A bird flapping its wings against the wires of its cage, and looking out so wistfully into free spaces that it cannot reach now—to that, man's spirit may be likened.

I discern  
Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

It may be that our imperfection is but perfection hid. The star-fish is whole, and can increase no more. The flower blooms quickly, and as quickly fades. It is not so with the mind of man, howsoever defiled.

For what begun best can't end worst;  
Nor what God blest once, prove accurst.

Such, at least, is a part of the teaching of Robert Browning.

T. FRED. WEDMORE.

## STRATHMORE;

OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &amp;c.

## PART THE TWENTIETH.

## I.

## UNDER THE WINGS OF THE ANGEL.

It was autumn at White Ladies.

The dying leaves were once more drifting on the wind ; the suns set in stormy purpled skies and tawny pomp of tempest light ; the seas ran high, and hurled their white foam-crested waves upon the sands :—it was the fall of the year, rich, grand, profoundly mournful, with here and there its summer hours few and fleeting, passionately treasured, early lost, like the sweet and lingering smiles on dying lips, in voiceless and eternal farewell to all that they have loved and blessed.

It was autumn, and evening ; and Strathmore stood on the rose-terrace of White Ladies, while the lingering rays of the sun that had set poured a golden lustre over the crimson foliage, the brown rolling woods, and the river, yellow with the dead leaves of the water-lilies. The fever of a deadly inquietude was on him—the fever of guilt, which knows no rest. He had left behind, in the rushing crowds and peopled streets of the great city, the face which had pursued him like a recurrent and inevitable fate ; but she was in his life, she was in his thoughts, she poisoned all his peace, she accused him in memory of that past that he had sought to crush into oblivion. She had risen out of the surge of the vast throngs as she had risen from the waves, she had returned into his life, she who had cursed it. He did not know what he feared, yet he feared everything—*he !* who had not known what fear was. Even the idolised life of Lucille had grown torture to him—he dreaded lest his unrest should lend its alarm to her, lest in his sleep dreaming words should betray him, lest in his eyes she should read the secret he veiled. Never yet was there crime which did not sooner or later know this doom !

He stood now looking over the sweep of forest, park, and sea that lay before him in the ruddy fading light. Power, honour, beauty of possessions, riches of heritage, the greatness which ennobles life, the love which softens and endears it—these were all his, and all were darkened, cankered, turned to misery and dread, by the shadow of one dead sin ! All that was fair in his sight was poisoned by the past ; all that was sacred to him was imperilled by his guilt ; all that was holiest and dearest to him would be destroyed for ever, if one voice arose to whisper the secret his heart held.

His eyes filled with yearning and with pain as he gazed at the west, where the sun had sunk beyond the sea. He thought of Erroll.

"He is avenged—he is avenged !" he murmured, where he stood in



the silence of the falling evening, "more utterly than if I had died upon a scaffold, as other murderers die!"

Yes—for the pang of the scaffold is but a moment, and Strathmore's chastisement was lifelong.

Like a breath of redemption, like a face of angel brightness, she whom the dead had bequeathed him looked upward in his eyes in the last lingering sunlight, as her hand stole into his.

"Why have you left me? We are alone for a day at the least, and when alone you are wholly my own!"

He shrank from the sweet, caressing words: "wholly hers!" while the darkness of the past claimed him, drawing him ever and ever down out of the innocence and light of her presence into its pestilential memories!

He pressed her to him with a passionate unrest, a feverish tenderness, born of a terrible and nameless dread.

"Lucille!—Lucille! I have never given you an hour's pain—never denied you a single wish? I have made you happy? My love is sufficient for you, and you want no other?"

He spoke as he had spoken when she had wakened from her sleep, in vague, oppressive misery, in restless, irresistible longing to be told, again and again from her own lips, that through her the atonement of his sin was made. Oh, madman! who thought that atonement lay in the happiness of another life, instead of in the purification from passion, the renunciation of evil, of his own!

She looked up at him with wistful, wondering pain, and on her face was the look of an unspeakable love—a love beyond her childhood's faith, beyond her joyous youth; a love spiritualised, exhaustless, "faithful unto death," mournful even in its intensity, as though the tragedy from whence it sprang unconsciously shadowed it, and made it less the offspring of joy than the angel of consolation.

"Oh, my lord—my love!" she said, softly and passionately, while the tears rose up and stood in the eyes where, to him, there ever seemed to lie the sadness of her father's fate and of her young mother's piteous doom. "Have you need to ask me *that*? He whom you loved, knows how Lucille loves you. My life has no thought, no wish, no memory, but what are yours, for is not my life—*you*?"

He pressed her in a close embrace, that she might not see how his eyes filled and his face paled at the anguish and the sweetness of those tender words;—she loved him, and of that very love would be her death-blow, if ever from her father's distant grave the truth should arise and be revealed.

A letter she had lain down on the marble gleamed white against the dark and crimson leaves of the autumn roses; the superscription lay uppermost; as his glance, mechanically and without note of it, fell on the writing, he started with a shudder that she felt through all her frame as his arms were wound about her.

He loosed her from him, and seized it—all the golden and purple glories of the sunset reeled before his sight. The writing was that of the man who held his secret—of the hand that he had thought to weigh and fasten down, paralysed for ever, beneath the irons of the Toulon *galérien*.

"That letter!—That letter!—"

The words died on his lips faint and ill formed; even from her in that moment he could not wholly hide the terror that fell on him, passing all cowards' fear of death.

She looked upward, with the swiftness of love, to notice any shade of pain.

"Why? What is it? Nothing that grieves you? It came just now. I took it from them, and brought it to you."

"Quite right!" In that instant he had recovered self-command, and his voice was measured and calm. "It gave me pain at the moment, my love, for—for—it is the writing of one whom I believed worse than dead. Leave me alone to read it. See! there are your fawns waiting for you. Go, and give them their roses."

She looked at him a moment with wistful uncertainty; his voice was tranquil now, and he smiled on her, yet she could not forget that shudder which she had felt convulse him as she had been gathered in his arms.

"Go, my darling," he said, with a smile—a smile while his hand closed on the letter of the man whom he had thought silenced, as by the silence of the grave! "I would be alone a few moments."

She looked at him again, wistfully still; then went, for his wish was her law—went with the grace and swiftness of youth, for she had still a child's pure pleasures, her hands filled with autumn roses, her hair glancing in the sunlight, while the young deer trooped to meet her with the delicate chimes of their bells.

And he stood there with the opened letter in his hand, and the shapeless terror, which had been upon him since he had first seen the face of Marion Vavasour in the summer midnight, become palpable, and fronting him with the work of his own hand. The crimson from the west shone full upon the page, and the words seemed to reel in a scarlet haze before him as he read:

"Strathmore, I am free, and in England. You may have learnt, ere now, that your noble nephew gave me liberty, and regained me more than life. I shall await you to-night on the shore by the monastery church; you will come as soon as the night has fallen.

"VALDOR."

He who had been so deeply wronged, wrote with the command of a monarch—he who had wronged, stood with the letter crushed in his hand, without sense, sight, movement; all his life blasted in him.

The blow fell unsoftened, unprepared; the letters by which Lionel Caryll, bound to silence for a while, had at last, from the East, sent the tidings of his rescue of the condemned, had not as yet reached him. The words he read were like the delirium of a dream; the force which had unlocked the prisoner's chains and set him free seemed unreal, unnatural, as power that should have burst the bonds of death and given resurrection from the grave. This was all he knew: that he who had the secret of his life had risen from a bondage, dark, certain, hopeless as the tomb, and held a vengeance vast as his deep wrong!

As a panther leaps from the gloom ere its presence is seen or its passage is traced, so his retribution sprang upon him. All was dark round

him ; unintelligible, untold ; the prison gates had been broken, the living sepulchre been unsealed ; his wealth, which had sent his young kinsman to wander at will in foreign lands, had been turned into the power which had loosed the chains, and released the captivity of the man he had betrayed and condemned ; the net of his own acts was wound about him ; the guilt which had seemed wisdom in his sight had been forged into the weapon of his own destruction. *His !* not his alone, or he had borne it. It was the life of Lucille that his dead sin menaced. For her he had done this thing ; against her it now rose beyond his strength to save.

The grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

A stunned silence, and tranquillity fell on him ; suddenly and mutely as poison kills, all his life was shattered, and all hope destroyed ;—there is no resistance in an absolute despair.

He held the letter clenched in his right hand, his face was grey and bloodless as a dead man's, his eyes gazed with a blank stare out at the ruddy, golden light : the world was unreal about him, the sun-rays glared blood-red in his sight ; he saw the face of Lucille, but it seemed far off—gazing at him with love that was anguish, with eyes that pierced his soul and saw the blood-stain there, with holiness that barred him from her and divorced them for evermore, while she floated farther and farther from him, borne away by an angel-band.

Dizziness seized him, he felt his senses failing, his sight growing dim : instinctively he grasped the marble column near, and strove to keep his consciousness, his calm ;—she must not know !

*"Not know !"* He remembered that when the space of that night should be passed the knowledge of all would have reached her ! He knew that she must die :—the life that lived but in his own, and the yet unborn life that he had given, both perish through his sin !

She stood before him, with the autumn roses in her hand, and the lingering stray beams of light shining in the deep spiritual sweetness of her eyes.

He shuddered beneath her gaze ;—all that was dearest to him grew worse torture than devils frame. A little while,—and she would know him as he was. A little while,—and she would know that his kiss was accursed on her lips, that the barrier of an ineffaceable sin sundered them for ever, that the love she held the holiest and truest guardianship on earth was but a vain atonement for a brutal crime !

She came and knelt beside him, she wound her arms about him, she sought his lips with her caresses. Was he in suffering, was he in pain ? He was silent to her ! Why ? He would keep nothing that grieved him from her, even in love ?

And he had to smile on her while his heart was breaking ! He had to look down into her fair eyes, while he knew that towards them stole the doom of his past ! Imprisoned from her sight through all her life, his hidden sin was loosed to rend her from him and destroy her at the last. And in the failing light her eyes gazed upward with their deep, dreaming love, and her lips, with the sinless smile of childhood, were lifted for his kiss !

Oh God!—the throbs of his heart, as they beat against hers, must tell her he thought the secret they held; on the darkness of his face she must behold the darkness of his soul. She leaned her cheek upon his hand,—the blood-stain there must scorch her. She laid her head against his breast,—the guilt it veiled must scare her from her resting-place.

The guardian of her youth, the husband of her love, the father of her child, the idol of her beautiful and trustful life—and through him she must die!

His arms closed round her with passionate anguish, his lips clung to hers with endless kisses,—to him it was as the embrace of death, to him it was agonised as an eternal farewell.

Yet he held from her all sign;—he spared her while he could all knowledge of his torture;—he sacrificed his misery to her, as he would have sacrificed honour, greatness, life itself, and given himself to an eternity of woe, could he have bought redemption at his cost for her alone.

He left her;—and she had seen no trace of the agony which could have broken its bonds and flung him at her feet with tears of blood at every smile her fond eyes gave to his, at every lingering kiss her lips left on his own. But where she could not follow or behold him—out in the shadows of the falling night, under the shelter of the leaves—that agony had its way, nature conquered the iron force that had chained it down and forbidden it all utterance.

He stood and gazed at her through the opened casements;—he knew that in life they might never meet again. The pure light fell around her, flowers in a wilderness of blossom enclosed her, above her, there stretched through the shadows, the ivory spear, and the white wings, of a sculptured angel, Ithuriel; and upward to the angel's face she lifted her soft, deep, haunting eyes, the eyes where the sadness of the past ever lay beneath the smile of childhood. And she must perish!—she, the angel of his life, by whom atonement had come to him, through whom all holier things had touched his heart. He wondered that he lived!—that dumb, delirious wonder of despair which seizes those who suffer, those to whom death *will* not come.

He saw nothing but her—the light shed a halo like a glory on her brow; her eyes, looking outward to the night, seemed to look through his soul; and above, where the marble Ithuriel leaned, the white wings of the angel enclosed her, and the white spear banded from her, the innocent and the sacrificed, his love that was accursed, his guilt that had arisen!

And out of the gloom of the ruined cloisters and the hanging screens of ivy, there crept a shadow darker than any on the night; that shadow looked with him upon the innocence that the white-winged spirit guarded; that shadow, unseen by him, followed him as he went down towards the sea.

It was the form of Marion Vavasour.

## II.

## "THE BOWS OF THE MIGHTY ARE BROKEN."

THE full autumn moon shone on the silent seas, the grey shadows of the broken arches, and the stirless boughs drooping above the scattered ivy-covered graves, as Strathmore went through the night; went with his proud head bowed, and all the haughty serenity of his bearing broken and crushed. For he went to the man whom he had wronged.

Valdor leant against a shaft of the ruined abbey, with the light shining on his face; the ravages of captivity and of wretchedness were something worn away, but beauty, strength, brilliance, all the glory of manhood were gone, and gone for ever; and Strathmore shuddered as he looked on him. How could this man forgive? To have saved his life he could have uttered no word, have advanced no step; he paused, and stood silent. All the enormity of his sin seemed to arise and stand betwixt them; all the vastness of the mercy he had come to seek seemed to stretch out, mocking and lost before him. "Mercy!" What title to it had he?—he who had ever denied it.

The night was very calm, and its stillness was unbroken as they met; the one saw the husband of Lucille, the other her avenger and destroyer.

"Strathmore! were you traitor to me?"

The words fell at last from the man he had wronged, low, almost gentle, but with reproach profound as that which alone passed the dying Cæsar's lips to him whom he had loved too loyally.

Strathmore quivered from head to foot; traitor he had been, but there was no treachery in his blood. With a lie he could have disarmed this man; with a lie have denied the charge; there was no proof against him save such as his own words should give; no living soul who could have brought this last sin home to him save himself. From him whom he had wronged, moreover, he came to seek a mercy so vast, that the mercy which spares from death is pale to it. But his soul, steeped in so much error, lost in so much crime, still clung, even in its darkness, instinctively, and at all cost, to Truth. He bowed his head.

"Yes! I betrayed you."

"You!"

That one word was all he uttered, but in it all else was spoken; the reproach, too deep for passion, too generous for revenge, of the betrayed who wrote: "It is not an open enemy who hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it. It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend."

"I!"—he lifted his head, and as the moonlight shone upon it, his face was filled with a terrible despair, and with that which is worse than suffering, and which had never before then reached his life—shame. "I betrayed you—for her sake!"

Viler than he was in his own sight, he could be in no man's; abhorrent of his sin, the purest could not be, more than he was then; "a traitor!" many crimes had stained, but in his creed, none had dishonoured him till this. And the haughty tyrant nature in him, sickening at its own evil

and its own shame, laid itself bare to the bone, making no plea, seeking no lie, craving no pardon, asking no palliation, save such, if any there were, as lay in those brief words, "for her."

A deep sigh broke from the man he had ruined; he had been dealt an injury so vast, that all the life that lingered in him could not suffice to efface or repair it; he had been flung into a living tomb, and been crushed under a more lingering torture than that which gives death at a blow; his cause had been lost, his manhood had been wrecked, his strength had been destroyed for ever; yet his deep wrong was less before him in that moment than the anguish which struck him like a knife, that the friend whom he had honoured and trusted, whose bread he had broken, and whose hand he had grasped, should have turned traitor to him.

"Better have dealt me death than have done friendship this dishonour!"

The words were brief and simple; wider rebuke lay in them than lies in invective or in curse: and Strathmore shuddered as he heard. None knew their truth more utterly than he; none honoured honour more sacredly than he who had violated it; none held its laws more just and binding than he who had broken through them.

He bowed his head as one who bows before the lash which he merits too deeply to arrest.

"Say what you will! The vilest words you give will never reach the villainess of my guilt. I wronged you more brutally, more accursedly than by a death-thrust; and yet—I sinned for her!"

As he spoke the last words, his head was reared with its old proud dignity of bearing, and through the misery upon his face there flashed the old, wild, inflexible passions which through life had wrecked his peace and stained his soul.

"I betrayed you to save her from my doom. To spare myself a thousand deaths I would have never turned a traitor to a dog that should have trusted me; you have known me, you know that! It was in *his* trust. I had sworn her life should be before my own; I kept it so. I have been true to *him*! You do not loathe me for my wrong to you more vilely than I loathe myself; my sin is not blacker and fouler in your eyes than in mine; and yet,—were it to be done again, I would do it, if so only I could save her! Crime is more accursed to *me* than it ever was to the holiest life that ever shrank from it. I sicken for peace, for rest, for expiation—oh, my God, for *guiltlessness*!—and yet there is no crime I would not take on me if it could spare her. I owe her all—my soul itself!"

The words rang out on the still night, floating far over the starlit sea; his wild erring sacrifice, his guilty grand defiance flung down before the man who held so terrible a power of vengeance, blent with the heart-sickness of despair, the pathos of a vain remorse, the wretchedness of an utter impotence, of a love that was powerless to defend or save.

He who heard stood silent and motionless, his eyes fixed on Strathmore's face, on which the light of the moon fell. His own wrong, his own love, the memory of all he had endured, the knowledge that he who stood before him was the husband of Lucille,—these were forgotten in that moment; he only saw the depth and vastness of this man's guilt, the passion and the despair of his remorse. All else seemed too poor, too

mean, too utterly of self, to be remembered then; all else seemed to float far away into oblivion before the might of this man's misery, the greatness of his hopeless thirst and travail for expiation.

Strathmore met his eyes unflinchingly; criminal he was, but coward never. He stood erect, his face white as death and drawn as with the deep and haggard lines of age. He did not plead; he offered no word more that could have seemed to seek extenuation of his sin; not even for her sake could he stoop to pray for mercy from the man he had betrayed. He knew that she must die—for he knew that the ghastliness of his past, touching her, would slay her, like the breath of the destroying angel.

"You have your vengeance—take it," he said, calmly, while his voice was changed to a hoarse and hollow utterance vibrating on the stillness. "Take it! It is your right. The innocent and the unborn will perish together for my guilt. It is no more than I merit."

Valdor shuddered, and the red blood flushed his face; for the moment he had risen above the weakness and the error of man, and had remembered alone pity such as Heaven itself may yield. But he was human—he had loved; with those words he was dashed back to the frailty of humanity and of passion. He saw before him the lover, the lord, the possessor of the life that he had worshipped—the husband of her youth, the father of her child.

A great struggle shook him, like a storm-wind. He turned and paced the long stretch of sward under the ruined aiales, his steps falling in heavy broken measure on the silence that was only stirred by the sighing of the waves far down below beyond the glimmer of the moonlit leaves.

If ever man strove between good and evil, he wrestled with his tempters then. But not for the first time did he come to the conflict, nor for the first time had he conquered. Long ago he had striven to have strength for this hour if it came; and he had strength now.

He came and stood before Strathmore in the grey calm shadow of the monastic burial-place, beside the ivy-covered lowly grave on which that solitary word was carved, "*Lucille*."

"Could you not trust me in so little? True, I spoke to you in madness; I refused you mercy in the blind hate of a brutal passion; I knew not what I did! But could you not have known me well enough to know that, when that hour was passed, I should regret? Could you believe that, in cold blood, I should have been so vile as to take from you what loved and was loved by you? Could you think that your appeal would not disarm me, that your remorse and your atonement would have no sanctity in my sight? I spoke in haste—I erred; but before the night was passed I had repented."

"*Repented!* Oh, my God!—and I——"

The words rang out like a great death-cry over the silent seas.

"And you misjudged me! As you misjudge me now. It is not for me to revenge your guilt—and revenge it on the guiltless! It is not for her to suffer because I was wronged—such vengeance would be for devils! Your secret is safe—your remorse is sacred with me. Lucille shall never learn that you were her father's destroyer; she shall never know that she was Erroll's child. I came to say this to you—this only. Friendship is ended for ever between us; but there may be still, at the least—forgiveness."

And in his eyes, as he spoke, there was a divine light, and in his voice a divine pity; noiselessly, swiftly, as though to put aside all answer, and to spare him whom he had pardoned from his own gaze, he turned and went through the soft shadows of the leaves, through the twilight of the ruined aisle, through the stillness of the night, away down to where the sea lay. And the man whom crime had not made a coward, to whom remorse had not taught mercy, in whom misery had not availed to bring humility and pity, who had trusted to the strength of his own hand, and the mailed might of his own will, and had been his own god, his own judge, his own law, trembled like a great tree stricken at its roots as he heard the words which *spared* him, the words of that mercy which he had ever denied; and he fell down on the dank sward, stricken there motionless, prostrate, voiceless, as in the years that were gone he had fallen by the side of the dead whom he had slain. Never had his sin looked so great to him as in that hour in which its vengeance was withheld from him; never had his soul been so near to its redemption as now, when its vileness looked darkest in his sight, and was laid bare in the light of an unhopéd deliverance, till he beheld it as it was beheld of God.

Out of the shadow of the arches stole the darker shadow that had followed him. With the glide of a snake she swept through swathes of light and breadths of gloom, through tangled grasses heavy with rain, and wide, endless stretches of park land, broken up in hill and dale, with forest-trees and deep deer-pools. As the snake steals its rapid way, so she stole on hers, swift as a stag's flight, passing, as though borne on the wind, through the twilight of the still and silvery night.

She had his secret—she had her vengeance. And ever as she went, with her amber hair loosening in the breeze sweeping from the sea, and something of her lost dead beauty lent to her face in that moonlit gleam, as her eyes flashed once more with the evil triumph, the victorious and cruel lust of the years that were gone, Marion Vavasour murmured ever, till the words were borne in strange wild rhythm on the woodland silence far away, to join the ceaseless lulling of the waves:

“Such mercy as you gave, I give to you—no more!”

Lucille watched for him.

The night was hushed and very soft, with the light of the stars falling over the vast depths of woodland, stretching downward to the sea; and as she gazed upon it, while the wild wind played among her hair, and the fragrance of dew-laden flowers rose upward from the grass below, her eyes filled with tears—the tears of a joy beyond words, that trembled even at its own intensity. She was so happy!—she who shared his life as no other had ever shared it. The murmur of the sea, the low glad belling of the deer, the odour of every blossom that was borne on the wings of the wind, the silver light on every leaf that quivered in the moonbeams, these were all poems to her—sweet voices that chimed in with the rejoicing of her life. And where she leaned, with the dreaming lustre in her childlike eyes, and the star-rays circling her fair bowed head, her lips moved in prayer, pure as the prayer of infancy and as unquestioning in faith. Prayer for all things



that suffered; for all lives that needed pity; for all who were weary and travel-laden, and had sinned against the holiness of love; for all the homeless and the desolate, who bore the heat and burden of the day, and knew the shadow of that merciless calamity whose knowledge had never touched her; prayer of that divine compassion which rises from the fullness and the gratitude of joy, and from the glory of its own hushed gladness remembers and looks back on those who suffer, and pleads for them even as angels plead.

The night itself seemed to grow holier about her, the silence to pause in purer and gentler vigil around the sanctity of those early years, and God's own presence to encircle and to shield the life which knew him without fear as Love alone.

And towards her, through the darkness, with the noiseless swiftness of the wind, stole the shadow of the destroyer.

### III.

*καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν.*

HE lay stretched on the dank earth without movement, save for the shudder that now and again ran through his frame. His guilt had been abhorred and abjured from the first hour of its crime, but his pride had remained with him unchastened, unbent, untaught, to work its doom by its scornful and blasphemous deification of will and of power. Now this, too, was stricken from his hands—his own weakness had come home to him, he had been strengthless before the recoil of his sin, he had recognised the supreme wisdom of the truth, without which all lives are at best but of warped beauty and of splendid error—the truth which lies in following that which is just, and letting result lie with deity, and with the future.

He had been *spared*! The warmth, the redemption, the divinity of that mercy which he had ever denied, had touched him as the light of morning touches the gloom, till all that is dark and impure is bathed in its glory. Mercy, likeness and attribute of God, which when it comes to earth makes man godlike, he had thrust ever from him; he had veiled his face and closed his heart to it; remorse had never taught him pardon; striving for atonement, he had never taken its first step—forgiveness. All its softness, all its holiness, all its serene and sanctified humanity, had been dead to him, rejected, scorned, destroyed:—and now mercy had risen and saved him, and in its light he saw the vastness and the darkness of his own guilt.

All his past life lived once more for him through those long and solitary hours: as men drowning in the great waste of the sea remember every face, every link, in the years that are ended for ever, so he saw all the forgotten things of his youth and of his manhood. He seemed to look back on his life as from the depths of a grave, and to behold it—proud, powerful, generous, honoured amongst men; but stained with sin, wrecked by passion, riven at the core by the curse of one crime, and never reaching expiation because never bending to humiliation. For he had never forgiven!—he had never learned that sin in his own life commanded from him pardon to sin even for seventy times

seven; he had never recognised that crime in his own soul forbade to him for ever the right of judgment, and enjoined on him to his grave the duty of an exhaustless mercy, unswerving, unweakened, whatever temptation might assail. He had never forgiven!—there, worse than in the first-born crime which had sprung from the blindness of his passions, lay the depth of his sin, the vainness of his atonement.

The night was very still.

There was no breath among the falling leaves, no movement except the ceaseless ebbing of the sea below. In the serene skies countless stars shone without a floating cloud to veil them, and the long ivy coils over the lonely graves lay dark and stirless in the moonlight. There was not a sound borne on the air, not a shudder that stole through the autumnal forests; the silent hours swept on unmeasured and unbroken—for the night did not whisper the secrets it shrouded, the cold stars had no pity and uttered no warning, the world reeled on, and the innocent were unguarded, and the face of God was unseen.

Slowly and dully through the hush of the night there swung the midnight chimes of the abbey, iron strokes that dealt out the merciless passage of time, shadowy bells that echoed mournfully over the waters, wild beating cadences, now lost, now heard, dimly flung out in waves of sound upon the silence. Their melody beat upon his ear, and throbbed through his brain with a strange jarring echo, unreal and yet familiar; he rose slowly to his feet, and lifted his face to the coolness of the night. Beneath, stretched the silvered lustre of the seas, where life and death had wrestled for him; around him was the deep and solemn tranquillity, when all things are at rest; above, the cold dark star-lighted skies that reached onward and upward to the infinite. Mercy!—the whole night seemed to throb with that one word; the sea in its depths murmured it to him by whom it had been denied; the weary bells as they swung through the stillness bore it upon the wind. Mercy!—he had no right to it, no title to it; what his life had refused, his life could not claim. Mercy! Above, in the dark lustre of the skies, the light of heaven seemed shining with the glory that is Forgiveness;—and below, in the black and endless waste of the ocean, lay the abyss into which his risen sin seemed to force the life that had been without compassion.

He stretched his arms out to the dark and fathomless gulf that had been his righteous doom, and upward to that divine and cloudless light which never till now had shone for him, which now seemed dying from his sight ere he could reach it, or implore it to stay with him yet—yet to redeem him! That voiceless prayer went up to God in the silence of the night;—who shall say that it was lost?

He turned from the solitary shore, and took his homeward way through the shadows of the old monastic burial-place, where the sepulchres were made above the sounding of the sea, and were turned eastwards, that the light of early dawn, breaking on the world, might shine first upon them—the dead.

He reeled back, struck as with his death-thrust.

Between him and the white lustre of the stars, standing out from the darkness of the ivied gloom, like a wraith from the tomb, rose the form of Marion Vavasour.

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With her amber hair floating on the winds, with a wild accursed beauty come back to her from that hour from her past, with the light of a merciless triumph, and the shadow of a deathless grace strangely blent with the soiled torn garments of an outcast, and the lost misery of one in whom shame had perished for ever, she rose in his path—now, as before, claiming him hers by right of that companionship in guilt, by title of their mutual bond of sin. Temptress, traitress, assassinatress, she returned to him after the long flight of years, holding him yet her own by the close tie of died-out passions and of buried sins; and behind the ruthless cruelty of the destroyer there looked the grand and austere justice of the Avenging Angel. For her the sin had been sinned; by her came its retribution.

There, between the light and him, she rose, hovering, as it seemed, upon the watery mists, the shining brilliance of the night;—and he gazed at her, filled with the speechless horror that had come on him when he had seen her face rise out of the depths of the sea in the white storm-flame.

A mocking mirth rang down the stillness of the night, vibrating through the chimes of midnight bells, echoing above the sounding of the seas:

“At last, Strathmore!—at last!”

“At last!”

The words broke from his lips in an unconscious echo, while the great dews gathered on his forehead, and in his eyes came the agony of the stag hunted to bay and caught within the toils. The supreme hour of his life, the supreme retribution of his sin had come. A shiver ran through his frame;—he had loved her! So well, so well! as never man loved woman, and even now the music that still lingered in her voice thrilled through him with its melody. It was the echo of his past; the echo of his youth.

Had that love ever wholly died, though hate had trodden it out and been greater than its greatest? Love is its own avenger.

“At last!” She seemed to float still before him on the shadowy luminance of the starry night, her hair flung out upon the winds, her wreck of broken and dishonoured loveliness a spectre risen from the buried years. “My lover, who lived but in my life, who saw no sun but in my eyes, who held crime sweet if I but bade it! did you think we were parted for ever? did you dream that the years could long sunder us? did you not know I should soon or late claim you my own? You are mine—you are mine! To-night I take back my empire!”

Mute, blind, paralysed, he stood and gazed at her, the sickness of horror on him; on the silvery mists of the night the words lingered softly, mockingly, wildly; a strange triumph blent with the rich and thrilling melody of voice. Ghastlier than any curse of vengeance, more horrible than any death-stroke dealt him, were those words that spoke to him in the love-tones of old!—were those words which across the great gulf of crime and hatred floated to him and smote him with his past!

Her laugh rang down again, breaking the murmur of the seas.

“What! no word when I claim back my sovereignty? No vow, no kiss? You! my lost lover—who adored the very roses that my lips

had pressed, who let honour drift away, a jeered and useless thing, to lie at my feet, to rest in my bosom, to gaze in my eyes ; who wooed and courted guilt, as others glory, when *my* hand pointed, and *my* voice whispered it ? What ! no caress, no oath, no gratitude, when by our love I claim you, and own you, alone to-night ? What ! the roses are dead, is the love dead too ? The murdered are buried, is the love buried too ?”

“ In mercy,—in pity,—be silent !”

The words broke in a hoarse, inarticulate cry from his throat ; he thought her senses gone, and in the chastened passions, the broken pride, the poignant remorse, and self-abasement of that hour, he knew himself too deeply guilty to have title to lift himself above her, or wreak his wrongs on his destroyer. The evil had gone from his soul, the brutal hatred from his life ; in his own sight his crime was now so great that it lowered hers, and withheld her from his vengeance. The relentless and iron hate with which it had pursued her had died when the light of mercy had shone on his heart, and the appeal to Heaven been on his lips ; if she had tempted, he had avenged ; if she had murdered with her lie, he had slaughtered with his hand. What was he that he had title to condemn this woman, vast as were his wrongs, wide as were her crimes ? She drew nearer to him, leaning on the flickering brilliance of the night like a spirit borne upon the air ; and as her eyes gazed closer into his, as her hair floated in the light, as nearer and nearer came that soiled, broken, ruined wreck of all that she had been, she saw him shudder and reel back, and close his eyes to shut out that mockery and resurrection of the past.

“ Silent ?—silent ?” she echoed. “ Why, the days were when the world had no music for you but my voice !—when but to hear me murmur those fool’s words, ‘ I love you !’ honour, duty, brotherhood, men’s laws and God’s commands, were all thought worthless ! ‘ Eternal love, eternal love !’ that was what you vowed me : though the earth should be shattered, and the heavens should flame like a scroll, *we* were to love for ever ! Heaven itself was not to sever *us* ! Ah ! and the love lasted but the life of the rose !”

“ Oh God, cease !”

Her words as they lingered down the air with all the unforgotten melody of old, mocking, terrible, yet with a strange and bitter sadness sighing through them,—the lament of youth, the weariness of despair—pierced him to the soul, till the pent suffering of years broke out and poured itself before the woman by whom his youth had been destroyed, his life been wrecked.

“ Love ?—love ? Dare you speak it to me ? Ay, I loved you, Heaven help me ! I loved you, better than life, or guiltlessness, or brotherhood, or God ; angel, devil, temptress, traitress, that you were ! You had my life, my heart, my honour, my soul, all that was mine on earth and in eternity. What were they to you ? Toys that you played with, and hurled back into ruin and guilt ; slaves that you dragged at your feet for the whole world to laugh at, then steeped in blood and hounded on to murder !”

A tearless sob caught his breath, and broke heavily on the silence of the night, then the loosened rush of words swept on again, all the silent

agony, all the crushed-out misery of so many years breaking their prison before the woman who had known his madness, made his crime, and suffered from his vengeance.

"Is there measurement for your sin to me? Guilty I was, but not to you; shame was glorious for you, death welcome for you, crime and dishonour sweet for you! I gave you all the glory of my manhood, I gave you all the peace of my whole life, I gave you more—a devil's gift, yet given because I loved you—*his* blood!—sacrificed, guiltless—his blood, that is on me and mine for ever! Your crime is without end to me; to my dying hour the guilt you scourged me to, is on me; it poisons every innocent thing, it curses every hope of peace; every year the roses bloom, I think of you; every summer sun that sets, I see his death-agony, I hear his dying words,—I know I slaughtered him as wild beasts kill what they hate! Oh God! the vileness of your sin was never equalled upon earth—save—save—by the vileness of my own!"

Her eyes fastened on him with a strange look that seemed to burn through the misty brilliance round them, wildly mournful, cruelly triumphant; to-night, for one brief hour at least, she took back her empire, she ruled him, she tortured him, she shook his passions as the cyclone shakes the cedars; she alone was remembered by him. His proud and ice-cold life still was riven to its centre by her; in all its mailed and kingly power, within it had ever lived the agony of a cheated love, the torture of a deathless remorse; he had never forgotten the idolatry of his youth, he had never ceased to suffer! And the vain and evil triumph of her nature flashed out with pitiless exultation, even while her eyes dwelt on him with the thirsty pain which in her, too, wearied for the past—which in her, too, yearned towards all that was lost for ever!

"Vile as it was," she said, slowly, "you revenged it as brutally! Once you drove me out to what was worse than death, once you loosed me to death itself, and the storm and the waves knew more mercy than you!"

"Such mercy as you gave, I gave to you!" the words that he had spoken in the past, broke unconsciously once more from his lips, hoarse with anguish, terrible in misery, pleading not with her, but with the condemnation of his conscience, the accusation of his past. "I pursued you, I destroyed you, I hunted you down to ruin, as you had hunted me to crime. I bade you die the death that you had dealt to him. I had no pity!—*I*—who should have seen my brotherhood in the foulest criminals that taint the earth, who should have known that I had forfeited for ever my right to judgment! But it was not *my* wrongs that I revenged, it was not the curse on *my* life that I remembered when I smote you,—it was *his*! Guiltless, you slew him! Loyal, and just, and stainless, your lie hurled him to his grave! That was your crime—for that my vengeance. Answer me now, before God, you who made me his murderer, you who slew him without pity in his glory and his youth—answer me, was the vengeance greater than the crime?"

Where she stood before him, she to whom crime had been triumph and duty fable, who had been without pity and without remorse, shrank and quivered for one moment as though struck to the heart; then she raised herself slowly in the starlight, with something of the old grand grace and

sovereign gesture of her past, while for once in her eyes there was no evil, for once on her lips no lie.

"Greater?—No! But it was not *your* hand which should have dealt it, Strathmore."

He bowed his head where he stood in the bright mist shining from the sea.

"I know it,—*now*! Your sin was mine, and mine was yours. I had no right to strike you,—*I*!—who was guiltier yet than you."

He had drunk the bitterest drop in the cup of his retribution; he had vanquished the darkest passion of his nature; he had taken submissively as his due the cruellest stripe of his scourge, now, when to the woman who had been his betrayer he spoke in peace, and taking her sin as his own, laid down his rights of vengeance.

She was silent, in her eyes passionate hate and wild regret, love that seemed to live again, victory strange and nameless, passions dead, and conscience wakened, seemed to gleam, all mingled and in conflict, and burn through the floating shadows of the night; while on the stillness there only broke the sighing of the midnight seas, the echo of the midnight bells. She leaned nearer yet towards him, her hair driving backward in the wind, the ravages of time and shame fallen from her in the softened shade;—and with that gesture both remembered how she had once pressed his hand against her bosom and bidden him go sin for her, when with tiger-thirst she panted for blood, for life!

"Strathmore! I wronged you once; I came to-night to wrong you more. I murdered once; I came to-night to slaughter yet again! Years ago, in my extremity, you said such mercy as I gave, you gave to me. Such mercy I came to-night to give to you—no more!"

She saw him stagger again, she heard one convulsed and tearless sob break again upon the stillness, she saw in his eyes gather the wild and hunted misery that she had known,—and in that moment the vile and cruel nature inborn in the traitress revived and ruled. He suffered!—he suffered! She had her triumph; she had her foot upon the haughty, humbled neck; she had her hand upon the proud, mailed heart, to wring it as she would. Through all the course of bitter baffled years she had waited for that hour—and it was hers.

Her laugh, jeering, victorious, accursed, so ghastly in its melody, rang on the air.

"Ay! the love lived but the life of the rose—you have replaced it. Why leave what you cherish? We can strike you through her! While she sleeps in her innocence, and dreams of your kisses, the whisper can steal to her that will scare sleep for ever, and tell her the life that her husband destroyed."

A cry from him broke her words—a cry so terrible, so heart-broken, that as it echoed down the lonely shore and far across the waves, those sleeping out at sea heard it, and woke and shuddered, thinking it the death-wail of some drowning man sinking, beyond help, in the solitude of the ocean. It silenced even her.

This had been her coveted lust; this had been the moment for which she had watched, and waited, and pursued, and endured the weary course of loathsome years. He suffered! where she hovered, shadow-like,

before his aching sight, her eyes seemed to pierce through into his life, her laugh to echo with a devil's joy. His secret in *her* hands!—his darling's peace laid at her mercy!—than whom the panther were gentler to move, the vulture were more pitiful to spare! His lips parted, but formed no sound, the great dewdrops stood like the sweat of death upon his brow, his limbs trembled, his eyes were fastened on her with a dumb, agonised appeal. If before that hour retribution had never overtaken him, in it retribution would have fallen on him vast as his dead crime.

"Your lips were mine!" she cried, laughing still in that mocking mirth; "their kisses must poison hers. Your hand slew him! its touch must pollute hers. Oh, lover, who lived but in my smile! did you not know the dead passion would rise up and curse the new? Oh, lord of the iron will! did you dream that you were stronger than fate, and vengeance, and a woman's hate, and think you could strangle your secret, and shelter your darling for ever? What! while the earth held your crime, and I still had life?—while the red grasses had once drunk his blood, and I lived to tell her the hidden sin of her husband? Strathmore, Strathmore! was *that* your wisdom, *that* your strength? Oh, fool, who thought yourself as deity! Oh, madman, who hoped that the past could ever be silenced!"

The words vibrated through the air, ringing high in cruel mockery, throbbing on the stillness with their bitter irony, piercing him with iron thrust; and his agony broke out in a single prayer, not to her, never to her, but to the Eternity that shone above and gazed upon him through the calm eyes of the stars.

"Lucille! Lucille! Oh, God of the guiltless, save her!"

The prayer rang through the silence as though pleading at the very throne of heaven, borne there by all the voices of the night; before its anguish her laugh died, the triumph faded from her eyes, a bitter sigh ran through her.

"God of the guiltless!—he is not *our* God!"

In the words there were the wild regret, the passionate derision, of a life dimly waking to remorse, and struggling under the heavy, stifling burden of unrepented sins and of inexpiable crimes.

"But he is *hers*!"

The answer was still a prayer, broken, hopeless, pleading; not to his torturer, not to his destroyer, but to those serene and lustrous worlds in which were spoken the majesty and the pity of the Infinite. Could they look on and see the sinless perish! Would the God she worshipped in her childlike trust, with every sun that rose and every night that fell, desert her now! The night swam round him, the noise of the waves surged in his brain, his lips were white and cloven, his eyes saw nothing but the face of his destroyer, and the divine lustre of the heavens shining far away.

There was no thought of violence, no instinct to crime in him now, sin had lost its hold upon his soul, for belief in immortality had risen there; there was nothing but a stunned, dull despair, in which he saw his own guilt recoil upon the innocent, and was powerless to shield or save her.

Marion Vavasour stood and gazed on him, and in her eyes there gleamed that strange and nameless blending of hate and love, of triumph and

regret, of mocking victory and of thirsty pain, which had come there before; if ever in her life she had loved, she had loved him, and she thought of the glory of her womanhood, the splendour of her power, when his life had been hers, and her loveliness had bound him in its golden chains; she thought of the great passion that he had poured out at her feet, and that she had broken, cheated, ruined, and driven to its guilt.

In his presence something of the brutality of hate perished; something of the memory of love revived.

She leaned nearer to him once more, with a relic of the proud and sovereign grace returned to the dark, dishonoured wretchedness of the Outcast.

"The God of the guiltless! We know no God, you and I! We know that if there be a God, he sends his sunlight on the criminal, and lets the sinless perish! You have lived in honour, and riches, and power, and men's esteem, and I in beggary, and misery, and shame! What justice is there *there*? Our sin was mutual! Since I am a wanderer and an outcast, so should you be; since I am homeless, and dishonoured, and accursed, so should you be. Our guilt was equal, why not our punishments? If I deal you back your cruelty and your vengeance to-night; if I tell you such mercy as you gave I give to you; if I smite you with your dead crime, what is it more than justice?"

His head sank; he knew it was no more. And a great darkness covered his sight, hiding the radiance of the stars; his life was held in the iron bonds of a pitiless retribution, and in his misery the voice of the woman who had been his temptress came to him like the voice of vengeance, pitiless but just.

"No more!" she echoed, slowly. "No more—to you! Listen, Strathmore! Since the hour that we parted I have had but one aim, one toil, one thirst, one hope—to destroy you pitilessly as you destroyed me. To see you suffer, to see you fall, to wring your heart, to kill your pride, to make every breath a pang to you, to have you at my mercy and deny it you, to torture, shame, dishonour, scourge you, curse you. I have only lived for that!"

The words had risen, hissing through the night like a snake's hiss, all the intensity of hate that she had cherished vibrating through them, and showing him the black and fathomless abyss on which he stood—one gesture of her hand, and he must fall, dragging downward the soilless life he loved, to perish in his guilt!

No word escaped him, no movement, his blood was ice, his breath crushed; all of life that was in him gazed out from the agony of his eyes;—it was the petrefaction of despair.

Yet—even now—even for the innocent—he would not plead to *her*. She might destroy—she could not abase him. She saw it;—and out of the poignant virulence of her hate, a kindred grandeur, a wild reverence, flashed from the proud, pitiless soul of Marion Vavasour for this man, who even in crime, even in torture, never wholly lost his greatness.

"I came to destroy you! Why not? Why not? The tiger does not spare its fangs, nor the vulture its fury; while neither hate what they pursue as I have hated!" she said slowly, while her voice sank lower and thrilled its rich music through the night. "I have your secret, Strathmore! I can slay what you love to-night. I can whisper to her what her



husband is ; and the day when it breaks will find her dead. Oh, Heaven ! I have longed for it ! I have only lived for that—to strike her in your arms, to rend her out of your honour and shelter, to crush her down where your love cannot shield her or reach her, to take her youth, her loveliness, her innocence, and make them vile as my life, to have no pity on her, and torture you through her, till in all your years you should have learnt no misery such as *that* love should bring you ! I hated her—I cursed her !——”

He stayed her with a gesture, grand in its command, supreme in its agony :

“Peace ! Slay her if you must with my guilt, but never dare to curse her—you !—her father’s murderess !”

Her eyes dwelt on him with a nameless pain, a softened light, in which their evil and their thirst were quenched ; she flung her arms up toward the skies, and raised her shameless and dishonoured brow to the ‘pure lustrous of the autumnal skies.

“Oh God ! to-night I too remembered *that* ! I had your secret ; I panted to destroy her ; the wind was not swifter than I as I went to my vengeance——”

Again over the seas rang the hoarse, ghastly cry of a man in his agony—it was *past* then—her vengeance ! God had looked on and seen the guiltless perish !

“It was so sweet—so sweet, that death-blow to strike *both* !” and her voice rose higher, piercing through the air, while still she raised her face upward—upward—to the light of the stars. “She was alone—your love, your strength, your power, could do nothing to shield her *then* ! The night gave her to me, there where she leaned in its starlight, watching for *you* ! There was no arm to shield her—no eye to behold us. She was mine ! mine to crush with my hand like a bird or a flower,—mine to kill with more torture still by your crime, and I could have stamped her life out as we tread out an insect’s ;—and I longed for it, hungered for it, pined for it ! And yet—*is* there a God ? Does he keep even *us* from the last depths of hell ? Where I crouched in the darkness, I heard her pray, pray for all things that suffered, for all that were in sin and woe ; in her joy, in her youth, she prayed for us—the guilty and the cursed ! The light was on her—and I saw in her her father’s eyes, her father’s smile. I remembered how I had murdered him ! I could not slay her then—not *then*—even though you loved her ! I could not touch her—look on her—breathe near her. Her prayer stood between us, her father’s memory held her from me, the dead himself smote my vengeance from my hands. I spared her ! *I*—the world must end to-night !”

Her laugh rang on the air in mockery of herself—then into her burning, weary eyes tears rushed for the first time since years of shame ; she quivered from head to foot, and stood there, in the starlight, trembling and afraid. In fear of him ? No ; in fear of that long and shameless evil which was called her Life.

He heard her ;—and on his face there shone a sudden light, pure, cloudless, glorified, like that of the planets above. In torture she had not abased him, in agony she had not humbled him, in vengeance she had not laid him suppliant ; but now—in that hour of release, when into the darkness of his life the ransom of an unhopèd mercy came—she had her

victory. She saw him bow down before her, broken, blinded, voiceless, senseless, his haughty power smitten as a granite shaft is smitten by the lightning, his proud life pierced and shaken to the core, his soul laid bare and without shield, in the moment of his deliverance.

By her had come his guilt;—by her also came his retribution and his redemption.

The skies reeled round him in whirling circles of starry light; the silence of the night seemed filled with murmuring hosts of angel voices; the dead past seemed to fall from him for ever, and be swept away into those still and lustrous seas that echoed at his feet; and on the air, borne up on the winds and on the waves, he heard the dying words of the man whom he had loved and slain: "I forgive! Oh God, *I forgive!*"—as though by that forgiveness pleading there for the pardon of the guilty, for the safety of the sinless. *He* had forgiven: who should avenge?

In the silence where they stood together, Strathmore lifted his head and looked on her, the vulture that had spared, the panther that had known some pang of pity at the last; and in her he saw, incarnated, his own merciless and brutal sin—saw it, accursed and loathsome as it was, denying the pardon which it lived to need, usurping the power and the judgment of deity to sate through them the vilest passions of mortality.

His limbs shook, his lips quivered, his forehead was wet with the dews of a great anguish, but on his face shone that light which once before had come there when he had stood on the wreck of the sinking ship with death upon him, and the mad waves leaping round; and in his eyes as they dwelt on her there was a profound anguish, gentle, fathomless, merciful, in the consciousness of his own guilt, giving forgiveness to her at the last, by whom his sin had come, by whom his years had been accursed.

It was the supreme expiation of his life.

He stretched his hands towards her where she stood, and his voice vibrated with an infinite pardon through the night:

"The mercy you remembered to her, be remembered to you at the last, by her God! We both murdered him with brutal guilt;—we have both striven to atone to him through the innocent. Let us part in peace to-night;—let sin be dead in both our lives for ever."

She looked at him one moment, in one long, last, mute farewell;—then she bowed her head in silent acceptance of his words of peace, of his renunciation of the power of guilt; and like a shadow on the air, a spirit on the wind, Marion Vavasour swept from him through the autumn night and through the white and wreathing mists that floated from the sea, and faded from his life for evermore.

And once again, like a man bruised and stunned by a mortal blow, he sank down among the coiling ivy and the sea-splashed stones, his arms outstretched, his limbs shaken by a voiceless agony, alone in the silence of the night. For he had loved her; he had sinned for her, and all the irrevocable crime of those dead years was but the darker and more deeply cursed in his own sight, because the pity of God had touched his life with a divine, exhaustless, unutterable mercy, and had spared him the just harvest of his work when his guilt rose to destroy the innocent, and the strength of his own hand was stricken powerless.

## IV.

"È POI USCIMMO A REVERDER' LE STELLE."

IN the still night Lucille lay sleeping, as the young flower sleeps, unconscious of the brutal hand that has been stretched to break and to despoil it, and that has passed over it without harm because its loveliness brought back a pang of memory, an echo of lost youth. Through the lofty casement left open to the night there shone the tranquil and star-studded skies, there came the far melodious murmur of the seas; and straying through dark traceries of foliage and the deep hues of painted panes, the light fell on her where she slept, and shed its halo round her.

Her hair swept backward in its golden masses, a dreaming smile was on her lips, a soft flush on her brow, on which the chastened brilliance of the moonlight fell, and in her sleep she murmured, as though her dreams were seraphs' whispers,

"God is Love!"

They were the last words of her evening prayer; the words that had stricken strengthless the hand which had been lifted to destroy her.

He heard them as, from his agony on the lonely shore, he came into her presence as to some divine and sacred thing, and stood to look on her in the repose of innocence and childhood, unconscious of the ghastly peril that had drawn near her in the silence and the solitude of the defenceless night, to strike her with his sin, and sacrifice her for his guilt—drawn so near! so near! He shuddered and sickened at its memory, gazing on her with bursting heart and yearning eyes, listening for every soft pulse of her young life, watching for every noiseless breath that passed her lips, for every smile that dreaming lent its light to sleep, as though she had been given back to him from the hideousness of death by storm, by flame, by poisoned steel, or by plague-tainted air. His dead sin had risen, and had crept to her to slay her with his past. And he had thought to bury sin and bid it keep its peace, and have no resurrection! Oh, fool! oh, fool!

"God is Love!"

Yes! God was Love, since he had saved her. He heard the words murmured in her happy rest, where she dreamed of angel voices and of lands beyond the sun; and the smile upon her lips, where she lay in the serene and silvered glory of the heavens, lulled to slumber by the gentle echoes of the distant seas, smiled on him with pardon from the dead, with mercy for the past, with sinless promise for the future, with light from Him by whom no prayer remains unheard and no remorse denied.

Burning tears rose into his aching eyes, deep sobs shook his frame—it was the agony of gratitude, the delirium of release; and as he threw himself down beside her bed, his arms cast over her in her sleep, his head bowed upon the loose trail of her bright hair, Strathmore laid down for ever the sins and the passions of his past, and gave, as to the hand of God, his dedication to a life that should know no law save of mercy, no governance save of compassion, no pause in self-humiliation, no pity in

self-sacrifice, no effort but for redemption, no travail but for expiation—a life that should hold its holiest as nothing worth, its best as nothing given.

And the tender chastened light of the morning stars, growing clearer and clearer to the dawn in which the shadows of the night were fading, shone on him where he knelt beside the deep pure sleep of innocence.

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Away in the deep heart of the great western forests, in the silence of the solitary swamps, where pestilence is abroad in the torrid noons, and miasma rises with every night that falls, where the dank leaves drop death, and the graves lie thick under the cypress-woods, a woman in the Order of St. Vincent de Paul lives ever among the poor, the suffering, the criminal, the shameless, sparing herself no pang, fearing no death—dead to the world, as the world is dead to her. For the dying her voice has a strange rich music, far beyond all other; for the innocent her look has a nameless terror, it is often very evil still; for those who are in dishonour, or in danger, her lips have a wild, sweet eloquence that scares them back from their abyss, and leaves them saved but sore afraid; for none has she a history. Once, when in her path some summer roses bloomed, and in the sunlight threw their soft fragrance on the wind, they saw tears gather in her eyes, and fall, slowly, as though each tear were a pang; then alone did they ever see that she thought of her youth, that she remembered her past.

In the press of the great world, far sundered from her by whom his guilt came, through whom his guilt still pursues him, one man lives who joins to the life that is known of men, a life that is unknown by any; a life, in which those who weary and are heavy laden are aided by a hand that they never see; in which every shape of suffering is sought and succoured; in which all evil memories that tempt, are crushed out, as in a debt that is due; in which all deeds of sacrifice are done with a strength that is merciless only to itself; in which a sweet and sinless happiness sheds its divine radiance; yet in which the poignancy of one remorse, the memory of one crime, are never lulled to peace or to oblivion, but, following the appointed travail of a silent expiation offered only to the dead, and of a supreme duty rendered only towards God, lay subject the stained greatness of a grand guilty life, and lift it upwards into holier light.

By passion his life fell, lost in darkness of the night, and sunk in lowest deeps; yet, though once fallen, who shall dare deny that, in the end, it shall not reach to that atonement which unceasingly is besought, obedient to the law which lies on every human soul, seeking for purification, striving for immortality, rising nearer and higher towards the perfect day, onward to

Other heights, in other lives, God willing?

## THE OPERA.\*

THE IDEA FROM PANNAARD.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

'Twas there I saw the sun and moon  
Holding a chit-chat merrily,  
And the god Neptune, fierce to view,  
Rise in a court-dress from the sea.

There I the goddess Venus saw,  
With tender look, and painted mien,  
In a new patent car, surrounded  
By nymphs and loves of Drury Lane.

I saw great Jupiter with thunder  
Awaiting right majestically,  
To launch his lightnings on the world  
Upon the order of a valet.

I saw from the infernal pit,  
With fire and many a hideous caper,  
Fifty young fiends appear, and burn  
A palace built of paste and paper!

There dragons crawl'd, quite tractable,  
Showing their tusks with no ill will,  
And daggers flash'd, so wisely made,  
That without wounding still would kill.

I saw a shepherdess's lover,  
She near him sleeping in a wood,  
Command the birds to hush their songs,  
In alt, with all his lustihood.

I heard brave warriors wondrous stout,  
Standing stock-still, their bodies straight,  
Cry furiously, "To arms! to arms!"  
Without a change in look or gait!

And, can I be believed! I saw  
Tritons, and gods marine with flippers,  
Dance, having truck'd their ocean fins  
In change against a pair of slippers!

In contre-dances and gavots  
I saw the ocean waves combined,  
And with two jolly sailors dance,  
Three fish, six pleasures, and a wind.

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\* The absurdities of the Italian opera have been proverbial since the days of Addison. "Nothing," says he, "is capable of being set to music that is not nonsense." Still there was the music itself. The ballet was left in its old form. Now it appears the ballet is to draw a host of brainless heads, being set off by a dancer who has but one leg! This will suit the taste of the many-headed multitude, no doubt! How much more captivating to the multitudinous intellect it would be to have a dancer with no legs at all. London would be in raptures!

The blazing chariot of his sire  
I saw young Phaeton tremble in,  
And set the universe in flame  
With beams from highly polished tin.

I saw the brave Roland in rage  
Strain his strong arms and body tall,  
To tear from earth enormous trees  
That never were in earth at all!

There, too, were furies, hell's prime breed,  
Who suddenly soft love confest,  
Magicians that grew saints at once,  
Ne'er perhaps "great" conjurors at best.

Ghosts palpable as day I saw  
On Styx' dark shore together meet,  
And Hell, with all its hideous route,  
From Paradise not twenty feet.

Diana coming full in view,  
Following the stag with loud acclaim,  
I saw behind the scenes reversed,  
The huntress hunted by her game.

There one Squalini dame I viewed  
Play Hannibal, with helm and truncheon,  
Haranguing—while behind the scenes  
Her army took a hasty luncheon.

I saw young damsels twist and frisk  
In flesh-hued tights, and muslin skirting,  
While nature's graces half unveil'd  
Fusty old bachelors set flirting.\*

I learned how youthful beauties know  
To spare the blush that once they nourished,  
And in the figurante's twirl  
Admire how modesty is cherished.

In place of praise for comedy  
By Jones, or tragedy by Talma,  
Young misses to the fiddles simper,  
"Che piacer via caccia l'alma!"†

That is when knowing what is spoken  
In foreign tongue with accent various,  
The opera-goers chance to find  
If comic be the strain, or serious.

Such is the unprejudiced description,  
The sense, taste, moral, scene, and passion,  
In England's boasted days of taste,  
Where rules the brainless god call'd Fashion!

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\* It is hardly to be doubted that in France and England, if not in Italy, the ballet is the real attraction at the Opera to nearly all who attend it.

† "What pleasure enraptures my soul."

## THE DESERT OF GOBI.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense progress in geographical exploration made in our own times, there still remain certain lines of route to be traversed, the first opening of which are replete with deepest interest. Such are notoriously the route from Algeria to the Niger; that from Mombas to the Nile; the old caravan route from India to China, by Birmah; the route from the Indus to the Russian Issi-Kül (not more than five hundred miles as the crow would fly, but with the fertile vales of Yarkand and Kashgar embedded in snow-clad mountains between); and the route pursued by Mr. Michie.

Our descendants, who will as certainly enjoy railway or steam communication by Constantinople, Tabriz, Teheran, Herat, and Kabul to India, and by Tobolsk, Tomsk, Krasnoirsk, Irkutsk, and Kiachta (to which last point the telegraphic wire will soon extend) to Peking, by Canada and Rupert's Land to Vancouver, by Arkansas to California, and by the Amazon to Lima, as we now do from London to Edinburgh or from Calais to Marseilles, will wonder at the dilatoriness of the present age in availing itself of lines of communication at its very door, and in exploring others that are less known. The steady adhesion to the Red Sea route to India, when that by the valley of the Euphrates offers an abbreviation of travel to the extent of nearly one half, is paralleled only by the long adhesion that preceded it to the circuitous route round the Cape; the neglected facilities of communication from Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan, with Europe by America, in preference to the old route by the west, and the indifference shown to opening commerce from the seaboard with Central Asia, or with Negroland by the Niger, will, with a hundred other lines of a similar character that might be pointed out, be matters of infinite surprise to future generations, and of not very flattering retrospect at the boasted energy and enterprise of the men of the present day.

Every step taken in a right direction must, in the mean time, be hailed with due gratitude as a contribution in advance of the age. Such was Speke and Grant's journey from Zanzibar to Egypt; such are the attempts at opening lines of communication between British Columbia and Canada; such are the navigation of the upper tributaries of the Amazons, the projected railway from Mohammerah to Teheran, and last and not least, the trip now before us effected across the Desert of Gobi, from Peking to Petersburg.

Mr. Michie might have come home from Shanghai pleasantly enough by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, have attended as regularly at meals as his constitution or circumstances might have permitted, have dozed away the intervals, and have reached England in some forty-five or fifty days. To return by the real, and not nominal, overland route was

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\* The Siberian Overland Route from Peking to Petersburg, through the Deserts and Steppes of Mongolia, Tartary, &c. By Alexander Michie. John Murray.

a matter of trouble as well as of additional expense and loss of time; he could not, indeed, expect to accomplish his journey in less than ninety days, and he could not perfectly anticipate what amount of hardships and inconveniences he might be exposed to, but still he spiritedly preferred the more adventurous route, and, as a result, has given to the public a very interesting account of a country the actual condition of which was utterly unknown, and which is, nevertheless, as shown by this very work, one of the highways of Russian commerce, and replete with promises to the future.

A few years ago, Mr. Michie justly remarks, it would have been about as feasible to travel from China to England by way of the moon as through Peking and Mongolia. Peking was a sealed book, jealously guarded by an arrogant, because an ignorant government. The Chinese government still make a feeble attempt to impose restrictions on foreign travellers penetrating into Mongolia, on the ground that, although Chinese, it is not China; but it is to be hoped that any such limited interpretation of the convention of 1860 will not be tolerated. No policy can be worse than that of concession with Asiatics. However unimportant such abandoned rights may appear, experience has shown that the results are not so. Sir Michael Seymour's war at Canton, in 1856-7, could never have occurred if our undoubted right to reside in that city had been insisted on some years previously. Our disaster at the Taku Forts in 1859 would have been prevented if the right of our minister to reside in Peking had not, in a weak moment, been waived. What complications have not arisen in Japan from our consenting to undo half Lord Elgin's treaty, and allowing the port of Osaka to remain closed to our merchantmen!

The journey from Shanghai to Tientsin was performed by steam, and the Peiho river was found, as was testified during the late military operations in that stream, to be unfitted for navigation, except in steamers under two hundred feet in length. Mr. Michie takes the opportunity of dwelling upon a point to which we have also previously had occasion to call attention, and that is the great importance of carrying on the Chinese coasting trade by British steamers. "In all discussions in England," he says, "on the subject of the development of trade in China, the vast coasting trade is generally overlooked, as a matter in which we have no interest." And he goes on to show how grievous an error this is, and what benefit would be derived by our means and appliances for getting that local trade in our own hands.

A marvellous transformation has taken place in Tientsin, renowned in the time of war as the filthiest and most offensive of all the filthy places wherein Celestials love to congregate. A foreign town or "settlement" has now sprung up, laid out in streets, and a spacious quay and promenade on the river bank formed, faced with solid masonry, the finest thing of the kind in China, throwing into the shade altogether the famous bund at Shanghai. The affairs of the settlement are administered by a thoroughly organised municipal council, after the example of Shanghai, the "model settlement." The newly-opened ports have, indeed, an immense advantage over the original five, in having the experience of nearly twenty years to guide them in all preliminary arrangements. The cosmopolite



character of the Shanghai settlement, which has become a city of refuge for swarms of Chinese, is said to have entailed various inconveniences, which it is thought might be obviated in the new settlements by keeping the different foreign nationalities distinct. Time has not, however, pronounced on the success of this experiment, which, indeed, appears to be founded on a very doubtful policy. The Europeans are introducing a worse than Chinese system of exclusiveness into China itself. This can scarcely be the way in which to ingratiate themselves with the people, although it may render the settlements more susceptible of defence in times of disturbance. At present the merchants of British Tientsin, which is two miles lower down the river than the native town, has a fine open country round it, plenty of fresh air, and is several degrees cooler than the Chinese town, still retain their offices in the latter, riding or sailing to and fro every day.

The Chinese are, as it is, well affected towards the English. They have found them to be, instead of sea-monsters, cruel and ferocious, civil and courteous, consuming much and paying honestly. The free hospitals, set on foot by the army surgeons, have also done a vast amount of good in various ways.

A mistake was made by our traveller at the onset, in entering into arrangements with the Buddhist priests at Tungchow, the port of Peking, to provide means of transport to Chan-kia-kow, the frontier town of China Proper. This involved a return journey from Peking, the result of which was only disappointment; nor would the priests do anything till they were addressed in Russian, when their head at once volunteered to accompany them back to Peking, to negotiate for their transport. But even then further delay occurred, and it was not until after much vexation of spirit that a bargain was effected for eight pack-mules at four taels each (the tael being equal to 6s. 6d.), and three mule-litters at eight taels each, for the four days' journey to the frontier. Mr. Michie and his friend at length effected their start, with no end of comforts and luxuries. They had little under 3000 lbs. weight of baggage to transport, a load which, as they professed to be in a hurry, was a constant source of annoyance, delay, and vexation to them.

At length, about ten o'clock on the 17th of August, the caravan moved slowly out of the court-yard of the inn at Peking, and they made their way through the dusty, crowded streets of the Chinese metropolis towards the north gate. Travelling far on into the night, they reached the same day the village of Nankow, at the foot of the pass of the same name. The next day they entered the defile, which is about thirteen miles in length, and is not practicable for carriages. The remains of several old forts mark it as the last step of the invader towards Peking. On issuing from this pass, they were entertained at a good inn in the walled town of Chatow. These inns are for the most part kept by Muhammadans, called Hwuy-Hwuy by the Chinese. In this, as in all others north of Peking, they found a large caldron of boiling mutton in a central position in the kitchen. This is kept boiling from morning till night; and the broth, which by itself is by no means unpalatable, is always handy, as a stock for any messes the wayfarers may fancy. A youth spends his time in kneading chow-patties, which he does very skilfully and rapidly. These

are torn and thrown in pieces into the boiling mass, and when sufficiently done, are served out with a due proportion of broth, as a savoury dish for a hungry man.

It was in these mountains, north and west of Peking, that, our readers may remember, Mr. Fortune found a new oak-tree (*Quercus Sinensis*) of great interest and beauty, and a branching pine-tree (*Pinus Bungeana*) of exceeding picturesqueness. Unfortunately, Mr. Michie and his friend appear to have been neither geologists nor botanists.

Beyond the mountains they entered upon a plain ten miles broad, and halted for the night at Hwai-lai-hien, a good sized walled town. Old John Bell of Antermoney described a fine navigable river as flowing past this town in 1720, and five arches of a large stone bridge still exist, but there is no water in the river-bed. The district being subject to earthquakes, it is supposed that a change of bed has been the result of one of these terrestrial commotions. On the 19th they reached Shan-shui-pu, a village amid hills whence coal is obtained for Peking. They passed on their way two walled towns, and the whole country was dotted with ruins of old forts; while a line of square towers ran in the direction of the road, telling of many a hard-fought battle before and after the Mongol conquest of China. There was plenty of traffic on the road, all goods being carried on the backs of mules and donkeys. The next day, after halting to breakfast in a very comfortable inn at the large walled city of Suen-wha-fu, much frequented by Russian travellers, who had inscribed their names on the walls, they reached the large straggling town of Chan-kia-kow, which is bounded on the north by the Great Wall.

This city derives its importance from being the focus of trade between Russia and China. All goods to and from Kiachta must pass this way, whether on the direct route for the Hu-quang provinces, or *viâ* Tientsin. The Russians have now a factory on the hill-side out of the town. Being also the frontier town of Mongolia, the Mongols drive in their sheep, cattle, and horses for sale, taking back with them in exchange stores of brick-tea and small articles of various sorts, such as pipes, tobacco, &c. This adds to the motley character of the population, and altogether there is, we are told, an outward appearance of wealth in Chan-kia-kow, and more show of newness than one meets with in other of the fusty old towns of the Chinese. Some new temples have lately been built by the merchants, and new archways, of which the paint is fresh and good—a thing rarely seen in China. Where the Great Wall crosses the town it is kept in good repair, and has a solid arch with a gate, which is closed nominally at sunset. There is no traffic from the town except through this port, and all Mongols and Chinese dismount in passing.

It was here that arrangements had to be made for crossing the "Desert of Gobi," and nothing can exceed the luxuriousness with which our travellers set about preparing for a journey through "the Land of Mutton," for such the so-called "Desert" really is, and which it was computed was to last some thirty days, or a little more. In the first place, they hired eight camels (but they had really twelve) for 50*l*. Then they purchased two carts to travel in, hired horses to take them along, and invested a further small amount in ponies. They were, admittedly, well supplied with preserved provisions, wine, brandy, and bottled porter,

and they obtained, in addition, at Chan-kia-kow, fresh beef and excellent fresh vegetables, the cabbages being among the finest in the world.

Thus provided for, no wonder they faced the "Desert" with few misgivings, and considering that, somehow or other, the said desert has a "post-road" for Russian couriers and travellers, who do not obstruct their progress by a whole caravan-load of impediments, it is a wonder that they should have experienced any whatsoever.

The Chinese, the most patient and persevering agriculturists in the world, have pushed their aggressions into the skirts of the desert itself, so the first day's journey was through a partially cultivated country, but at this elevation the night air was, for the first time, found to be cold. This was on the 26th of August. The next day came the first real experience of the "Desert," and it is thus recorded :

"The morning of the 27th of August was as bright and cheery as the most lively fancy could paint. The air resounded with the notes of hosts of skylarks, which one does not often hear in these far-off regions. The sun warmed up fast, and in a few hours dried up the heavy dew that lay on the grass in the early morning. The pasture was exceedingly rich, and sprinkled with 'gowans' (furze) and other wild flowers, which imparted a delicious fragrance to the fresh morning air. Many herds of cattle and horses were scattered over the plain, the Mongol herdsmen incessantly galloping round their flocks to keep them together, their shouts audible from great distances in the still air, and the perpetual movement of parti-coloured beasts gave an animation to the scene that was quite exhilarating to the spirits. A small brook trickled tortuously through the plain, where we managed to kill a few snipe, greatly to the delight of the straggling Mongols, who rode up to us from various quarters. The only building in sight was a temple, which we had passed in the night, and which was the last brick-and-mortar structure we were to see for many days. We were now fairly among the dwellers in tents, and began to realise what it was to be cut off from civilised life; for, whatever may be the various opinions of Chinese civilisation in its higher developments, you can, at all events, obtain in China every necessary and many luxuries for money. In the 'Land of Grass' we had to depend on our own resources, but with the comfortable assurance that these were amply sufficient for us. Our introduction to nomad life was under happy auspices, and we were at the outset favourably impressed with the Mongols and their country, an impression which never entirely wore out, even under very adverse circumstances. I never till that morning experienced the consciousness of absolute freedom. Many Mongol visitors rode up to our encampment, bringing plentiful supplies of new milk, cheese, and other preparations from milk, very like Devonshire cream." (No doubt the kaimak of the Turkomans.)

So much for the so-called "Desert of Gobi," so called simply because it is unexplored. It is like Arabia, life in another form—a life of nomads, moving, as so well described by Atkinson, from one pasture to another; people without cereals, living almost solely on mutton; people like centaurs of old, almost always on horseback; and who have given birth to some of the greatest conquerors and most destructive armies that have ever flooded the world. It is a misnomer to call Mongolia a

Desert; it is a wilderness, a land of grass or pasture, of sheep, cattle, and horses, and of a fine nomad race, if you will; but armies do not spring, except in mythological romance, from sand or stones.

The said Desert is further described at the onset as a succession of plains and gentle undulations, much resembling the long swell of the ocean, and here and there the country was a little rough and hilly. There was not a tree, and the occasional tent, or yurt, of a Mongol family alone broke the monotony of the vast expanse. All Mongols are, it is to be observed, lamas—i.e. priests or gentlemen, or kara khun, "black men," not black guards. The leader of the caravan was, for example, a lama. A sheep may be purchased in the Land of Mutton for six shillings, but there are many superstitions connected with the sale and the cutting up of the same. A Mongol having fallen in the attempt to catch one, would neither attempt to recapture it, nor sell another one. Our travellers had, to get the peasants to slay and cut up a sheep, to say, "How can we lamas kill an animal?" "Oh, you are lamas," they would reply, and proceed at once with the business. As for fire to cook by, they had nothing but argols, or dried dung. It was part of the genuine hospitality of the Mongols always to provide the caravan with this fuel of the steppe, even if the yurts were two or three miles off. Game was, however, to be met with on the plains as well as mutton. First in importance was the gurrush, a goat-like species of antelope (*Præcapra gutturosa*), very difficult of approach; next, sand-grouse, abundant; and there were also wild geese, ducks, snipe, plover, and other birds, while the plain itself was in places burrowed by jerboas and larger animals, possibly the "calling hare" (*Lepus pusillus*).

At Mingan, one of their first stations in the wilderness, after the grass had become so scant as to be no longer fit for aught but sheep and camels, one of the latter animals had to be exchanged, having broken down. The track across the wilderness was indeed marked by the bleaching bones of these patient, enduring, suffering creatures. Mr. Michie's pony, finding the pasture too poor for him, also bolted at this point, and was not recaptured for a long time after.

They did not get away from Mingan till the 7th of September, travelling mostly by night—a mode of progress very unfavourable for observation. At the spot where they bivouacked the ensuing day, grass was succeeded by small wild leek, or onions, which sheep and camels liked much. This plant is, as in Arabia, sprinkled among the grass or other growths very generally, but here it covers vast tracts, and flourishes to the exclusion of everything else. Mr. Michie justly remarks, in reference to the purely mutton diet of the Mongols, and the esteem in which they hold fat, that the value of a scale of diet does not consist in the prominence of any one article, but depends on the different ingredients which are necessary to sustain health being duly proportioned. It is well known that fat and farinaceous foods ultimately fulfil the same purposes in the human economy, and hence it is that fat and oils are eagerly sought after, wherever, as among the Mongols and Esquimaux, the cultivation of cereals is forbidden by soil and climate. It is in the want of regard for mutually compensating articles of diet that the Banting system fails, and it is to this want of due proportion in the elements of diet that is due also

the comparative muscular weakness of the Mongols, in spite of the abundant supply of mutton and the bracing air of the "Desert." The coolies of China and Japan greatly exceed them in feats of strength and in power of endurance, because the rice on which they feed contains a more varied proportion of the elements that nourish life, the poor quality of the fare being compensated by the incredible quantities which they consume. The Mongols, according to Mr. Michie, fasted for seven days after leaving Chan-kia-kow, and when they did eat, ate like wild beasts, laying in a supply which would last them another week. They seldom, indeed, carry meat with them, finding it more convenient to take it in their stomachs.

At a place called Kutul-usu a variety in the surface of the steppe presented itself in the occurrence of salt-pans, with tufts of a dark-green plant, which served for grazing in the absence of grass. At Ulan-khada the presence of a few dwarf-trees, scorched and scraggy, but still alive, growing in a sheltered nook in a pass over some rocky hills, is recorded as a remarkable phenomenon. A little rill filtered close by, and fresh soft grass was found in modest quantity beside the water. Contrary to what Vámbéry experienced in Khiva and Bokhara, our travellers were put to inconvenience, but never actually suffered from want of water in crossing the so-called Desert. The men knew the position of the wells; indeed, there were generally yurts on every day's journey, and on one occasion a party of Mongols, arriving first at a well, gave precedence to our travellers' caravan with truly national generosity. Mr. Michie remarks, indeed, that the Mongols have many practical Christian virtues.

On the 7th of September they reached a well-watered grassy plain, called Tsagan-tuguruk. Vast flocks and herds were seen in all directions, and yurts in good number, though at great distances from one another. The Sume, or temple, at this encampment was one of the smallest places of worship our travellers had ever seen. Within were two old brass trumpets, which the priests "puffed and blew as if they would have burst their boilers, but the rusty old brass would yield no sound." New camels and ponies were obtained at this Mongol camp, and they were detained there two days in effecting these arrangements.

Beyond this point the steppes had almost all surface water and good pasturage, with game and wild-fowl. The water was, however, often chalk-coloured and unpalatable. Cattle were also abundant. They now also encountered large caravans coming from Urga and Kiachta, loaded with merchandise for China, as also Russian couriers, the postal service through Mongolia being done by lamas, who take it very leisurely, generally performing the distance from Chan-kia-kow to Kiachta (seven hundred and eighty miles) in eleven or twelve days, by means of relays of horses. These matters would seem to be of little import, but they are not so, as they for the first time attest to the actual trade and communication established on the overland Siberian and Mongolian route.

The country still kept improving as they progressed, being broken into irregular elevations, and becoming more grassy, and inhabited. The Ulin-dhabba mountains—the only ones they had seen in Mongolia worthy of the name—opened upon a fine valley, alive with men and beasts. There was also no end to the ox-cart caravans that passed them

on their way to China. There were between one and two hundred carts in each, and they followed so close on one another that it seemed as if there was a continuous line of them for the whole length of a night's march.

On the 15th of September they for the first time experienced the north wind, a word of horrible signification to the Mongols. This wind blew so mercilessly across the steppe that they could not keep warm, sleeping in their carts, with their backs turned to the wind. On the 17th ice formed during the night, and as they were travelling northwards it generally froze more or less every night afterwards. The country, however, was varied and picturesque, and they began to pass mountain ranges amid snow-storms. At the crest of the passes are obons, or cairns, altars of stone, to which every traveller adds his mite, while the more superstitious dismount to propitiate the genius of the place with words and gestures. As they advanced, these mountains became clothed with wood, chiefly fir and birch. With the woods new birds appeared, conspicuous among which were magpies, jackdaws, and pigeons. They had, in fact, passed the "Great Desert," and would no longer want argols, but would find wood all the rest of the journey.

The river Tolla, which at this season of the year was swollen and rapid, lay between them and Urga, the Mongol metropolis, or great encampment of the country; and the passage was not effected without delay and some risk. Two miles from the ford was Maimachin, a Chinese commercial and government settlement, walled, with houses of wood, and well-to-do shopkeepers, but streets of black mud. Beyond this was Urga, "the camp," or Ta Kuren, "the great enclosure" of the Mongols, beautifully situated on a wide plateau. The population was scattered over this plateau, without much reference to regularity of arrangement; and instead of streets, the dwellings of the Mongols were separated by crooked passages. The only buildings in the place were temples, official residences, and the houses occupied by Chinese or Russians. The Mongols live in tents, as they do in the Desert, with this difference, that each family surrounds itself with a wooden palisade as a protection from thieves, who are numerous among the pilgrims who resort on pious missions to the Kuren.

This place is the seat of the Great Lamasery of the Guison-tamba, or Lama-King of the Mongols. In this monastery, and in the minor ones around it, it has been said that thirty thousand lamas reside, which estimate, Mr. Michie says, must be received with caution. The two great lamaseries were built in an indentation of the mountains that form the northern valley, which opens upon the Tolla, and they were not visited by our travellers, who, like most Britons when on a journey, were always in a hurry. They are, however, reported to be very extensive, and built in Thibetan style. The Lama-King of the Kuren is regarded by the Mongols as a god. He can never die—he only transmigrates. The whole of the Kalkas tribes are under his sway, and he is independent of his spiritual superior the Dalai-lama of Lassa, in Thibet.

The "Great Enclosure" and Lamasery of the Mongols has not always been where it stands now. The old Mongol capital was Kara Korum, about a hundred and sixty miles from Urga, in a south-west direction.

Thence it was that the Huns issued forth, from the very heart of the so-called "Desert," to conquer Asia and Europe. There also flourished Ung-Khan, celebrated in the twelfth century by the historians and Romanists as a convert to Christianity, under the name of Prester John. But Yenghiz Khan held his court on the river Orkhon, where but few remains exist, according to Atkinson, in the present day. ("Upper and Lower Amoor," p. 358.) It would, as Mr. Michie remarks, be a hopeless task to unravel the descent of the various races miscalled Tartars, but still two distinct sources can always be traced: the one Mongolian, the other Turkish; there is no ethnological affinity between them, and the tribes that have sprung from them are as well marked. Hence it is to be suspected from Timour or Tamerlane (Taimūr-leng, or "The Lame") being most venerated at Samarkand, that he was a Turk, and not a Mongol, like Attila, Yenghiz Khan, and Kublai. So also of his great-grandson Baber—the "Great Mogul." Vámbéry speaks of the present Turkish amirs or emirs of Bokhara as claiming descent from Taimūr-leng; and Abulghazi describes Amir Timur Khan, as De Guignes writes it, as of the tribe of Burlass, whose chiefs, known as sultans and schahs, as "Timur Shah" and "Adill Sultan," were at war with the Mongol Khans of Ma-urenner until the dynasty was overthrown by "Timour" by the capture of Balkh. But although "Timour" expelled Ilyas Khodsa, son of "Togalak Timur Khan," a true Turk and a friend of "Timour," but whom he afterwards cruelly put to death, Muhammad Sultan Khan remained Amir of Balkh. In the present day the homogeneous race of the Mongols may be divided into the Kalkas, the Buriats, and the Kalmuks; and the sites of the three great capitals, Kara Korum, Yenghiz-Khan's camp on the Arkhon, and the actual Kuren or Urgan, are all within the same district, and within a few days' journey of one another.

There are no shops in the present metropolitan encampment of the Mongols, that being contrary to their nature. All things necessary for Desert life are to be purchased for bricks of tea in a large open space where a kind of fair is held under booths, principally by Mongol women. There you may purchase horses, cattle, tents, leather harness, saddles, beef, mutton, caps for lamas or black men, female ornaments, felt—in short, anything within the scope of Mongol imagination. The Mongols, although there are people with a thievish disposition among them, as among all nations, are in general remarkable for their honesty and fair dealing. In nothing, indeed, Mr. Michie says, is the contrast between Mongols and Chinese more marked than in the common honesty of shopkeepers or hawkers.

The Russian government keeps up, it is to be observed, a considerable establishment at Urga, the consul having a body-guard of twenty Cossacks. There, also, are many Russian merchants, artisans, and others.

The fallen half-melted snow rendered the roads so bad beyond the head-quarters of the Mongols, that the camels had to be exchanged for bullocks, but even with this drawback the same enchanting scenery presented itself, valleys and undulations, with every variety of rock and river, wooded hills, and high mountain ranges, tumbling on each other. The apparently rude maps that adorn De Guignes' "Abul-ghazi" are

much more correct than almost all modern atlases, which represent Kara Korum, and the other camps in the centre of the Mongol empire, as in some undefined position right amidst the "Desert of Gobi." The reverse is the case, and Gunindsata, the very next valley reached, is described as a broad rich valley, with abundant grass, and supporting vast herds of cattle. So also of the Boro valley, the one beyond, and which contained the largest Mongol population they had seen anywhere collected in one place. We know from Atkinson that it is the same with western Mongolia, steppes alternately barren or fertile, alternating with mountain and river valleys, affording summer and winter pastures according to the necessities of the season.

Crossing the Khara-gol and Bain-gol rivers (the word gol or gül, used by the Turks for a lake, is here applied to a river), the Shara-gol, where crowds of Mongols were settled, and the valley was covered "with enormous herds of cattle," the church spires of Kiachta came at length in view, and our travellers were at the end of a journey which had seemed to them, in their fretful impatience, interminable. They had, in fact, been thirty-four days in travelling seven hundred and eighty miles, or about twenty-two miles and a half per diem. It certainly was slow progress, but there were many halts.

On approaching Kiachta, a town which is every day obtaining additional importance, and to which the telegraphic wire will soon extend on its way to Peking, the Chinese town of Maimachin has first to be passed through. It is a goodly town for China; the streets are regular, wide, and tolerably clean. The houses are also solid, tidy, and tastefully decorated, with pretty little court-yards and ornamental screens for their doors. The Yamun, or government office, is at the far end, and beyond it is an open square, which constitutes the neutral ground between Russia and China. On the Russian side of the square the traveller passes through a gate, and thenceforward finds himself under the wing of the great Russian eagle, which is everywhere paraded over his head. Kiachta itself is, however, as yet but a small place, and contains few inhabitants, except the commissary and his dependents, and the Russian merchants who are engaged in the China trade. The general population lives at Troitskosarf, which is a good-sized town, about two miles from Kiachta. Assisted by an English resident in this latter town, our travellers soon fell into comfortable quarters.

As Mr. Michie found that the commissary of Kiachta had received instructions from his superiors, in consequence of an application made by Lord Napier to the authorities at St. Petersburg, to facilitate his journey homewards, his experiences of Siberian travel cannot be taken as a guide to those who may follow in his footsteps. The well-known difficulties to be met with at the post-stations, from the peculiar claims of rank and caste, were in his case entirely done away with, and it may be observed, in his instance as well as in others, may, to a certain extent, be obviated by the habitual courtesy of Russian officials themselves, often, as by Mr. Michie himself, rather discourteously set down to the wish of the Russians to appear favourably in the eyes of Europeans. Still, Mr. Michie's experiences, such as they were, are replete with interest, and are well worthy of perusal. The comforts of life with which he travelled



obliged him to hire a tarantass instead of a kibitka, and which, till it was finally broken up amid rocks and forests, was a perpetual source of delay and annoyance. Then, again, he travelled at the very worst season of the year; the roads were not dry as in summer, nor yet frozen snow as in winter, but for the most part snow and slush; the rivers were swollen and rapid, and although not frozen, yet encumbered with ice, which rendered their passage difficult and dangerous. It would manifestly have been the wisest plan to have stayed at Irkutsk, after the passage of the Baikal (the Russians are busy making a road round the south end of the lake), till winter had fairly set in, when he could have travelled in sledges at the rate of a hundred and sixty miles a day, and made up for lost time. Irkutsk is a great town, with straight, wide, and well-kept streets, and churches with white walls and bright green domes or cupolas. The houses are large, and as handsome as wooden buildings can well be made. It is the same thing with all the great Siberian towns. The streets are adorned with many fine shops, where every European luxury is obtainable for money. Tailors and milliners are very fond of parading flourishing signboards in French, and even in these remote cities Paris is looked to as the seat of fashion. The bakers are for the most part Germans. There are some English engineers and mechanics, but Mr. Michie declares that English workmen deteriorate in Siberia. There are good libraries, scientific societies, a theatre, and a newspaper. All who can afford it of a population of 23,000, or in winter with miners of 27,000, keep their carriage or droshky. "On the whole," says Mr. Michie, "I confess that my preconceived notions of Siberian life proved utterly fallacious. I had pictured to myself a barren, inhospitable climate, unfit for the habitation of any except those who were compelled by law to exist there, and who necessarily had to suffer every privation. Instead of that I found settled communities, not only enjoying all the amenities of civilised life, but living in expensive luxury, and many of them in extravagance."

Our traveller fell in with Kirghis Tartars in the steppe of Baraba, between Tomsk and Omsk, for the last time, and he says that the women are physically superior to Russian women of the same class—cleaner, better dressed, and handsomer. They have, in many instances, blue eyes and fair complexions, in marked contrast to the Kalmuks and Mongols. In manners they are also more cheerful than the Russians. So sedate are the Russians, that even the boys are described as skating and playing on the ice without either zest or spirit. Mr. Michie's account of Russian progress southwards among the Kirghis is amusing. Every year, he says, an expedition is sent to the frontier to settle disputes, mainly originating in the predatory raids of the Cossacks. The Russian outposts are pushed on these occasions farther and farther south, more disturbances are promoted, and so the frontier is, year by year, extended on the pretext of keeping the peace! The result—which, with occasional expeditions on a larger scale, as in Khiva and Khokand, and which must ultimately end in the absorption of Central Asia into the Russian empire—are, as we have argued in our notice of Vámbéry's book, and Mr. Michie also bears witness to the fact, advantageous to civilisation. "The Kirghis," says Mr. Michie, "who live as Russian subjects in the

province of Omsk, are probably more comfortable than their semi-nomad brethren who feed their cattle on the southern steppes. The Mongol tribes, who dwell under the auspices of Russia, under the name of Buriats, are more cultivated, and lead a more civilised life than the Mongols proper. They enjoy some degree of comfort, and have, undoubtedly, improved by their contact with the Russians." "On the whole, the ambitious projects of Russia have been the means of spreading the benefits of civilisation and Christianity (in a much diluted form, it must be confessed) to many savage tribes. High roads have been opened through deserts, and commerce has followed in the wake of conquest. The tribes who have become Russian, enjoy, under the shelter of a strong government, immunity from war with neighbouring tribes, to which they were in former times constantly exposed, and have at least the opportunity of giving more attention to the arts of peace."

With respect to the relations of Russia and China, they are, as discussed at length by Mr. Michie, quite different. The empire of China, declining and prostrate in one respect, is reviving in others, and has a vast future before it. This future lies in an extended commerce, in the extinction of rebellion, and the introduction of steam-boats and railways, and of machinery. It is, as Mr. Michie justly observes, the government that has become old and feeble, and a change of dynasty may yet restore to China the lustre which legitimately belongs to so great a nation. Russia may encroach in Mongolia and Mantchu Tartary, as it does in Central Asia towards Afghanistan; but there will always be a point beyond which it will not for ages, if ever, extend its semi-barbarous outposts. The interests of Russia, as of other European nations, must ever remain commercial; Russia cannot conquer, subdue, and hold China, more especially with European powers on the seaboard. Their policy is, then, to open roads and ways (as anticipated by telegraphic communication) with Peking, till the day for railroads shall have come. The Siberian overland route will then be established as a reality, to the benefit of all interests save the American, and an honourable rivalry will be established between overland commerce, transit, and communication, and that already existing by sea. That the chances are in favour of the latter is shown by its greater cheapness, and by the fact that Russia herself is opening her ports to Chinese commerce; but still an overland route would be a desirable thing.

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## COTTON POSSIBILITIES.

By ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## XIII. AND XIV.—LIBERIA AND SIERRA LEONE.

We have had the pleasure of taking part in the ceremonials of the International Exhibition with a black gentleman who represented the Republic of Liberia. There was no United States commissioner to turn his back upon him with marked and studied insult as at the Exhibition of '51, and the representative of the well-ordered republic, which might set an example to the other distracted and convulsed one, took his part in the procession and his place at presentations, every whit as good, and as respected, and as respectable, as the best of us. And why not? Liberia has been a standing answer for thirty years to those who argued that the negroes are not a race capable of self-government, and only to be ruled and kept in order by the scourge and chain. Although on the west coast of Africa it possesses in its position and constitution so many distinct and different features from the other settlements, that we have reserved it for a separate paper, and preferred to treat of it as standing, as it does, by itself.

We quote Mr. Consul Ralston's concise description of this country, and her products and capabilities:

"Liberia has a frontage of about seven hundred miles on the west coast of Africa, extending from a little beyond the Cavally River on the east, to the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone on the north-west, in the Gulf of Guinea; but running back indefinitely from fifty or sixty to a hundred miles into the interior, embracing about seventy thousand square miles of area. It is situated within the tropics; the capital, Monrovia, being in latitude  $6^{\circ} 30'$  north of the equator. The soil and climate are favourable for the growth of sugar, coffee, and all other tropical productions, as well as *cotton, which grows spontaneously throughout the country*. The population amounts to about three hundred thousand souls, consisting of about fifteen thousand of original American negroes, who, living unhappily in their native land (the United States), have been aided to migrate to the west coast by the American Colonisation Society, and formed a republic, where, by the vigour and wisdom of their government, they have attained this large population of native Africans, who there enjoy freedom from wars generated by the cursed slave trade, which formerly was rife on the whole of this coast, but which, since the American negroes have been settled there, is completely extirpated. The British government have kindly forwarded a small vessel of war (five guns), to act as guarda costa, and for suppression of the slave trade, in which, since 1848, she has been very successful. The government consists of a president and legislature, both elected by the people; the president is elected for two years, and has concurrent powers (right of approval and right of veto), with the legislature, which consists of a senate and house of representatives, chosen by the people. Each county (of which there are four) has two senators, each ten thousand souls having one repre-

sentative. From this it will be seen that the extension of the representative system may be boundless as country and population increase."

The revenue, derived chiefly from duties on imports and exports, was, in 1860, 67,650 dollars (or about 13,430*l.*), the expenditure of the same year being 67,384 dollars. The principal exports have been sugar, coffee, rice, palm-oil, ground-nuts, arrowroot, canewood, gold dust, &c. The colony (as it is generally, but not quite correctly, called) takes its supplies of flour, salt beef and pork, salt and dried fish, tobacco, and some cotton goods, from America, though it has considerable dealings with our own Manchester, Leeds, and Staffordshire markets.

The president has entered warmly into the suggestions made to him at various times for the promotion of systematic cotton cultivation, and the emissaries whom he sent out among the inhabitants to instruct and advise them on the matter, report that "the subject takes well with every native," and that "the people are now clearing up land enthusiastically for cotton planting, and, having on hand an abundance of seed, both foreign and domestic, they can now plant at the proper season."

Amongst the other enlightened institutions of Liberia is an annual fair held in December, at which prizes are given for the best articles of native production. Several samples of cotton have been exhibited at these fairs during the last two or three years, which have been considered worthy of prizes in the form of medals, cotton gins, &c. The Liberian cotton has been pronounced at Manchester superior to any American cotton, except Sea Island.

It remains to be seen whether the encouragement of the president and the perseverance of the natives will succeed in covering any large tract of this country with cotton crops. If so, their efforts will be justified by the suitability of the soil and climate, the accessibility to markets—for it is reckoned that the cotton could be got to Liverpool in a shorter time from Liberia than from New Orleans (irrespective of blockade)—and a tolerable supply of labour at about ninepence or tenpence a day.

SIERRA LEONE ought to have the same chance of successfully producing cotton for our markets as Liberia, the two countries possessing many features of soil, climate, and population in common. A coloured gentleman, writing from Free Town, says: "As to business attainments, even in this city we have a class of native men, but partially educated, not twenty years from the decks of the slaving vessels, whose instructive knowledge of domestic economy, business tact, and skill in financiering, is said to surpass the Jews' in Cheapside. I state the fact not so much to commend such a principle, as to show that, while there is an opinion entertained by many of the friends of the black man that our people in America are an improvident and prodigal race, we have the other extreme among the Africans in their own native country." We should think there will not be much difficulty in convincing men of this stamp how profitably their attention might be turned to the production of cotton. Such small quantities of Sierra Leone cotton as have hitherto come to hand have been estimated above the average samples of Ceylon, Singapore, Batavia, Siam, the Andamans, East Africa, Turkey, or Egypt, so that it seems to be simply a question of cost.

A considerable manufacture of cotton cloths is carried on by the native population a hundred and a hundred fifty miles in the interior, at

the back of these settlements, and as many as fifty or sixty thousand of these cloths are sold at Monrovia annually. The seed from which the staple is produced is principally indigenous, but the natives possess also the kidney or Brazilian seed. As the free black settlements of the coast expand, it is in the order of things that this enterprise of the interior should become developed, and a wide cultivation follow on the opening up of outlets.

#### XV.—GAMBIA.

Cotton-growing is no novelty in any part of Africa, and its production beyond the wants of the population, and its consequent exportation, was realised thirty years ago among the settlements on the river Gambia. But the competition that drove back the supplies from Egypt and India—the competition of American slave labour—stopped our supply from the Gambia. Not that it had at any time risen to very large proportions; it was a short-stapled cotton, and, there being no gins in the country, it came to us uncleaned; so that its value in the market dropped to three-pence-halfpenny to fourpence per pound, which was not a remunerative price to the merchants and traders who had been in the habit of buying it of the native producers, and the latter, finding no customers coming to buy, and knowing no means of sending it to the distant and probably unknown market, themselves discontinued the raising of a larger quantity than sufficed for their own wants. This disappointment and discouragement have heaped difficulties in the way of those who would now persuade a people not remarkable for industry or enterprise to sow once more, under revived prospects, a crop which has been proved to be favoured both by soil and climate. The exportation lasted from 1834 to 1839, when the yearly increasing inundations of the market with American cotton drove most other kinds out of the field. However, one enterprising merchant, resident at Combo, imported some Pernambuco seed in the year 1855, and raised some samples, which were valued at Manchester (in the normal state of the cotton market, and before the outbreak of the civil war) at tenpence per pound. But then came rebellion on the Gambia, and a check to industry and commerce.

Governor D'Arcy, in 1860, says, in one of his despatches, "Native cotton is grown in considerable quantities up the river Gambia; it is chiefly cultivated by the Foulahs, and is consumed in the manufacture of native cloths. It only requires an increasing demand, at remunerative prices, to increase the growth of it." This is simply what might be said with respect to the eighty or ninety different countries or colonies whose position on the globe and under the heavens enables them to produce cotton at all; but there *are* special drawbacks in the way of the Gambian settlements. The country of the Upper Combo is considered to be the best adapted for cotton growing, and a very large tract of country has been cleared for the cultivation of ground-nuts. But the Mandingoes, the aborigines of the place, are, true to the character of African Mahomedans, an indolent race, barely looking to the cultivation of their corn, and leaving the women and children to attend to the other products of the soil—indigo, cotton, rice, ground-nuts, &c. &c. Happily, however, a more industrious people, the Serrawollies, are coming up from the interior, curious to see what is going on in this newly-pacified and half-

civilised country, and are encouraged by our government to settle on grants of land under the protection of the British flag. If these Central African agriculturists can see their way to a profitable prosecution of cotton planting, there is hope of Gambia once more making an appearance in our markets.\*

#### XVI.—FERNANDO PO.

Twenty-eight rivers empty themselves into the Bight of Biafra, including several outlets of the Niger. Almost all these rivers are navigable by small steamers. Surely we have at length alighted on the great cotton-field of Africa, opened up on both shores of the Niger, even into the far interior, where cotton is known to grow indigenous and prolific! Perhaps so. But there are few symptoms of it to be found about the vicinity of Fernando Po. Not because the loamy soil and humid climate are not eminently suitable to the *Gossypium* of all kinds, not that facilities for reaching a port of shipment are wanting, but because there has been a more profitable purpose to which the land could be turned—the cultivation of ground-nuts. The natives are sufficiently alive to their own worldly advantages: show to them that cotton would pay them better than ground-nuts, and you will soon have the rich valleys covered with it. There is an indigenous and perennial species which only wants encouraging and cultivating, and it will yield a bountiful supply. The king of Old Calabar, his Majesty Eyo, the Unnumbered, is a most speculative sovereign, and would give up a portion of his territory to the experimental planting of cotton, if some one would show him the way. This is what he tells the British consul; and he is a man who has exhibited so much commercial shrewdness already (having raised himself from the position of “pull-a-hoy” in the royal boat to the highest rank in the realm simply by his trading in ground-nuts and palm-oil), as to warrant a belief that he would be a most valuable agent in extending the development of the cotton trade in that part of Africa.

#### XVII.—ALGERIA.

Were the French by nature, habit, temperament, or political institution, a colonising nation—were they endowed with the patience and steadiness of purpose which characterise English, or even German, emigrants in conquering the difficulties which beset the path of first settlers, Algeria would ere now have yielded to them a rich reward. In latter years she has made more rapid strides under the energetic policy of the Emperor Napoleon III.; but she is yet far from that position which her manifold natural resources and her geographical situation in regard to European markets entitle her to assume. The Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the International Exhibition of 1862, afforded us some specimens of her beautiful and varied products. We were shown bread-stuffs, cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, fibres of various kinds, timbers for building, and

\* These papers were, it has already been said, prepared in the year 1862; but, as they are passing through the press, the author feels called upon to add a word deploring the death of Dr. Baikie (the news of which has just reached this country), to whom the cause of civilisation in Africa, and the special means towards that end afforded by an extension of cotton cultivation, is so deeply indebted.—Jan. 1865.

woods for cabinet work, wines, oils, fruits, tobacco, dye-stuffs, essences and spices, marbles, minerals—in fact, almost everything that nature produces.

The cotton grown in Algeria is of a peculiarly long staple of the Georgian kind. This is particularly and almost exclusively the case in the province of Oran, whilst in the province of Constantine the preponderance is in favour of the short staple. The cost of cultivating two and a half acres of land is computed at three hundred and fifty francs, while the produce per acre is about two hundred and fifty pounds of Sea Island, or five hundred pounds of New Orleans.

The Emperor Napoleon has given every encouragement to the cultivation of cotton in this portion of his dominions, by offering a liberal bounty on every pound of cotton exported; and, thus fostered, the production of ten years increased in the ratio exhibited in the following returns:

Season.	No. of Planters.	Quantity of Land under Cultivation.			Produce in Clean Cotton.
		Hec.	a.	c.	
1851—2	109	44	94	0	4,303
1852—3	599	474	0	0	18,982
1853—4	1417	1720	0	0	85,710
1854—5	726	1530	0	0	71,310
1855—6	435	1923	0	0	66,972
1856—7	494	1500	0	0	93,070
1857—8	1095	2058	0	0	104,416
1858—9	426	1475	0	0	106,431
1859—60	333	1484	0	0	106,472

And, in 1860-1, the quantity produced had risen to 159,652 kilogrammes.

It will be observed that the number of planters decreased as the quantity produced was multiplied—a significant fact, seeming to show that the cultivation was getting out of the hands of small farmers, and being taken up by men of larger means and holdings.

In 1858 a number of Piedmontese emigrated to the province of Oran, under the auspices of M. de Brai, a Protestant clergyman, who had procured a grant of two thousand five hundred acres for the purpose near Aumale; but we have not heard what success has attended their industry. A year or two later, the French government, through its viceroy, the Duc de Malakhoff, granted a concession of seventy thousand acres of the plain of Habra (including the rich marshes of Maeto, to the extent of thirty thousand acres) to a company of English capitalists for the cultivation of long staple silky cotton, on the most liberal terms, and with a special exemption from taxes. These two instances show the disposition of the French government to extend every assistance to the development of this branch of cultivation. The proximity of Algeria to European markets, and especially to the *universal* port of Marseilles, is not to be omitted in summing up the natural advantages the colony possesses for this trade.

#### XVIII. AND XIX.—MOROCCO AND TUNIS.

Africa has necessarily taken up so much of our space and attention that we must group what remains of it, or we shall never get round the Cape, and the patience of our over-taxed readers will be exhausted before

we get to Australia. We then have the West India Islands to visit; but there, with a cursory survey of South America, and a flying glance at the Levant, we must bring our labours to a close, or, vitally interesting though the subject be just now, we shall not have many who will keep us company to the end.

Of the cotton prospects of Morocco we have very little information. Cotton has been grown there to a moderate quantity and of good medium quality; but to what extent the cultivation is capable of being enlarged, or improved, we cannot say.

Of Tunis we have more definite particulars. Consul Wood reported, in 1859, that the Bey's government was most liberally disposed on the subject, and that a sum of two thousand pounds had been subscribed within the regency itself to prosecute experiments. With this sum, and a grant of a thousand pounds from the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, between twelve and fifteen hundred acres of land were at once put under cultivation with Egyptian and American seed. The site chosen was in close proximity to the river Mejerda, with a view to easy irrigation. The result was that the Egyptian seed fructified most luxuriantly, and gave strong and healthy plants, which yielded eighty to a hundred and forty "forms or bulbs" each. The cotton from these forms was said to be beautifully white, resembling silk, and of superior quality. The American seed also produced fine healthy plants, and yielded cotton superior to any grown in Morocco. The small quantity sent over fetched eightpence and eightpence-halfpenny per pound in Liverpool; and this, be it remembered, was in 1859.

#### XX.—SENEGAL.

We cannot do better than quote the following extracts from the letter of M. Le Compte to the Cotton Conference, on the resources of the several French possessions, so far as it refers to Senegal:

"In Senegal cotton grows wild everywhere upon the sides of the river. The plant there attains a medium size, lasts many years, grows in the poorest soils, and produces abundantly. No parasite insect blemishes its whiteness, and its sole enemy is the wind of the desert, which carries away to a distance the fibres of the over-ripe bolls; but this inconvenience is only a warning to the cultivators to exercise more care, and gather their crops in time. The cottons of Senegal, of remarkable fineness and great strength, are classed with the medium sorts of America, although considerably shorter." . . . "The quantity of cotton fabrics manufactured in the native looms from St. Louis to Galam, and in the Bondon, is enormous. Indeed, the raw material consumed in this year (1862) cannot be estimated at less than one million of kilogrammes. Without speaking of the Bambock and the states still desolated by the war, which are able to furnish considerable quantities, there are in Foutatoro and in Walo thousands of hectares of land which await the cultivator, promising to him each year an abundant crop, with no other labour than that of removing weeds, which costs little; for the cotton-seed may be sown along with, and in the ground prepared for, mil, without fear of one plant injuring the other. Mil is the principal sustenance of the country, and it is rare that the same field serves two years for that crop in succession. Thus, in process of a few years, the soil would find



itself entirely covered with cotton-trees, which would require only slight attention each year. There are, moreover, the borders of the Cayor, the margins of the numerous salt 'marigots,' which furrow the environs of St. Louis, which are most suitable to this culture. The long staples would be extremely likely to succeed there; but, without any doubt, it would be possible to obtain from thence *hundreds of thousands of bales* of fine short staple of the most useful and profitable kind. The government has spared no pains up to the present time to develop this culture in our possessions, and to provide for its complete success in the future."

The Senegal producers found themselves suddenly embarrassed by an unexpected dilemma. The large size of the seeds, and the tenacity of the fibre in its adherence to them, baffled all the power of the gins sent out to them—the Saw gin and the Dunlop gin were both found unequal to the work, but the double-acting Macarthy gin was at length introduced, and the cotton cleaned away from the seed.

The indigenous cotton of Senegal is described to us as "of a useful quality, resembling American in fineness and strength, though rather shorter in fibre."

#### XXI.—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

If cotton do not form an item in the future exports of the Cape of Good Hope, it will not be the fault of the two agricultural societies seated at Grahamstown and Albany, by whom seed has been distributed among the farmers of Lower Albany, Fort Beaufort, Victoria, Kaffraria, and Peddie, from which excellent samples have been raised. We fear, however, that it will never become a field-crop in this colony. It may do very well in gardens and well-sheltered and irrigated places, but the climate of most parts of the Cape is too dry to suit it kindly, and the terrible gales that blow just as the pods are bursting would sadly deteriorate the condition of the fibre. Yet there *are* districts within the territory of the colony (Natal, it must be remembered, we treated of separately) which suit the somewhat dainty requirements of this exotic (for there is no indigenous kind, as in other parts of Africa; the *Eriocephalus* produces a substance somewhat similar in appearance to cotton, but without its cohesive qualities, and, if it can be ranked in the same category at all, it must be only as a bastard cotton of low degree); probably the coast district of the eastern province might be profitably employed in its culture, and even more so than in the growth of wheat. For grain crops in this part of the colony are liable to visitations of rust, which attack and destroy all cereals, but pass harmlessly by the cotton-plants. But even there it can only be sown, with any chance of success, in picked neighbourhoods, in the vicinity of the "vleys," or large pools or ponds of water. Cheap labour is not abundant enough to admit of remunerative returns; so that, all things considered, we fear that any flattering anticipation of ever getting a large supply of cotton from the Cape of Good Hope must prove delusive.

The indigenous plant, of which there are two varieties, *Eriocephalus Racemosus* and *E. Africanus*, may prove commercially useful (for it is our creed that nothing grows in vain), but never as a substitute for cotton, for the reason we have already mentioned, and also on account of the very small quantity of produce from each plant.

## LONDON IN THE WOODS.

AFTER the lapse of nineteen centuries it is not easy to realise the appearance of the country round London when Cæsar advanced upon St. Albans, which at that period he named as "the capital of Cassibelaunus." The word "bel" being understood to signify "a king," the name Cassibelaunus would mean "the king of the Cassi," a tribe that inhabited the part of Hertfordshire now called the hundred of Cashiobury.

The Thames was not yet embanked, and the tide rose over great marshes extending from the Surrey hills to the high ground on the opposite side of the river. The only ford appears to have been at Thorney Island, which divided the stream, and the passage to this ford is pointed out by the line of the Edgware-road.

On a map this road truly comes from St. Albans, but it does not point towards London; for London is not mentioned by Cæsar, and in his time it may have been little more than a village in the woods. Far from this direction, the Edgware-road points towards Thorney Island and Westminster Abbey, and onward to the Horseferry by Lambeth Palace. It is clear that this is one of those ancient British track-ways many of which were discovered and laid down in maps by Sir Richard Colt Hoare. Two thousand years ago Thorney Island was, in fact, an island. The river was then silting up its ancient bed and forming a new channel, which is the present existing line of the Thames. The old channel may be represented by the ornamental water in St. James's Park; and so late as the time of King Henry III. mention is made, on the Patent Rolls, of a bridge over this channel, about the spot where Whitehall Chapel now stands. Thus the Edgware-road ran towards this ford, or rather these two fords, first across the Park into Thorney Island, and thence across the present stream by the Horseferry to Lambeth. Afterwards, the road appears to have radiated by various lines into Kent and Surrey.

In his march upon St. Albans, Julius Cæsar avoided the Edgware-road, though it was more direct than the course which he adopted by Kingston and Harrow. It would have been too dangerous to become entangled in the marshes of the Thames with an enemy in his front and at the mercy of the tide. Therefore he adopted the high ground for his line of march as being the safer.

Where written history affords but a dim and uncertain light, tradition must be accepted as an auxiliary to the historian, and we therefore receive the opinion of the best antiquaries that Cæsar's camp at Wimbledon was occupied by the army on its way towards Kingston. But the deficiency of water would prevent a halt of more than a few hours at that spot. This camp is nearly circular, and was therefore not constructed by the army of Cæsar, but by an earlier people, though it has certainly been occupied by Roman troops at some period, as the remains discovered in the last century plainly attest. This camp closely resembles that early form of entrenchment the Irish Rath, though on an enlarged scale, and may be regarded as the work of the Celts of the Bronze Period.

The same reasons that induced Cæsar to avoid the marshes of the Thames, and to prefer taking his course over high ground in his advance upon St. Albans, would be equally influential on his return towards the coast. He had experienced a severe check at Kingston, and a defeat would have been fatal to his army, involved as it was among woods and marshes, and in the midst of an enemy's country. Thus his return by the high ground of his advance would be again to cross the river higher up, by Cæsar's camp, at Chertsey, and by the wood near Chertsey, which tradition says the Romans burnt in their retreat, and the charred remains of which are still found underneath the turf. This operation of firing the woods must have been done to check the Britons, and to cover the retiring ranks of the legions. The Edgeware-road presented a short cut by which the British chariots could pursue the Romans, and attack their left flank as they broke up from Chertsey, and retreated towards the coast. The Britons were acquainted with the fords of the Thames, and also with the periods of the tides. By this short cut they could anticipate the enemy, supposing the Romans to be marching towards the east. Thus the statement of the Roman writer, that Cæsar was pursued to the coast, becomes intelligible.

In no English history have we ever seen any explanation why the Romans chose the present site of London for the foundation of an important mercantile city, but in an old French folio, published at Paris in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a clear explanation is fully given. The French writer says that the Romans built a city on the present spot because it is at the highest point up the river to which trading ships could ascend in those days. It is just below the point at which the river became fordable, and it presented high ground, elevated above the marshes on the east and south. It was also sufficiently remote from the sea to be secure from the fleets of pirates that infested the coasts not only in the Roman times but for centuries afterwards.

When the Roman city of London arose, it began to absorb the population of great cities then existing near it. The indications of the ruins of three great cities are found on the south side of the Thames, and the Roman name of one of them, *Noviomagus*, is preserved; but the Society of *Noviomagians* could never discover to which of those cities the name applied. On the north, the population of St. Albans gradually melted away, to the great indignation of the remaining inhabitants, who are said to have threatened to come and destroy the rising city of London; until the Londoners advanced as far as Hampstead Heath, where they entrenched themselves, and prepared to offer battle with their usual valour in defence of their homes. It does not appear, however, that any battle took place, and though the remains of the entrenchment are yet pointed out, the inhabitants of St. Albans submitted to the melancholy process of decay, until their once great city, with its palace and temples, became what it now is—little more than a country village.

Thus, at least, four great cities that subsisted by the agriculture of the country around them were absorbed by the young commercial city that prospered by introducing the new element of foreign trade, in consequence of the policy of the Roman merchants and of their government. In the same way that Rome itself absorbed the populations

of the Etruscan cities, whose walls yet remain upon the summits of hills.

A thousand years ago a bishop's palace was not very different from a castle. It was protected by the armed retainers of the episcopate, and the reason for placing the archbishop's palace at Lambeth so close to the ford, appears to have been that the command of the ford should be placed in the hands of a powerful baron, with an armed force, which might prevent tumultuous bodies from crossing from one side of the river to the other. It was thus an advanced guard to the palace of the king at Westminster. The royal palace also commanded this important ford, though not so nearly; and it is not to be supposed that the kings of England would have placed their principal abode among the swamps and fogs of Westminster, unless they did so for some weighty reason of state, when they might have resided on higher and more healthy ground.

These were not the only fortresses appointed to guard this important road. An old writer describes Kingsbury, near the river Brent, as having been the abode and hunting-lodge of the Saxon kings, they having occupied the buildings left by the Romans. The Roman camp is now represented by the churchyard, an oblong which lies between two hollows, north and south, while the eastern side is protected by the river Brent. He also says that there are Roman bricks in the church, which stands in the midst of the churchyard on the spot usually occupied by the general's tent. The process seems intelligible that the Romans chose the strongest military position to command the road, and at the same time to secure a good supply of water from the river Brent and the streams that flowed into it. The camp becoming stationary, the soldiers would build huts for the winter. Many of the country people would come to sell provisions, and others to reside there, until at length, after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, a small Christian church was built, which remains to this day: the Romans having marched away some fourteen centuries ago to fight the great battle with Attila the Hun, deserting their camp, their buildings, and their church, for the Britons to come and occupy them.

The country in that part was not enclosed at that remote period, nor cleared of forests, as it is at present. These woods were so extensive, that even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth the conspirators under Babington could hide for a fortnight in the forests between St. John's Wood and Harrow, and escape detection until compelled by starvation to surrender themselves.

The Roman camp at Brockley Hill, a few miles farther from London, and also commanding the Edgware-road, is set down on the maps as the station "Sullonica," a compound word which signifies "the victory of Sulla," or Sylla. Here we have the name of the general, and the victory that he claimed over the Britons. This is clearly not the Sylla of the Roman history who contended against Marius, for that contest occurred some centuries previous to the Roman occupation of Britain, but most probably it is some unknown general who gained a victory not recorded in history or perhaps, fancied that he had gained one.

The continuation of the Edgware-road towards the marshes of the Thames is represented, after a slight deflection, by Park-lane, where the

track now rapidly descends into the ancient marshes, at this day inhabited, as of old, by water-fowl. It is said by engineers, that if all impediments were removed, the tide would yet be seen rising and falling in the water before Buckingham Palace; and it is certainly characteristic of a maritime nation, accustomed to the water, that we have placed the Houses of Parliament and the principal royal palace in the ancient beds of rivers.

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#### SPORT IN ALGERIA.

THE chief occupation of the Arabs in Algeria, especially those who inhabit the Sahel, or coast-belt, is the chase. This may be easily comprehended, if we reflect that the wild beasts are their indefatigable enemies, taking a handsome annual toll from the herds, which are their sole property, and not hesitating to fetch their prey at night out of the enclosures, if they cannot catch it in the open. For this reason the mountaineer soon gets used to the loss, and merely feels savage when a head of cattle is missing; but he is not frightened, and his sole desire is to trap the cunning thing by still greater cunning. But, though he labour so pertinaciously, it is very rare for him to catch the robber in the act, for the latter, after a first plundering bout, usually remains away for a long time, and does not return for months, or when least expected. A man living in a district visited by lions and panthers may calculate on losing at least five per cent. of his herds annually: he expects nothing else, indeed, and does not feel particularly grieved at it, because it was inevitable. It is the Lord's will! he says, calmly, for he knows that "so it was written." The only thing he can do, in a few rare instances, and only if he arrive betimes, is to cut the throat of his unfortunate cow or ox according to the Muhammadan rite, and thus render its flesh eatable by the true believer.

But the Arabs are not always so lucky as to catch the robber at the moment when he has fallen on his booty, for frequently the herdsman does not notice that a head is missing until he is driving the cattle home, for the beasts of prey, which have been prowling round them for hours under the shelter of the brushwood, pounce on animals which have strayed from the rest.

If you ask an Arab or Kabyle how many oxen he has, he generally replies that he does not know, for a good Mussulman must not count the bounty of God: but he knows very soon if a head be missing, and does so almost before the herd has been driven into the fold. In this case he summons some neighbours to his aid, and they search the wood until they have found the missing animal, dead or alive. They will often remain the whole night on the inhospitable mountains, and neither darkness nor rain damps their zeal. Generally, one or the other brings in

the hide of the animal, unless he has found it at a spot where what is called a "seda" is practicable, where the native sportsman watches for the wild beast, until he can kill it without risk when it returns to its intercepted meal. This may happen within two hours of the ambush being formed, as the robber usually lies down in a neighbouring ravine or thicket to await the process of digestion, and then returns for a second gorge. At times, though, it will scent mischief and not return at all, for which reason the ambuscade does not always prove a success. And yet the number of lions and panthers annually killed in the province of Constantine is large, as is proved by the published list of rewards granted by the prefecture for the slaughter of these wild beasts: it also sufficiently proves that the natives are not deficient in courage or perseverance to punish these hereditary foes of their herds.

If the keeper of the herd has a gun, which is generally the case when a grown person undertakes the duty, a beast of prey, from the largest to the smallest, will rarely venture an open attack; but if it be guarded by children, as is frequently the case in the mountains, they have often to drive off a jackal or a lynx, which, with extraordinary audacity, will pounce on a sheep or a goat in the sight of the youthful herdsmen. At times, too, it happens that a lion or panther will dash up and carry off an animal, in spite of the shouts and stones with which the children try to keep it off. In such a case it was a dispensation of Allah, to which the pious Mussulman yields without a murmur. But if the flock has been damaged by a smaller wild beast, the children are responsible for it, and as it is assumed that the loss may be ascribed to their negligence, they may be certain of a sound thrashing from their father. On this account they only drive the flock up to the sriba, whence it can easily find its way home, and hide themselves in the bushes till nightfall, and then beg a relative or neighbour, of whom they ask a night's lodging, to intercede with the father. On the next morning, before the flock is driven out, the angry father has been appeased, and the children resume the command of the flock, though they do not feel secure till they have left the paternal cabin a long way behind them.

As late as fifteen years ago, those Arabs who had no children to undertake the duty hired a grown-up keeper, to whom they paid twenty francs a year; children they procured for half the price—at times even merely for their board. In addition, they gave them two shirts a year, and, in extreme cases, a worn-out burnous. In return for this the shepherds were obliged to follow the vagabond flock in all weathers over hill and dale, through bushes and across rocks, defend them from wild beasts, and, if they were boys, they also ran a risk of being thrashed on their return home if, in spite of all their care, a hyæna or lynx had killed a sheep or goat. But since the colonists in the vicinity of towns have paid their herdsmen twenty to thirty francs a month, the demands of the hired men have risen considerably, and their pay has been augmented, although the number of natives employed by Christians has always been limited. Though this advance of wage was so pleasant for the poor Arabs, it was most disagreeable to the mountaineers, who preferred to have their flocks guarded by their children, and it is now very rare for an Arab to hire a shepherd.

The mountaineers of North Africa have hitherto found an extraordinary charm in their mode of living, and in spite of the increasing restrictions which the government imposes on them in favour of the hirers of the cork woods, they prefer their sriba in the mountains, where they have wood and water in abundance, to a fertile plot of land on the plain, where they often miss both. And if they made the exchange, which is represented to them as so advantageous, what would become of their exciting chase, from the terrible lion down to the cunning jackal? "No, we will remain in the mountains," they say, "where we get enough to eat, and powder speaks all the year round, while the poor dwellers on the plains must content themselves with shooting partridges, or birds of passage now and then."

For this reason the best and boldest hunters of Algeria will be found in the mountains; but their mode of hunting, which requires more patience and craft than skill, has nothing in common with European sport, and a foreigner, however good a shot he may be, must learn several things from them if he wish for any success. Most of them still carry the flint-gun inherited from their father or grandfather, and only few have begun to learn the use of percussion-caps; but none of them shoot on the wing or at running game, though they bring down standing or sitting game with remarkable certainty at very long distances.

When I first went to Dmel-Bes-Bes, which is situated in the heart of a mountain forest behind Cape Filfila, the occupants of the sriba there, consisting of three brothers, a cousin of theirs, and an old shepherd, were at first displeased at my arrival, until they at length discovered that my sole object was botanical researches. At the same time I at once gained the affection of the children, and finally that of the old folk, when they saw that there was more to make than to lose by me. In this way they gradually came to regard me as one of themselves, and we lived upon a very decent footing, which would have been better had I not been a Roumic.

Among the children, Chamissa, the daughter of my neighbour Ali, and ten years of age, soon became my intimate friend. She visited me daily on her return from the pasturage where she guarded the sheep and goats, and often dried her scanty clothing at my fire, after spending the whole day in the rain and snow. One evening, just as it was beginning to grow dark, there was a gentle scratching at my door, and I was greatly surprised on opening it to see little Chamissa step in. The lion, she told me, had carried off a goat that day, and her father, who was a very passionate man, would certainly beat her, although the shepherds are not answerable for an animal killed by a lion or panther. For this reason she would not return home till his passion was appeased, and she had found a temporary refuge among the tall ferns behind the sriba. I must give her a lump of bread, though, as she had eaten nothing since noon, and was very hungry. I gave her what she asked, and tried to persuade her to remain in my hut, while I went to speak with her father about her; but she would not be held, and escaped into the darkness again ere I had time to look round.

As Chamissa did not make her appearance on the next morning, her flock, on this occasion, was joined to her uncle's. The day passed with-

out the slightest tidings of her, but in the evening, when her father had gone to an outlying barley-field, she called for a moment on an aunt in order to get something to eat, and then disappeared again, in spite of all the entreaties to stop. She did not come to supper, and her angry father sought her everywhere where he fancied she might be concealed; and she would certainly have fared ill had her father found her at this moment. On his return the moon had risen, and we conversed for some time about the discomforts of a country life, until sleep overpowered us, and the family party broke up.

I was just falling asleep, when I suddenly heard the roar of a lion, apparently coming from the mountain track that ran down into the plain. As the roaring continually drew nearer, I got up again and dressed, so as to be ready for any event. While I was preparing my rifle, I heard Ali shouting from his gourbi, and asking whether I had noticed the lion. Directly after he came up himself, armed from head to foot, and invited me to follow him to a small clearing, across which the path leading to the Dmel-Bes-Bes runs, and over which the wild beast was certain to come: we could conceal ourselves in the bed of a mountain torrent, and have a very fair chance of a shot.

Our road ran through a fallow field joining the forest, and covered with alternating patches of asphodel and fern. Again the roaring of the lion could be heard, but much nearer than on the previous occasion. As I was afraid we might not reach our hiding-place in time, I urged my companion to hurry on; but he stopped, looked carefully around, and then cried in a low voice, "Chamissa, Chamissa, my daughter, dost thou not hear? there is a lion approaching. Go home, no harm shall be done thee; by the head of the Prophet no hurt shall be done thee; I forgive thee." But Chamissa was either not there, or deemed it advisable not to answer, for everything remained silent as the grave. After Ali had called several times more, and wasted all his promises not to punish her, he started again, and we soon reached the spot where we were to await the lion. We only heard it roar once from the direction of the path, but after that noticed for a long time only the buzzing of the mosquitoes, which mercilessly stung our hands and faces. At length the roar was heard a long way to the right of the path, and we concluded from this that the lion was retreating to the Bu-Xaiba mountain.

On our return, Ali confessed to me that it was anxiety for his daughter which had driven him from home, for she would have been hopelessly lost if the wild beast had come across her. Before we parted, he again begged me to assure her of his forgiveness, if she came to see me, which I willingly promised. Chamissa, however, who was lying but a few yards from us in the thick brushwood, and understood every word spoken by her alarmed father, did not wait to hear his pardon repeated, but ran at full speed to the sriba, where she slept in the goat-shed. The next morning found her busily engaged with milking her flock, and she got off with a short lecture from her father, and a warning to be more careful in future.

All went on now its usual course, and the cattle proceeded daily into the forest, where they remained till six P.M.; but nothing was heard of the lion. Ali passed three or four nights on the roof of his cattle-shed



to watch for the lion, whose secret return he apprehended; but as everything remained quiet, he soon gave up his watch. One morning, however, he missed a sheep, and as not the slightest sound had been heard the previous night, it was supposed that the sheep had been left behind at the pasturage. On the next morning, however, another was missing, and on going round the enclosure they found the footmarks of a huge lion, which had leaped over the fence at a spot where it was lower. The Arabs accounted for it taking a sheep instead of a goat by the fact that the latter always make a dreadful noise, while the former allow themselves to be dragged off without a sound. It had rained rather heavily during the last two nights, and the cunning brute had chosen its time so well that the generally so watchful dogs had noticed nothing. Ali now redoubled his attention, but to no effect, for a month passed and nothing happened to disturb the nocturnal peace. One morning, however, two young men came up from El Seba-Aïoun (the Seven Springs), a solitary sriba lying at the foot of the Bu-Xaiba, to inquire after a straying cow: at mid-day their father arrived to inform Abdallah, the eldest of my neighbours, that the missing cow had been killed by a lion or panther, and was lying about two miles lower down, on the right of the path leading to Ochrab. At the same time he begged him to go with him to the spot, as he had prepared a seda, which would hold two persons comfortably, in a tree close by.

Abdallah was considered the best shot in the district, and everybody knew that he had killed seven panthers and a number of wild boars. He asked me for some bullets, and also invited me to join them; but as this did not seem quite agreeable to the owner of the cow, I declined, and let the two men start alone. Still I induced Abdallah to take one of my double-barrels, in the event of their two shots proving insufficient. They went off at three P.M., and night was setting in when Abdallah returned. His face and arms were lacerated by the thorns, and his shirt hung in rags about him. It could be read in his face that the ambush had met with no result; and though we were so curious, we were obliged to wait till he had washed and arranged his dress. At length he came out of his gourbi, seated himself on a rock, round which we squatted, and began as follows:

"We found the cow lying in the wood, not far from the clearing of the Schebts-el-zen. The hind leg had been devoured, and the body remained as my comrade had found it in the morning. A few paces off was a handsome oak, in which a comfortable seda had been formed. The only fault to be found with it, was its excessive height from the ground. We clambered up and lay cozily on the soft fern, with which my comrade had lined our seat. We held our guns between our feet, and I hung this double-barrel on a bough, so as to have it ready in case of need. During all this time we only conversed by signs, and did not stir, while looking intently at the cow's carcass. We had not been sitting there more than half an hour when two zerdas (ichneumons) bounded out of the bushes and set to work on the cow. In spite of their voracity they were constantly on the watch, and every minute leaped back into the bushes, whence they cautiously emerged again. At length they stopped and listened attentively, after which they suddenly disappeared, and did not

return. We now felt certain that some large wild beast was in the vicinity, but though we looked and listened most carefully, we could not see or hear anything for a long time. My comrade whispered to me that he fancied the heather was moving a short distance from us, but as the wind was blowing in gusts I supposed the motion came from this, and was confirmed in my opinion, as everything remained quiet for a long time. At length we could distinctly notice a creeping in the bushes, and the largest lion I ever saw came out. It was a male, and its head and neck were covered with a long black mane. For a second it looked around, and after finding everything quiet it fell on the cow, which had already supplied it with one meal.

"As we had arranged, we gently raised our guns and fired at the same moment. The lion rolled over, but as I was seizing the double-barrel it rose again, furiously snapped at a place where a bullet had probably entered, and then rushed back into the bush, which concealed it from our sight. I fired twice at it with this gun, but do not know whether I hit it, as I am not accustomed to shoot at running game. We came down from the tree as quickly as we could, reloaded, and followed the track of the wild beast, which could be easily distinguished both by the blood we found on the ground and by the bent-down bushes. It must have been severely wounded, and we did not doubt but we should soon find it dead. But, though we came up to many large pools of blood where the brute had either fallen or rested, the trail soon began again, and led us by an immense zig-zag through thick heather and over barren rocks up to the now dry bed of the torrent which in winter pours down from the Bu-Xaiba. As night was approaching, and the track was becoming difficult to follow, we resolved to turn back, and to-morrow morning summon to our aid the elders of the Dmel-Bes-Bes and Seba-Aïoun. Before we left we marked several trees, so as to be able to find the spot again, and to-morrow, Inshallah! we shall discover the brute, as it is scarce possible that it can survive such a loss of blood."

The inhabitants of our sriba had listened to Abdallah's narrative with growing interest, and when he finished, his two brothers, Ali and Taieb, leaped up to inspect their weapons, while a boy was sent off to cousin Brahim, inviting him to join the morrow's expedition. Till a late hour guns were being cleaned, pistols oiled, and bullets cast, until everything was in readiness at last, and the hunters retired to rest with the best hopes.

Dawn had scarce broken next morning when everybody was in readiness to start. At first they proposed to take two dogs from the sriba, which were generally used to follow wounded wild boars; but as they were accustomed to hunt on their own account, and devoured the game, when they found it, without giving tongue, they were left at home, the more so as my spaniel Flora, who was excellently broken, and had a capital nose, more than sufficed. Then we set out without further delay, and, following the footpath, ascended to the Schebts-el-zen, where we found the elders of Seba-Aïoun, who had been awaiting us for some time. From this spot we went straight down to the torrent bed, and under way found the trail, which Flora at once took up. At first she did not know exactly what to make of it, and cautiously sniffed at the spots where the

lion had bled more than usual; but then she took it up heartily, and led us, without hesitation, up to the stream where Abdallah found the trees he had blazed on the previous day. In the stream itself we were able to follow the trail for about twenty yards up to a small pool, where the dog showed the route the lion had followed on the opposite bank.

For a long time we kept on the trail, till we reached a broad pebbly spot, which was completely denuded of trees, and only displayed here and there a few tufts of withered grass. Here the dog was thrown out, and roved around without finding the scent again, as no dew had fallen on this morning, and the ground was everywhere extremely dry. Abdallah, after watching the dog's exertions for a while, at length found that there was nothing to be done but to use our own eyes, as the dog had lost its scent in this dry weather. He called the hunters together and bade them sit down, as there were too many of them, and they might destroy the trail more easily than find it. Then he returned with his brother Taieb along the path by which we had come, and I joined them, as I was very curious to see how they would help themselves in a case where even brute instinct was astray. The spot where the last imprint of the lion was visible was soon found; but from here, where the earth began to grow drier, the marks gradually became fainter and more indistinct, until they entirely ceased. When we returned to the edge of the barren spot, Abdallah ordered us to stop, and went on alone. In a stooping posture, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, he went round the clearing in a large semicircle, while carefully examining every stone and blade of grass. All at once he stopped, bent lower down; examined the spot as far as his arms would reach, and then rose with a satisfied "El haned Allah!" (God be praised). When we hurried up to see what he had found, he waved his hand as a warning to us to be careful. We drew up to him as cautiously as we could, and he showed us on the hard ground a spot where two pebbles had been disturbed, and a yard farther on several trampled blades of grass. On a grey stone a dried spot of blood was distinctly visible, though so small that only an Arab's practised eye would have noticed it. When the other hunters saw that we must have made some discovery, they prepared to rise, and my spaniel tugged impetuously at her rope; but Abdallah made them a sign to remain where they were till he had clearly found the trail in the forest on the opposite side of the clearing.

Though the discovered sign was so slight, Abdallah and his brother followed it with the greatest perseverance. At times it grew pretty plain, and then, again, nothing was to be seen for a long time, and Abdallah went round and round till he found a small, though certain, indication. We advanced in this way but very slowly; but when we reached the opposite edge of the clearing, the trail grew more distinct, and a few yards farther in the scrub we found a spot where the wounded brute had rested again. The other hunters were now called up, and the dog was once more let loose. The latter quickly took up the scent, and led us for a while actively forwards; but suddenly she became restless, stopped each moment with a whine, and eventually ran back between our legs with every sign of excessive terror. We stopped. While Abdallah advanced some paces to look cautiously about, our comrades left us one after

the other, and, ere two minutes had elapsed, they were all seated up cork-trees. Taieb, however, whose cool courage despised this precautionary measure, remained alone with me, and we anxiously and excitedly awaited his brother's return. In a few minutes he made his appearance, as noiselessly as he had advanced. Contrary to our expectation, he approved of the conduct of our fellow-sportsmen, as he considered that, in such an affair, a man could not be too cautious. He even requested his brother to do the same, as he had a wife and two small children, who would be very badly off if any accident happened to him. The beast had reached the adjacent thicket of *Brahia-Ben-Salah*, where it had probably expired; but this was not certain, as there were so many examples of tenacity of life among lions. Hence he resolved to follow the trail as far as he could in the thicket, and be only accompanied by Mustapha (my Arab name), who was a single man. Taieb, however, found an answer for all his brother's objections, and was at length permitted to be the third.

Abdallah now doffed his turban and burnous, tied up his long shirt above his knees, and fastened more tightly his leathern belt, in which his cartouche-box and a long dagger were secured. As his long gun might impede him in the thicket, he exchanged it for a horse-pistol, which his brother handed him. At the same time he took one of the small axes, several of which our comrades had brought with them, in order to cut a path through the thick scrub, should it be necessary. I had never seen him so handsome. He stood there haughty as a forest god, his eyes flashed with an unwonted fire, and his face announced exalted courage and confident resolution. After commanding his comrades, who were still seated in the trees, to be on the watch, we started, and in a few minutes stood in front of the eventful thicket. Flora, who had followed us with evident reluctance, kept as close to us as she could, and would not be drawn on by any means. We wound for some time through thick sloe-bushes, but Abdallah had no occasion to use his axe. We only found ourselves so blocked in by the scrub, that we should have been unable to defend ourselves if a wild beast had attacked us here. The track, which could be distinguished now and then, suddenly ceased entirely, and a dense wall of saulax and blackberry-bushes opposed an almost invincible barrier to our farther progress. Nothing was to be done with Flora, who might, perhaps, have forced her way through, for she still behaved in a very cowardly way; and lay down on her back whenever we tried to urge her on. As all our efforts to find the track failed, we at length discovered that Allah had not yet "written" the death of the lion, and therefore further efforts would be of no effect. We returned despondingly to our party, who heard with anger the bad result of our adventure, which had commenced under such favourable auspices. Still they were too good Mussulmans to indulge in this ill-temper for long; for they soon yielded to the will of God, and also found that it was written so.

On the road home we met two shepherd lads of *Seba-Aïoun*, who were guarding their flocks. Abdallah told them the spot where we had left off searching, and ordered them to look out for any large vultures in the neighbourhood; they were to tell us if they noticed anything unusual.

there, and Mustapha would reward them for doing so. I promised each of them a ten-sous piece, and was assured that they would make every effort to earn it. We soon took leave of our fellow-hunters, who returned to their sriba, while we went up to Dmel-Bes-Bes, where we arrived very tired and hungry. Three days passed without our hearing the slightest news, and we began to believe that the lion had not been mortally wounded, and had got off, in spite of its serious wounds. But dawn was just breaking on the fourth day, when the two lads arrived with the news that on the previous evening, while returning home from the pasturage, they saw seven grey vultures and several rachmas (*Vultur perenopterus*, Linn.) rise from the thicket of Brahim-ben-Salah; the vultures settled down again on an oak, while the rachmas flew away. The oak, however, was not at the spot which Abdallah had indicated to them, but a mile farther to the left, towards the mountains. As it had been too late on the previous evening to bring us the news, they had set out before daybreak, and we must get ready at once, so that they might act as our guides.

As Taieb was obliged to guard the cows on this day, Abdallah and I set out alone. As we now went in a direct line to the thicket, we reached it in less than an hour and a half. We proceeded straight for the oak, on which we could see several buzzards seated. When we approached they rose with a heavy flapping of wings, and the signal caused a swarm of these birds to rise from the thicket. The wild scrub was as dense here as we had found it lower down three days before; but Abdallah and the two lads set to work with a will, and opened a path with their axes, along which we advanced slowly, but with hopes of soon seeing our efforts crowned with success. When we at times lost sight of the tree for which we were bound, one of the lads went back till he could see it and tell us the right direction. In this way we had toiled for about half an hour, when a strong smell of carrion announced to us that we were at no great distance from our destination. The withered branches of the oak became visible, and through the bushes we soon noticed that it stood in a clearing.

"Ya din al bu'k!" (accursed be thy father), we now heard Abdallah shout, who had pressed on ahead. We speedily followed him, and discovered what had produced this outburst of passion. In the midst of a mass of trampled hair lay a skeleton, on which no sign of flesh could be seen, and even the muscles had been gnawn away. The head, which I hoped to be able to render available, had been treated worst of all; it had probably been torn during the night by a hyæna or jackal, and these brutes had doubtless dragged away the missing lower jaw as well as the paws, which we could not find anywhere. We now knew all we had to expect, and Abdallah, though grieved about the skin, which would have produced him above a hundred francs, consoled himself with the thought that there was one of the robbers less in the world, and that the lives of at least twenty oxen were saved. We returned to our sriba, where all were glad to hear that the desperate robber was dead; but down on the plain there were many pleased at the bad result of our chase, and they was thus afforded me a further proof that malice may be found elsewhere than in the civilised world.

Although the lion is only a passing guest at Filfila, it comes fre-

quently enough to alarm the denizens of the sribas on the south side of the Jebel-Alla : however, about twenty miles distant it is quite at home, and the Arabs often carry cubs, which they catch in the scrub at the peril of their lives, to Constantine, where they sell them for twenty to thirty francs apiece. While the lion has its head-quarters in the centre of the Algerian sahil, whence it makes excursions at times to the sea-board, the panther generally haunts the forests sloping down to the sea, and the damage it does there is considerable. Although it only approaches villages by night, its hoarse growl may be frequently heard both in the woods and close to the sribas, and people are so used to it that this announcement of its presence produces no greater impression than a wolf's bark does in Russia. At the most a man takes up his gun, but feels certain beforehand that he will have no chance of seeing the panther.

In spring, however, when the coupling time arrives, it is dangerous to meet a panther, for, instead of shunning the neighbourhood of man, as it usually does, it is the first to attack him ; still, I never heard of any one being mortally wounded, as the brute always flies at the throat, but in most instances only clutches the instinctively dropped head, which is covered by a turban of a sufficiently elastic nature to render the bite less dangerous. It always contents itself with this first attack, and takes to flight as soon as its enemy is on the ground ; at least, this happened in two cases which occurred in the same year, and the natives cannot mention a single instance where a man lost his life in such a rencontre. Of these dangerous brutes two or three are killed annually at Filfila, in spite of their strength, cunning, and agility, and it is the rule that the man who has lost a head of cattle has alone the right to kill the robber, as it is but fair that he should have a chance to recoup himself. In such cases it is rare for help to be requested, save from a brother or blood relation, who helps to make the *seda*.

Of the various panther-hunts in which I was more or less interested, I will only describe one, because it was probably the last I shall ever take part in. One morning cousin Brahim came to the sriba. He seemed to be in a remarkably bad temper, and it was some time ere we learned that a panther had killed his two calves, and hence their mother would not allow herself to be milked, as all Arab cows do under similar circumstances. Everybody understood that a poor man like Brahim could not endure such a loss, and his relatives, Abdallah and Ali, agreed to lend him a cow apiece till his own had calved. This promise freed him from a great anxiety, and his frowning brow gradually grew smooth.

Brahim was advised to lay wait for the panther, for which purpose an oak growing on the skirt of the thicket just below his *gourbi* offered a first-rate chance. Here he was to lay the dead calf which the panther had left behind, as it was more than probable that the brute would return for it at nightfall. In this way, if fortune favoured him, he could amply repay his loss by the value of the skin and the head-money given by government. Brahim desired nothing better, but was forced to confess that for the moment he had neither powder nor lead, which was often the case with him, and I was in a position to help him. He could now depart with a glad heart, for, on the one hand, his relations had helped him over

the loss of his calves, and, on the other, he had received from me the means to repay himself if he had any luck, and he left us, happier than he had come, to prepare his nocturnal ambush.

Early the next morning he came to inform us that the panther had come on the last night, when it was quite dark; although he could hardly see it, he fired, but could not see or hear the slightest thing after the flash of his gun. On this morning, however, he had perceived that the brute had lost a deal of blood, and had entered the large blackberry thicket above the well head. It could not be driven out, though, without a dog, as no man could venture in, and hence he thought that he might be allowed to take Shab with him, who was alone capable of facing the panther. Shab was a cross between an Arab sire and a fox-hound dam; he had acquired a great reputation in the tribe through his nose, his great courage in the chase, and his unwearied patience. He was new old, however, and had hardly any teeth left; he was also so much tormented by rheumatism, that he often could not leave his lair for a week together. At the same time, he was so thin that all his ribs could be counted, and he ate so little that it was difficult to understand how he kept alive. For all that his master kept him, and he was treated most mercifully by everybody; which may be regarded as an exceptional case in a country where a dog is thought to be unclean, and very rarely has a name of its own.

After ample reflection it was resolved to take the poor veteran with them, but to carry him to the panther's lurking-place, so as to spare his strength as much as possible. Taieb took him in his burnous, and the party, consisting of him, Ali, and Brahim, and a young neighbour, set out. Although I should have gladly joined them, it was impossible on this occasion, as I had caught a violent cold, and was consequently obliged to take care of myself. At mid-day all the men, with the exception of El Beschir, who had been left in the forest, returned to the sriba. They soon convinced themselves that the panther had not yet left its lurking-place, and for several hours made every effort to get a sight of it. The dog advanced boldly, and by its barking announced every change of position on the part of the enemy; the latter, however, must have been severely wounded, and have had great difficulty in moving, as it had not been as yet induced to quit the thicket either by the barking of the dog or the united shouts of the hunters. Our sportsmen swallowed a hasty meal, and then returned to continue their interrupted hunt. They did not forget, though, to take with them a good lump of unleavened bread and a handful of dried figs for poor El Beschir, who had sacrificed his dinner to his love of the chase. The panther was still there, but had moved about fifty yards lower down the valley to a similar thicket, where Shab soon detected it. The men now climbed up adjacent trees, whence they disquieted the panther with gun-shots whenever the active dog announced to them the spot where it was. Evening set in, however, ere they had advanced a single step, and they were just going to descend the trees and return home, when dog and panther uttered a furious cry simultaneously, after which all became still again. Poor Shab had indubitably fallen a victim to his courage. All hurried up to look for him, and were beginning to doubt about ever seeing him again, when

he was at last found lying bleeding under a rock, and making fearful efforts to get up. He had a frightful bite in the back, which must have totally lamed him, for he was incapable of rising on his legs. Taieb wrapped him in his burnous and bore him to the sriba, where he died during the same night. A council was held there, too, and it was resolved to pursue the wild beast on the next morning, as it could not possibly hold out much longer. This resolution was confirmed on hearing that several men who had come across the Dmel-Bes-Bes during the day had expressed their intention of joining in the panther-hunt.

The report of our dangerous chase had probably spread through the whole tribe, for on the next morning five men arrived from Filfila to help us, and brought the news that we should find at Brahim's gourbi several more who had arrived with the same object. The most unpleasant thing was that one of the latter had brought with him a young Rounic, the brother of the proprietor of the marble quarries at Filfila, who had a great inkling to appropriate the hide of the shot brute, to which nobody but Brahim had a legal claim. As it had been arranged, however, between Brahim and myself that the panther should belong to me, for which I promised to hand him over the head-money, the uncalled-for interference of the young sportsman was not at all pleasant to me, and hence I resolved, ill though I was, to join in the day's sport, for the sake of foiling his manoeuvres. Abdallah, who could only applaud my resolution, confirmed me in it by explaining that my presence must necessarily put a stop to the demands of the Rounic, which our people would not dare to resist. I need not take any active part in the chase, and he would remain with me for fear of any accident. We consequently started, and proceeded to Brahim's house, where we intended to join the others.

When we arrived there, we learned from Brahim's wife that the men of Filfila, yielding to the young Rounic's impatient pressing, would not wait our arrival, but set out at once to look for the wounded panther. One of them had brought a dog with him, whose barking we could hear every now and then. We therefore went down, without delay, into the gap of the M'dalles, where we found most of our new comrades sitting in trees, while the rest were standing round the scrub, in which the dog incessantly gave tongue. Our men reproached the others for beginning the hunt without awaiting their arrival; but Abdallah considered that this was no time for long arguments, and ordered them to take their places without delay, as the wild beast might burst forth at any moment. They consequently posted themselves as well as they could, some on trees, and others behind rocks, while I and Abdallah sat down on the sloping bank of the stream, whence we could watch most of the hunters. Two hours passed, during which the Arabs spared neither their powder nor their voices, and the dog barked himself hoarse, without the panther stirring in the least, so that several of the men came down from the trees for a change of position. The Rounic, who did the same, unpacked his game-pouch and began eating his lunch, which he did with the greater eagerness, because, encouraged by the long waiting, he was beginning to think this sport less dangerous than he had supposed it. He had scarce begun eating, however, when a marrow-piercing roar, accompanied by a timid dog's yell, announced that the beast was about to change its position.



This produced no other effect on the hunters standing below than that of drawing closer together; but the Rounic seemed to feel unhappy, for he left his ham and wine-bottle behind him, and climbed up his tree again with the speed of a hunted cat.

The panther had merely gone about fifteen paces nearer the stream, and here defied, for nearly an hour, all the insults which the Arabs offered it, both with gun and tongue. Abdallah began to grow impatient, and called to the nearest men that they ought to try and get a peep at the brute, which would not be dangerous, as its serious wound and the three days' fasting must have awfully weakened it. Only in this way could a hunt, which had lasted too long already, be brought to a speedy termination. The Arabs perfectly coincided with him but could not settle among themselves who should venture the experiment. The brave Abdallah, to whom this consultation appeared too lengthy, suddenly made up his mind. He doffed his upper clothing, tucked up his shirt, and stood unexpectedly among them. After giving them various instructions, he cautiously advanced, and the dog, encouraged by his example, showed him the exact spot where the panther lay. Ere long we heard a shot, and Abdallah's exultant cry of "Have we got you at last, you unbelieving son of an unbeliever?" Upon which all the hunters rushed up and wasted various shots on the lifeless brute.

As I did not wish for any disagreeable discussion with the uninvited hunter, I went at once by the shortest route to the sriba, whither all the rest speedily followed me with their booty. I learnt there that the young man wanted to purchase the panther of Brahim for a hundred francs, but the offer was declined, with the intimation that it was already disposed of. I regaled the boasting sportsmen, each of whom pretended he had effected a great deal in killing the panther, with couscousson, and divided forty francs among them; Brahim received, in addition, an order on the civil commissary of the district, who would pay him the head-money allowed by government. In this way all demands were satisfied, and the sportsmen returned home in good spirits. My Arab friends, unfortunately, were obliged to give up eating the otherwise most welcome flesh, because it was not killed according to the ritual, and therefore, according to their notions, was unclean; I, however, roasted some ribs, which were not bad, in spite of the animal's lengthened fast. The skin, with the head and claws attached, was carefully prepared, and at this moment forms the principal ornament of my rooms at Oxford.

The Barbary lion does not differ materially from the *Felis Leo* of the elder naturalists, and is called by the Arabs *El Seïd*; the panther is also of the genus described by Linnæus under the name of *Felis Pardus*, and is called by the natives *El N'mör*.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A NEWLY-DISCOVERED CENTRE OF OLDEN CIVILISATION.\*

M. MOUHOT was born at Montbéliard, in France, the country of Cuvier and of Laurillard, and he had always a strong predilection for the natural sciences. Circumstances, however, turned his studies at first to languages, of which he became a professor in Russia and Poland, adding to them at a later period the pursuit of photography, which latter branch of art he afterwards laboured in among the old masters in Italy, and amid the scenery and architecture of Germany, Belgium, and England. Having married an English lady, he returned to his favourite studies in natural history, whilst leading a tranquil life in Jersey, till an English book on Siam (no doubt Sir J. Bowring's) awoke an irresistible desire to explore that country. Putting himself in communication with the Geographical and other societies of London, he received every encouragement from those learned bodies, and was enabled thus to dedicate the last four years of his life (for he fell a victim to the pestilential climate at the expiration of that time) to exploring the interior of Siam, Cambodia, and Laos, leaving behind him the materials for one of the most interesting and remarkable works of its kind that has appeared for many a day, and which will hand down his name to a remote posterity. His loss was indeed much felt by men of science, for he was indefatigable as a collector, as well as bold, enterprising, and enduring as an explorer, and in all probability a long time will elapse before another competent traveller will be found sufficiently courageous to follow his steps in that country of virgin forests and fever, and to the exploring of which he sacrificed his home, his health, and his life.

M. Mouhot embarked at London on the 27th of April, 1858, arrived at Singapore on the 3rd of September, and on the 12th of the same month entered the river Me-nam, the mouth of which is defended by the fort of Pak-nam, which is the Sebastopol or Cronstadt of the Kings of Siam; nevertheless, says our traveller, "I fancied that a European squadron could easily master it, and that the commander, after breakfasting there, might dine the same day at Bangkok."

The Me-nam, we are told, deserves its beautiful name—mother of waters—for its depth permits the largest vessels to coast along its banks without danger: so closely, indeed, that the birds are heard singing gaily in the overhanging branches, and the hum of numberless insects enlivens the deck by night and day. The whole effect is picturesque and

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\* Travels in the Central Parts of Indo-China, Siam, Cambodia, and Laos, during the years 1858, 1859, and 1860. By the late M. Henri Mouhot, French Naturalist. Two Vols. John Murray.

beautiful. Here and there houses are dotted about on either banks, and numerous villages give variety to the distant landscape. Boats and canoes flit about, children, almost infants, swim and dive like water-fowl. On an island in the middle of the river rises a famous and remarkable pagoda, the mausoleum of the late kings, and beyond is the semi-aquatic city of Bangkok, with a river for a highway whose bosom is ploughed by steamers and vessels of all kind, whose margins are studded with floating houses and shops, and whose background is occupied by European buildings, over which towers the lofty and magnificent pagoda Wat-Ching.

Mouhot's work is so profusely and so admirably illustrated, that a perfect idea is conveyed to the reader of these remarkable peculiarities. One does not know which to admire most, the vista of Bangkok and its fluvial highway, or the wonderful tracery and exquisite details of one of the most splendid pagodas in the world. The Irawady of Birmah presents the traveller with some rival structures of the same kind, but probably none that surpass the pagoda of Bangkok in beauty. Add to this, the sketches are so carefully executed, and all the details, whether of scenery or architecture, are so well preserved, that it is as if the reader was enabled to visit Siam itself without inconvenience from heat and insects, or dangers from wild beasts and climate.

"Bangkok," says M. Mouhot, "is the Venice of the East, and whether bent on business or pleasure, you must go by water. In place of the noise of carriages and horses, nothing is heard but the dip of oars, the songs of sailors, or the cries of *cipayes* (Siamese rowers). The river is the high street and the boulevard, while the canals are the cross streets, along which you glide, lying luxuriously at the bottom of your canoe."

The Siamese being naturally an indolent race, most of the agriculture and commerce falls into the hands of the Chinese, just as it does in Cochin-China and at Singapore; nor does it appear that European merchants can compete with them except by the introduction of steam-vessels. The population of the country itself is very heterogeneous. The native registers showed, a few years ago, for the men, who alone are numbered, 2,000,000 Siamese, 1,500,000 Chinese, 1,000,000 Laotians, 1,000,000 Malays, 350,000 Cambodians, 50,000 Peguans, and 50,000 mountain tribes, of whom we shall hereafter have to speak. There are nominally two kings, but virtually one. The second has his court, his mandarins, and his guards, and they pay him royal honours; but he is merely the first subject of his colleague. Both, albeit semi-barbarous in some respects, were well educated, of cultivated minds, speaking and writing English (Somdel Phra has indeed contributed many valuable historical articles to the English journals at Hong-Kong, and of which M. Mouhot has taken a wise advantage), fond of books and scientific researches, and familiar with all the improvements of modern civilisation. The banes of the country are despotism and slavery. "During a ten years' residence in Russia," M. Mouhot says, "I witnessed the frightful effects of despotism and slavery. At Siam, results not less sad and deplorable obtruded themselves on my notice; every inferior crouches before a higher rank; he receives his orders kneeling, or with some other sign of abject submission and respect. The whole of society is in a state of prostration."

M. Mouhot started up the Me-nam in a light boat, with two rowers, a

dog, an ape, and a parroquet. The banks of the stream were very gay and attractive, Nature wearing here her richest dress, but as the country was entirely inundated, it was impossible to land anywhere, and even if he shot a bird, he often could not get it. His little pet "Tiny" was ornamental, not useful. It was the period of the religious fêtes of the Siamese, and the river was crowded with long and handsome boats bearing flags, many of them manned by more than fifty rowers, all in new and bright-coloured dresses, and with attendants discoursing sweet music. Some boats were remarkable for their elaborate carving and the magnificence of their gilding. The kings' procession consists of three or four hundred boats, often containing more than twelve hundred persons, and the effect produced by this beautiful pageant, with the rowers in their brilliant dresses, and the multitude of rich flags, is extremely gorgeous, and such as is only to be witnessed in the East.

"I was surprised to see the gaiety and light-heartedness," says M. Mouhot, "of the people, in spite of the yoke which weighs on them, and the exorbitant taxes they have to pay; but the softness of the climate, the native gentleness of the race, and the long duration of their servitude from generation to generation, have made them oblivious of the bitterness and hardships inseparable from despotism."

They were preparing for the fishing season, fish being most plentiful when the waters subside from the fields. Dried in the sun, they furnish food for the whole year, and are also exported in large quantities. M. Mouhot drank nothing but tea, hoping by abstinence from cold water and from all wine and spirits to escape fever. His health was, indeed, at this time excellent, and his spirits good, but he was already seriously tormented by mosquitoes, nor did the incessant persecution of these little pests scarcely ever cease on his travels. They, with the abundant fleas and the more ferocious ox-flies and leeches, subject the traveller in Siam to severe suffering, make a complete sore of his whole body, and cannot but tend in a great measure to prepare him for the final assault of that jungle-fever which, with its intense head and back aches, and the fire of molten lead that weighs down the body, while it burns to the very nails of the fingers, carries him to a lonely and friendless grave.

Yet almost to within a few days of his melancholy end did M. Mouhot enjoy his travels in a manner that only the true lover of nature can do. "What a contrast," he exclaims, "between the subdued tints and cold skies of Europe, and this burning clime and glittering firmament! How pleasant it is to rise in the early morning before the glowing sun has begun his course; and sweeter still in the evening to listen to the thousand sounds, the sharp and metallic cries, which seem as though an army of goldsmiths were at work! The people here might be extremely happy, were they not kept in abject slavery; bountiful Nature, that second mother, treats them as her spoilt children, and does all for them. The forests abound with vegetables and exquisite fruits; the rivers, the lakes, and the ponds teem with fish; a few bamboos suffice to construct a house; while the periodical inundations render the lands wonderfully fertile. Man has but to sow and to plant; the sun saves him all further trouble; and he neither knows nor feels the want of all those articles of luxury which form part of the very existence of a European."

M. Mouhot was entertained at Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam, by a

French missionary, and proceeding thence to Aradjik, where he killed some white squirrels (Siam appears to be remarkable for white apes, white elephants, and white squirrels, all more or less revered by the natives, as out of the course of nature), he made a branch excursion to Mount Phrabat. This is a great place of pilgrimage. Here is a famous temple containing the footprint of Samona-Kodom, the Buddha of Hindhu-China. Our traveller was perfectly astounded with the chaos of rocks that also presented itself to his view. The most curious thing is that on the mountain summit, in the crevices of the rocks, in the caverns, all around, could be seen the footprints of animals, those of elephants and tigers being most strongly remarked; but "I am convinced," says Mouhot, "that many of them were formed by antediluvian and unknown animals." Had such an observation fallen from any one but a competent naturalist, we should have passed it over as a simple error; but coming as it does from a careful observer, it must arouse the curiosity of geologists. All these creatures, according to the Siamese, formed the cortège of Buddha in his passage over the mountain.

As for the temple itself, there is nothing remarkable about it; it is like most of the pagodas in Siam—on the one hand unfinished, and on the other in a state of dilapidation; and it is built of brick, although both stone and marble abound at Phrabat. The sketch given makes, however, a very pretty object of it. After staying a week on the mountain, and adding many pretty and interesting objects to his collection, M. Mouhot proceeded to Saraburi, the chief town of the province, but, like all towns and villages in Siam, consisting of houses constructed of bamboo, and inhabited by Siamese, Chinese, and Laotian agriculturists.

A little above this there are rapids on the river, and the country is said to be covered with brown iron-ore and aërolites. (?) The forests are also so infested with wild beasts that the inhabitants dare not venture out of doors. M. Mouhot killed a leopard which had carried off a pig and two dogs during his night's stay at Pakprian. An isolated mount, similar to that of Phrabat, only not so broken up, bore on the left bank of the river the temple of Patawi, which is the resort of the Laotian pilgrims, as Phrabat is that of the Siamese. There were footprints here also, and entire trunks of trees in a state of petrification. The view from the temple was indescribably splendid.

Returning hence to Bangkok, M. Mouhot sailed in a small Chinese junk or fishing-vessel for Chantabūn, on the coast of Cambodia. The boat was inconveniently small, and the voyage occupied eight days instead of three; but our traveller was much pleased with the picturesque aspect of the little islands in the gulf. A boy was unfortunately cast overboard and lost by the shock of the boat touching a rock. The entrance to the harbour of Chantabūn is marked by a rock called that of the Lion, from a rude resemblance to the monarch of the forest. An Englishman is said to have fired at it, because the natives declined to sell it to him! The Christian Annamites form nearly a third of the population of Chantabūn, the remainder being composed of Chinese merchants and heathen Annamites and Siamese. The Annamites are all fishers. The commerce of this province is, we are told, inconsiderable, compared with what it might be from its situation; but the numerous taxes, the grinding exactions of the chiefs, and the usury of the mandarins, added to the hateful

system of slavery, keep the bulk of the people in a ruinous state of prostration. It must, however, be also kept in mind that in all the Hindhu-Chinese states, in Siam, Laos, and Cambodia, as in Cochin-China, the peasantry can rarely be induced to cultivate more than suffices for their actual wants, and the ruinous system of communism, the evils of which M. Mouhot failed to perceive, exists in full force. It is an utter impediment to the acquirement of property, for where a man has to divide a pig, or even a fowl, with his neighbours, he feels no desire to possess either pig or fowl.

The Annamites pay their poll-tax of about fifteen shillings a head in eagle-wood, the Siamese in gamboge, and the Chinese in gum-lac. The so-called aromatic and fragrant eagle-wood is obtained from cavities in the *Aquilaria agallocha* of Roxburgh. M. Mouhot says that the character of the Annamites is very different from that of the Siamese, who are an effeminate and indolent race, but liberal and hospitable, simple minded, and without pride. The Annamites are short in stature, and thin, lively, and active; they are choleric and vindictive, and extremely proud. It must be remembered that a large portion of the Annamite population are now subjects of France. M. Mouhot was received at Chantabûn at the house of a worthy French missionary, who had resided there more than twenty years, "content and happy amidst indigence and solitude."

Our traveller purchased a small boat here, with which to visit the isles of the Gulf of Siam. These appear to be of volcanic origin, and are so covered with dense vegetation that they can only be penetrated hatchet in hand. When between the island of Arec and that of the "Cerfs" a curious phenomenon occurred. The sea suddenly became agitated, tossing the boat about as if in a state of ebullition; and this was followed by an immense jet of water and steam, which lasted for several minutes. It was referred to the eruption of a submarine volcano.

At Paknam-Ven, where crocodiles abounded, M. Mouhot witnessed the manner in which these monsters of the deep catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them. "Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active, or most impudent, jumps from branch to branch till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take a part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few

days afterwards." This singular feature in the habits of apes and crocodiles is the subject of an excellent illustration.

M. Mouhot made acquaintance at Chantabūn with a young Chinaman, Phrai by name, who attached himself to his person, and accompanied him in all his subsequent travels up to the time of his decease. Hence, he also visited the mountains, and experienced much gratification in finding himself amid scenes at once so lovely and so full of grandeur. Here were valleys intersected by streams of pure water; there, small plains, over which were scattered the modest dwellings of the laborious Chinese; while, a little in the distance, rose the mountains with their imposing rocks, grand trees, torrents, and waterfalls. Night was the worst time. Swarms of ants got under the clothes and into the traveller's beard, while great spiders and other disgusting creatures would startle him by dropping suddenly on his face. These, however, were trifling drawbacks, and M. Mouhot's thoughts were filled with the idea to what a height of prosperity this province, even now one of the most interesting and flourishing in the country, might attain, were it wisely and intelligently governed, or if European colonists were to settle and develop its resources. Proximity to the sea, facility of communication, a rich soil, a healthy and propitious climate! nothing, he argues, is wanting to ensure success to an industrious and enterprising agriculturist. He omits to say if manual labour could be depended upon.

Our traveller, however, seriously offended the Siamese here, by removing the impression of an unknown animal from the surface of an immense mass of granite. The genius of the mountain would, they said, be hereafter irritated, and impede them in their labours. The Chinese, wiser in their generation, rubbed the under part of the stone, and, collecting the dust, mixed it with water and drank it, fully persuaded that it was a remedy against all ills. There were plenty of wild animals here, royal tigers and leopards, elephants most destructive to the bananas, and apes and stags. The tigers and leopards prowled about the houses every night. The fruit was excellent, comprising the mango, the mangusteen, the pine-apple—in this climate melting in the mouth—and the durian, the king of fruits, and yet almost the only one that has a repulsive odour. "On first tasting it," says M. Mouhot, "I thought it like the flesh of some animal in a state of putrefaction, but after four or five trials I found the aroma exquisite."

Grottoes are never safe places to visit, if unfrequented, in hot countries. Wild animals are sure to make them places of refuge from the great heats. M. Mouhot made an excursion to one on Mount Sabab, and the results were, that, first, the torches were extinguished every minute by the bats, and, secondly, further progress was disputed by an enormous boa, with erect head and open mouth. The great serpent was luckily shot, but the party wisely desisted from attempting to penetrate any farther. An attempt to attend a grand fête of the Siamese, at one of their pagodas, was frustrated in a most amusing manner; the hospitality and curiosity of the people to feast and see a "farang," or foreigner, was carried so far, that at length the whole of the back of a hut, in which he was being entertained, fell in, and people, priests, and chiefs, tumbling one upon another, the scene of confusion was irresistibly comic. "I

profited by the opportunity to escape," says M. Mouhot, "swearing—though rather late in the day—that they should not catch me again."

Yet so good and kindly are these poor people, when not corrupted by contact with the ruder classes of European seamen, that M. Mouhot writes: "I quitted with regret these beautiful mountains, where I had passed so many happy hours with the poor but hospitable inhabitants. On the evening before, and the morning of my departure, all the people of the neighbourhood, Chinese and Siamese, came to say adieu, and offer me presents of fruits, dried fish, fowls, tobacco, and rice, cooked in various ways with brown sugar, all in greater quantities than I could possibly carry away. The farewells of these good mountaineers were touching; they kissed my hands and feet, and I confess that my eyes were not dry. They accompanied me to a great distance, begging me not to forget them, and to pay them another visit."

From Chantabūn M. Mouhot went to Komput, the only port of Cambodia, and in the province of same name. It is celebrated as the seat of pirates, but luckily the King of Cambodia happened to be there at the time of M. Mouhot's visit, and, introduced by a French missionary residing there, he greatly befriended the traveller, although a Frenchman; and M. Mouhot himself intimates that France has her eyes fixed upon this port, with the view of annexing it to her possessions in Lower Cochin-China. The king further did everything in his power to forward him on his way to Udong, the capital of the country. Although the Cambodians enjoy a comparative exemption from heavy taxes and duties when placed by the side of the Siamese, M. Mouhot declares that almost every vice seemed prevalent at Komput—pride, insolence, cheating, cowardice, servility, and excessive idleness. The Chinese, as usual, constituted the most commercial and industrious portion of the population.

It is reckoned an eight days' journey, travelling with oxen or buffaloes, from Komput to Udong, and there are eight stations on the way. After traversing a marshy plain, a beautiful forest was entered upon, which stretches unbroken to the banks of the Me-kon, on a tributary to which Udong is situated, the great commercial mart of Penom-peuh being at the junction of the two rivers, about twenty miles below, and the vast lake of Tuli-sap a still greater distance above the city—all being situated in the heart of the country. The mouths of the Me-konare, it is to be observed, now in the possession of the French.

M. Mouhot had to perform the greater part of this journey on foot, and although the road was like a magnificent avenue laid out by the hand of art, the intervals between the trees being so regular, the atmosphere, the sandy road, and the water, were all so hot that his sufferings were very great. With the exception of one village, there were no traces of habitations in this forest of eight days' extent. It was only on approaching the capital that the prospect became more diversified: fields of rice, cottages encircled by fruit-gardens, and country-houses, were now passed belonging to the Cambodian aristocracy.

Coming to a large enclosure protected by a moat, surmounted by a parapet, and enclosed by a palisade some three yards high, our traveller (his countrymen being engaged in what he calls giving a lesson to the Cochin-Chinese) expected to be challenged by a sentinel, but seeing no



one, he pushed open the gate and entered into the enclosure, which, as it turned out, surrounded the palace of the second king. Within was the palace, and opposite was the residence of a younger prince his brother, and a pagoda. Two pages came forth to request the traveller to wait at once on his majesty. He excused himself as being in his travelling-dress, and his luggage had not yet come up. "Oh, that is nothing; the king has no dress at all, and he will be delighted to see you," was the reply. Can greater Arcadian simplicity be imagined? A sunburnt, dust-covered, travel-soiled traveller pushing open the gateway of a palace, and being forthwith invited into the presence of the king! Preceded by a chamberlain, and followed by pages, to the palace he went. At the entrance were a dozen dismounted cannon, in whose mouths the sparrows had built their nests. Farther off a crowd of vultures were devouring the remains from the table of the king and his courtiers. The king was enchanted with his visitor, asked him to dinner, helped him to "good brandy," the only English words he knew, took him to see the palace of the first king, in the evening had a play, and, in fact, did everything in his power to amuse him and to forward his views.

The metropolis of Cambodia is composed of houses of bamboos and planks, and the market-place occupied by the Chinese is as dirty as all the others. The longest street, or rather the only one, is a mile in length; and in the environs reside the agriculturists, as well as the mandarins and other government officers. The entire population numbers about twelve thousand souls. The many Cambodians living in the immediate vicinity, and, still more, the number of chiefs who resort to Udong for business or pleasure, or are passing through it on their way from one province to another, contribute to give animation to the capital. It is manifest, however, that neither it nor any of the towns could offer anything but a nominal resistance to any European power holding the mouth of the river, and choosing to send gun-boats on a message of subjection up its magnificent waters. And if, after its subjection, the capital were removed to its old site, Ongcor, at the foot of the mountains, the tenure of the country would not be accompanied, in all probability, with a greater loss of life than what is incidental to the occupation of many parts of India by the English.

A good road leads from Udong to the great arm of the Me-kon—the Me-sap—raised in some places more than ten feet above the level of the wooded but marshy plain. Now and then handsome bridges, built of stone or wood, were also crossed, which gave a more favourable idea of the state of engineering in Cambodia than in Siam. The road was also bordered with miserable bamboo huts raised on piles. They arrived the same day at Pinhalú, a village of some size, situated on the right bank of the stream, many of the inhabitants of which are the descendants of Portuguese and Annamite refugees. It is the place of residence of a French bishop and three missionaries. Hence our traveller proceeded by boat, "the river of the lake," or Me-sap, being about twelve hundred yards wide, and its banks tenanted by Thiâmes, or Malays, supposed to be the same as the ancient Tsiampoïs, in whom some of the missionaries trace evidences of a colony of Ishmaelites, or Idumeans. He arrived the same day at Penom-Peuh, the great bazaar of Cambodia, situated at the confluence of the two great streams—the Me-sap and the Me-kon—and containing about ten thousand inhabitants, almost all Chinese, but with

a floating population of more than double that number, composed of Cambodians and Cochin-Chinese, living in their boats. There is the usual pagoda, with an extensive view of, on the one side, the Me-kon and its tributary, flowing like two long and wide ribands across an immense wooded plain; on the other, another plain and thick forest, bounded on the north-west and south by small chains of mountains. The war in Cochin-China was the subject of all conversations at this place, and our traveller says that the reports of the Chinese and Annamites, who had seen the taking of the town of Saigon, were not flattering to the pride of a Frenchman. He had the pain of hearing his countrymen stigmatised as barbarians, and, describing the burning of the market and the conduct of the soldiery towards defenceless women, those whom Europeans are in the habit of treating as semi-savages, spoke of them, the said Europeans, as full-blown savages.

These things do not appear in published reports and narratives. M. Mouhot lays the blame on the Spaniards. It is convenient to have allies; they have no portion either of the "glory" or the profits of war, but they serve admirably as scapegoats for reverses and barbarous practices. It may be observed that the country in which M. Mouhot was now travelling has since his time been carefully laid down by the French hydrographers. Witness the map attached to M. Pallu's "*Histoire de l'Expédition de Cochin-Chine*," in which Udong is written Oudon; Penom-Peuh, Pnum-Peuh, or Nam-Van; and the Me-kon is made to divide into two branches, the Han Giang and the Tien Giang, which constitute the main rivers of Cochin-China, although Saigon is situated upon another stream altogether. The French at Angiang, or Chandoc, on the one, and at Cai-Ving-Khin on the other, some fifty or sixty miles from Udong, can occupy Cambodia whenever it suits their purpose, or a pretext presents itself. Nor would the ultimate possession of Siam, with its cities of boats and "Forests of Fire"—i.e. of jungle-fever—be worth disputing for, as the gulf lies on the other side of the Malayan peninsula, and is geographically connected with Cochin-China, although Cambodia is tributary to Siam. It is otherwise with regard to Birmah, which constitutes part of the shores of the Bay of Bengal. A canal across the peninsula would in such a case be of great international advantage, and the occupation of all Hindhu-China by Europeans would undoubtedly tend to the amelioration of the condition of the people and to the progress of civilisation. Whether it would be any real advantage to the occupying parties, it is more difficult to say. M. Mouhot wisely did not even envy the Kings of Siam or Cambodia their crowns of fiery fever.

Below Penom-Peuh is another floating town, an entrepôt for merchants, and there are three towns or villages on the right bank of the Han Giang—Taeh-hi, Chae-con-vi, and Chae-tan-tan—beyond which to Benghi, the frontier town of the French, a distance of some thirty miles, and the extreme limits of the tide, there is nought save jungle and inundated forests. On the Tien Giang are Saitsh-so, then the province of Bap-num to the west, with towns, villages, and lakes; and lastly, another great bazaar like Penom-Peuh on the frontier, near Cai-ving-Khin.

The great river Me-kon, "the mother of rivers," as it is aptly called, reminded our traveller of the Me-nam north of Bangkok, but its aspect was less gay; yet, he says, there was something very imposing in this expanse of water running with the rapidity of a torrent. A few boats,

scarcely distinguishable, toiled along: the banks, generally about eighteen or twenty feet high, seemed almost deserted, and the forests were indistinctly discernible more than a mile beyond. In Siam the elegant foliage of the bamboos and palm-trees show out strikingly against the blue sky, while the songs of the birds charm the ear; here shoals of porpoises (Humboldt thought a great deal of first meeting fluviatile porpoises in the Amazon) sail along with their noses to the wind, frequently bounding out of the water; pelicans sport on the margins of the stream, and herons and storks fly silently from among the reeds. These were almost the sole objects of interest.

Forty miles from Penom-Peuh was the great island of Ko-Satis, the seat of a missionary of great worth, but a martyr to the climate. Twelve miles higher up, M. Mouhot left the river for Pemptielan, where he was kindly received by a gentle and polished Cambodian mandarin. Arrived at the confines of Cambodia at Pump-ka-Daye, and on the frontier of the savage Stiëns, he could obtain no further assistance in travel, and his journey in that direction would probably have come to an end but for the timely aid of M. Guilloux, a missionary, with whose assistance he got to Brelum.

M. Mouhot remained three months at this latter place, making excursions and studying the savage Stiëns. All this time he and the worthy, suffering, but noble and courageous missionary, lived almost as in a besieged place, every moment dreading some attack of the enemy, and keeping their guns constantly loaded. The forests around were infested with elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, tigers, and wild boars; they came close to their quarters, and they could not move even a few steps into the woods without hearing them. Scorpions, centipedes, and, above all, serpents, were the enemies they most dreaded, and against which precautions were chiefly requisite; but the mosquitoes and the leeches, though less dangerous, were as usual the most troublesome and most inveterate plagues.

The "savage Stiëns," who inhabit this still more savage region, are said to have probably the same origin as those who people the mountains and the table-land which separate the kingdoms of Siam and Cambodia from that of Annam. They form as many separate communities as there are villages, and seem to be a race distinct from all the people who surround them. M. Mouhot believes them to be the aborigines of the country. They are above the middle height, are well proportioned and robust; their features are regular, and the thick eyebrows and beards of the men give them a grave appearance. The forehead is well developed, and announces an intelligence much beyond that of the Annamites. They are called savage by the latter because they cannot be conquered, and because they are so strongly attached to their forests and mountains that to quit them seems almost like death, and those who are dragged away as slaves languish under captivity and try every method of escape. True, they have neither priests nor temples, yet they recognise the existence of a supreme being, whom they call Brâ. They also believe in demons, to whom they attribute sickness and other evils, and to whom they even make human sacrifices. On the other hand, they work admirably in iron and ivory, the women weave and dye, they cultivate rice, maize, tobacco, various kinds of vegetables and fruit-trees, such as bananas, mangoes, and oranges.

They are expert at hunting and fishing, being only baffled during the rainy season by the leeches, whose attacks at times nothing human can resist. When M. Mouhot went out into the woods, he was pulling them off at every moment, for they attack even from a distance, and yet he would return with his nether garments red as the trousers of a French soldier with blood. The Stiëns have domestic animals, as oxen, pigs, fowls, and ducks, and among the Benams no village is without its elephants; they are exempt from leprosy, so common among the Chinese, are very cleanly, bathing in all weathers, often three times a day, and they are very hospitable, and "a stranger is always certain of being well received and feasted." There is nothing savage in all this, but they have their superstitions, which it is perilous to offend. For example, more than one visitor has paid for refusing a pipe by a knife thrust. It is also etiquette to eat the whole of the food set before you—a task which might at times prove to be a puzzler. In other respects their manners and customs greatly resemble those of the Chinese, and they are said to be "gentle and timid" by nature. Like the Laplanders, who always speak civilly of "the old man in the fur coat," the Stiëns address tigers and elephants with the greatest respect; they give them the title of "Grandfather," or "Lord," fearing that they may be offended, and show resentment by attacking them. During the three months that M. Mouhot passed in Brelum and its environs, his two poor servants were almost constantly ill with fever, and it is a wonder how he himself escaped. The atmosphere was dreadfully damp and oppressive, and in the thickest wood, where the sun scarcely penetrates, it was like being in a stove. This would never do for European constitutions, and even the brave missionaries go to a slow but certain death.

M. Mouhot left the country of the Stiëns on the 29th of November, at which time the country was drier and healthier. He returned by way of Penom-Peuh to the Me-sap, and then up that tributary to the Mekon, to the great lake, and by it and its tributaries in the north-west to Battambang and Ongcor. There is a gap in the narrative here. We are not informed how this part of the journey was effected, nor how the great lake of Cambodia was navigated, but we are told that the entrance to it is grand and beautiful. The river (Me-sap, or "*Rivière du Lac*" of Pallu's map) becomes wider and wider, until at last it is four or five miles in breadth; and then you enter the immense sheet of water called Tuli-sap, as large and full of motion as a sea. It is more than a hundred and twenty miles long, and must be at least four hundred in circumference. The shore is low, and thickly covered with trees, which are half submerged; and in the distance is visible an extensive range of mountains, whose highest peaks seem lost in the clouds. The waves glitter in the broad sunshine with a brilliancy which the eye can scarcely support; and, in many parts of the lake, nothing is visible around but water. In the centre is planted a tall mast, indicating the boundary between the kingdoms of Siam and Cambodia.

It was in the territory of Battambang and Ongcor, or Nokhor, that M. Mouhot effected his most striking discoveries—those of the remains of the ancient capital of Cambodia; or, as the king correctly wrote the name, Kambuja; and it is manifest from the extent and importance of the ruins, especially at and near Ongcor, that a dynasty which had

attained a remarkable amount of civilisation once reigned at the foot of the mountains north of the Great Lake. Tradition still speaks of an empire of Khmer, with an army of five or six million soldiers, to which twenty kings paid tribute. Ruins of such grandeur, remains of structures which must have been raised at such an immense cost of labour, still exist in the province of Ongcor, that M. Mouhot says, "One is filled with profound admiration, and cannot but ask what has become of this powerful race, so civilised, so enlightened, the authors of these gigantic works?" We must excuse the enthusiasm of the discoverer when he adds, "One of these temples—a rival of that of Solomon, and erected by some ancient Michael Angelo—might take an honourable place beside our most beautiful buildings. It is grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome, and presents a sad contrast to the state of barbarism in which the nation is now plunged."

It is remarkable that none of these prodigious works, of which the illustrations in M. Mouhot's book convey a very good idea, were intended for habitations. These, probably more frailly built, have long ago disappeared; all were temples of Buddhism. The statues and bas-reliefs represent, however, entirely secular subjects. On a sort of esplanade is a statue, said to be that of a leprous king, one of the Maha-Nokhor-Khmer dynasty. It is not within the compass of our notice of M. Mouhot's work to describe the remarkable ruins at length, but it is certain that amid much that is Hindhu and Hindhu-Chinese in their style and architecture, there is also much that is decidedly European. The "pavilion" in the interior of the great temple of Ongcor Wat, with its portico—a colonnade of slim, graceful, Doric columns, and the colonnades and other details both at Ongcor Wat and Ongcor Thôm, or "The Great"—attest to the aid of foreign art. A circumstance worthy of remark is, that the name of Rome is familiar to nearly all the Cambodians; they pronounce it Rûma, and place it at the western end of the world. They may, perhaps, mean Constantinople, always called Rûm in Central Asia. The European architects who aided in the raising of these stupendous Hindhu-Chinese structures, although M. Mouhot would refer them to some two thousand years ago, can scarcely have been Macedonian or Roman, albeit there is an Egyptian character about many of them. It is more probable that they contain the record of a remote connexion of the Empire of the East, or of Byzantium with Hindhu-China, the details of which have not yet been brought to light. When the Portuguese first opened the navigation of India, the Christians of St. Thomas had been seated for ages on the coast of Malabar. (Gibbon, chap. xlvii.) There is, it is to be observed, nothing Saracenic about these ruins. They are purely Hindhu-Chinese, modified by Roman—it may be Portuguese—art. At all events, it is not probable that they belong to so remote a period as M. Mouhot would assign to them. The square colonnades of what is called the central portico at Ongcor Wat belong to the worst style of the Low Empire. The combination of the lofty pagoda structures of Hindhu-China, with these vast colonnades and long terraces richly decorated, and sculptured peristyles, impart, however, to these ruins of Ongcor a character not to be met with, probably, in any other of the great structures, either of Hindhu-China or of Hindhustan Proper.

The most interesting feature, probably, connected with the discovery of

this centre of an ancient civilisation, having communication with Europe, is that there is also met with here a region tempting by climate and fertility to the reopening of European associations.

"Nokhor," says M. Mouhot, "has been the centre and capital of a wealthy, powerful, and civilised state, and in this assertion I do not fear contradiction from those who have any knowledge of its gigantic ruins. Now, for a country to be rich and powerful, a produce relatively great and an extended commerce must be presumed. Doubtless, Cambodia was formerly thus favoured, and would be so at the present day under a wise government, if labour and agriculture were encouraged instead of despised, if the ruling powers exercised a less absolute despotism, and, above all, if slavery were abolished—that miserable institution which is a bar to all progress, reduces man to the level of the brute, and prevents him from cultivating more than sufficient for his own actual wants.

"The greater part of the land is surprisingly fertile, and the rice of Battambang is superior to that of Cochin-China. The forests yield precious gums, gum-lac, gamboge, cardamoms, and many others, as well as some useful resins. They likewise produce most valuable timber, both for home use and for exportation, and dye-woods in great variety. The mines afford gold, iron, and copper.

"Fruits and vegetables of all kinds abound, and game is in great profusion. Above all, the Great Lake is a source of wealth to the whole nation; the fish in it are so incredibly abundant, that when the water is high they are actually crushed under the boats, and the play of the oars is frequently impeded by them. The quantities taken there every year by a number of enterprising Cochin-Chinese are literally miraculous. The river of Battambang is not less plentifully stocked, and I have seen a couple of thousand taken in one net.

"Neither must I omit to mention the various productions which form so important a part of the riches of a nation, and which might be here cultivated in the greatest perfection. I would especially instance cotton, coffee, indigo, tobacco, and the mulberry, and such spices as nutmegs, cloves, and ginger. Even now all these are grown to a certain limited extent, and are allowed to be of superior quality. Sufficient cotton is raised to supply all Cochin-China, and to allow of some being exported to China itself. From the little island of Ko-Sutin alone, leased to the planters by the King of Cambodia, the transport of the cotton produce employs a hundred vessels. What might not be accomplished if these were colonies belonging to a country such, for example, as England, and were governed as are the dependencies of that great and generous nation?"

Elsewhere, M. Mouhot remarks: "The present state of Cambodia is deplorable, and its future menacing.\* Formerly, however, it was a powerful and populous country, as is testified by the splendid ruins which are to be met with in the provinces of Battambang and Ongcor, but at present the population is excessively reduced by the incessant wars carried on against neighbouring states. I do not think that the country now contains above a million of inhabitants, and according to the last census

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\* An insurrection has, since M. Mouhot's time, raised the young prince, the king's brother, to the throne.

the number of free men fit to carry arms is returned at thirty thousand, the slaves, as in Siam, not being liable to serve in the army any more than to pay taxes. Besides a number of Chinese, relatively great, there are many Malays, who have been settled in the country for centuries, and a floating population of Annamites, amounting to two or three thousand. As the calculations taken include only the males fit for active service, no exact figures can be furnished by the authorities.

"European conquest, abolition of slavery, wise and protecting laws, and experience, fidelity, and scrupulous rectitude in those who administer them, would alone effect the regeneration of the state. It lies near to Cochin-China, the subjection of which France is now aiming at, and in which she will doubtless succeed: under her sway it will become a land of plenty. I wish her to possess this land, which would add a magnificent jewel to her crown; but it is also my earnest desire that she may make a judicious choice of governors, and that the name of France, my dear and beautiful country, may be loved, respected, and honoured in the extreme East, as it should be everywhere.

"The chief productions of Cambodia are tobacco, pepper, ginger, sugar, gamboge, coffee, silk, and cotton. The latter important article of commerce thrives here admirably; and as, according to report, America is menaced with civil war, it is a question whether we can henceforth calculate on that country for the supply it has hitherto furnished. If that supply were even partially to fail, and thousands of workmen to be in consequence thrown out of employment, what a vast field might be opened on the banks of the Me-kon and of Tûli-sap for European activity, industry, and capital!

"England, that great nation for colonies, could soon make of Lower Cochin-China and Cambodia a vast cotton plantation; and there is no doubt that, if she set about it in earnest, with her Australian, East and West Indian, and New Zealand possessions, she might soon secure to herself the monopoly, which America now has, of this precious article: we should in that case be compelled to buy of her. Why should we not be our own purveyors? The island of Ko-Sutin alone, in which the lands belonging to the crown are let to cotton-planters in lots, for one pound per lot, may be adduced, in order to give an idea of the profits realised by the cultivation of this plant. Each lot affords an income of more than twelve hundred francs.

"The forests situated on the higher grounds abound with justly-celebrated timber, as also trees yielding resins and gums, much esteemed in commerce, likewise the eagle-wood, and several species of dye-woods.

"The mountains contain gold, argentiferous lead, zinc, copper, and iron, the last two in some abundance. One is astonished to find these fertile lands furnish so little for exportation; but the sovereigns and mandarins enrich themselves by spoliation and extortion, and every abuse which can ruin a country and retard its progress. If these dominions were ruled wisely, carefully, with probity, and with a regard to the interests of the working classes, the whole aspect of affairs would be changed.

"The taxes now weigh solely on the cultivator and producer: the more he raises, the more he has to pay; disposed, therefore, to indolence by the influence of the climate, he has little inducement to combat this vice. The

beautiful cardamom of Pürsat, much sought after by the Chinese, who pay very highly for it, is entirely monopolised by the king and his ministers; and it is nearly the same with every valuable product."

After a sojourn of three weeks within the walls of Ongcor Wat, M. Mouhot returned to Battambang, whence he proceeded across the country to Bangkok. Part of the road lay over an immense plain, almost a desert, and our traveller suffered much from heat, from mosquitoes, and from want of water. On the 4th of April he regained the capital, after fifteen months' absence. "During the greater part of this time," he says, "I had never known the comfort of sleeping in a bed; and throughout my wanderings my only food had been rice or dried fish, and I had not once tasted good water. I was astonished at having preserved my health so well, particularly in the forests, where, often wet to the skin, and without a change of clothes, I have had to pass whole nights by a fire at the foot of the trees; yet I have not had a single attack of fever, and been always happy and in good spirits, especially when lucky enough to light upon some novelty."

Elsewhere he says, with that touching simplicity which reminds one of Mungo Park: "Nature has her lovers, and those alone who have tasted them know the joys she gives. I candidly confess that I have never been more happy than when amid this grand and beautiful tropical scenery, in the profound solitude of these dense forests, the stillness only broken by the song of birds and the cries of wild animals; and even if destined here to meet my death, I would not change my lot for all the joys and pleasures of the civilised world."

The rainy season having commenced, M. Mouhot had to delay his intended journey to Laos, and he went, therefore, to spend the interval at Pechaburi, on the Malayan peninsula, where the King of Siam has a palace built on the summit of a hill. On the low ground were forests, palm-trees, and rice-fields, the whole rich and varied in colour. Behind were a range of mountains inhabited by independent Kariens, and amid which he visited some curious grottos. But it was always raining, and his incessant persecutors—the mosquitoes—covered his body, face, and hands with blisters. "At times," he says, "I howl with pain and exasperation." Truly it would be better to have to do now and then with a wild beast of the forest, than to be incessantly exposed to a torment to which there is no relief.

After a sojourn of four months at Pechaburi, our traveller returned to Bangkok to prepare for his journey in Laos. Here he learnt that the steamer *Sir James Brooke*, in which he had sent off all his collections made up to this time at so great a risk, had foundered off Singapore. This was indeed a sad disaster, and well calculated to damp his ardour in a further undertaking. A start was, however, effected up the Menam, accompanied by his faithful Phrai, Deng, a Chinese cook, and four Laotian rowers, not to mention little Tiny, who had survived snakes and wild beasts as well as climate. The banks of the river were covered with splendid crops, the periodical inundations rendering them as fertile as those of the Nile. He soon reached the mountains of Phrabat, and rejoiced in their pure, clear atmosphere, the weather being pleasant, and a fresh wind blowing. Higher up the river the climate was not, however, found to be so propitious, and at Khae Khoe he records: "The air is



damp, unwholesome, and dreadfully heavy; one's head burns, while one's body is at one time covered with perspiration, and at another a cold shivering comes on." On his way hither he had indeed experienced a more severe headache than any he had had since he entered the country (his two men also suffered from occasional attacks of intermittent fever), and often complained of cold in his stomach. "Indeed," he adds, "death lays so many snares for us here, that he who escapes may think himself lucky." The Laotians attributed all sickness to demons taking possession of the body. Every day he went out on collecting expeditions. On one occasion he rejoined his servants, who were laying asleep at the foot of a tree, just as a large leopard was about to pounce on one of them. Luckily a first shot took effect in the shoulder, and a second in the heart, and the animal fell dead almost instantaneously.

Arrived at Chiapume (February 28, 1861), the governor told him that if he wanted oxen or elephants there were plenty in the forest, so he had fain retrace his steps all the way back to Bangkok, where, by dint of presents, he obtained more stringent letters. Thus provided, he was enabled to effect his passage through the terrible Dong Phya Phai, "forest of the king of fire," for a second time, "with no spell to terrify the demons which inhabit it, neither tigers' teeth nor stunted stag-horn, nothing but his faith in and love for God." The profound stillness of this vast forest, and its luxuriant tropical vegetation, are indescribable. Our traveller passed ten successive nights in this deleterious forest, in which his Chinese companions never partook of a meal without their usual religious ceremonies and offerings to their ancestors, so fearful were they of sickness overtaking them. In the rainy season, with the feet in the mud, the body in a profuse perspiration, and breathing a fetid atmosphere, hot as a stove and reeking with putrid miasma, many of the Laotians themselves sink and die in their attempts to cross the forest. As it was, two Chinese in the caravan arrived at Korat in a frightful state of fever, and M. Mouhot's servants were both invalided. Many of the oxen also died from fatigue and exhaustion. Once out of this dreaded covert, they entered a district of brushwood and tall grass swarming with deer, and, ascending some hills, the air became fresher and purer. They also passed now several considerable villages, in one of which six hundred oxen were kept belonging to the king. The Chinese quarter of Korat, the capital of the province, contained sixty or seventy houses, built with bricks dried in the sun, and surrounded by palisades nine feet high, and as strong as those of a rampart, denoting an insecure country. Korat is indeed a nest of robbers and assassins, the resort of all the scum of the Laotian and Siamese races. Beyond the Chinese quarter, which is the bazaar, is the town properly so called, enclosed by a wall of ferruginous stone, with five or six thousand inhabitants, the residence of the governor, several pagodas, and a caravan-serai. The entire province of Korat comprises over eleven towns and many villages, some of the towns containing fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. This little state is merely tributary to Siam, and there are in it many remains of the old dynasty of Ongcor, or of Khmœrôm.

M. Mouhot obtained elephants here, two for himself and servants, and two others for his baggage, for his journey into Laos, in his progress into which no existing maps were of any further use. The Chinese gave him the following sound practical advice as to his future mode of proceed-

ing: "Buy a tam-tam, and, wherever you halt, sound it. They will say, 'Here is an officer of the king;' robbers will keep aloof, and the authorities will respect you. If this does not answer, the only plan to get rid of all the difficulties which the Laotian officials will be sure to throw in your way, is to have a good stick, the longer the better. Try it on the back of any mandarin who makes the least resistance, and will not do what you wish."

M. Mouhot got on, however, without tam-tam or cane, but he was unluckily caught by the rain in a forest at the outset, and detained there five days in wet clothes. Poor Phrai was seized with a dreadful fever, and our traveller himself felt very ill. It is much to be regretted that he should have attempted to penetrate these unexplored regions at such a time of the year. A country of mountains and woods, the people were poor and rude, and elephants were the only means of transport. Every village possessed some, several as many as fifty or a hundred. The inhabitants were divided into two classes: "white-bellied Laotians," or Laos Proper; and "black-bellied savages," or Lao-Zuene, so called from the manner in which they tattoo themselves.

Most of the villages were situated about a day's journey from one another, but frequently our traveller had to travel for three or four days without seeing a single habitation, and had no alternative but to sleep in the jungle. This might be pleasant in the dry season, but during the rains, M. Mouhot says, nothing can give an idea of the sufferings of travellers at night, under a miserable shelter of leaves hastily spread over a rough framework of branches, assaulted by myriads of mosquitoes attracted by the light of the fires and torches, by legions of ox-flies, which, after sunset, attack human beings as well as elephants, and by fleas so minute as to be almost invisible, which assemble about you in swarms, and whose bites are excessively painful, and raise enormous blisters. To these enemies add the leeches, which, after the least rain, come out of the ground, scent a man twenty feet off, and hasten to suck his blood with wonderful avidity.

M. Mouhot had left Bangkok on the 12th of April, and on the 16th of May he reached Leuye, the chief town of a district belonging to two provinces, Petchabrine and Lorne. It was situated in a narrow valley, like all the towns and villages since leaving Chaipume. This is the district of Siam richest in minerals; one of its mountains contains immense beds of magnetic iron of a remarkably good quality. Others yield antimony, argentiferous copper, and tin. The iron only is worked, and this population, half agriculturists, half artisans, furnish spades and cutlasses to all the surrounding provinces. The people of the mountains were throughout terribly affected with goître.

On the 24th of June he arrived at Paklaïe, described as a charming place, with elegant and spacious houses, situated on the Me-kon. This river has been described as a mere brook in the mountains of Laos, but it was larger here than the Me-nam at Bangkok, with the impetuosity of a torrent. No doubt it was the season of flood. Ninety miles farther north he came to Thadua, passing for eight days through the same style of country, changing one valley for another, and crossing mountains which became more and more elevated, but every evening reaching a hamlet or village with either a caravanserai or a pagoda. If one of

the elephants, M. Mouhot remarked, fell, in journeying, into a ravine, immediately the whole troop would, regardless of their riders or burdens, jump down after him to draw him out. There is something difficult to fathom in the intelligence and affections of these docile and wonderful animals. The Me-kon still continued to be over a thousand yards in width, everywhere careering through lofty mountains, clad with the richest and thickest verdure. "There was," says M. Mouhot, "almost an excess of grandeur."

On the 25th of July he reached Lüang Prabang, the capital of Laos, and the last point of his travels. He describes it as being a delightful little town, covering a mile of ground, and containing a population of some seven or eight thousand. The situation was also extremely pleasant, in a kind of circular valley nine miles in diameter. M. Mouhot was at once presented to the princes who govern this little state, and who bear the title of kings. The inhabitants appeared to him to be more industrious than the Siamese, and to possess a much more adventurous and mercantile spirit. They were also more intelligent than either Siamese or Cambodians, but neither so curious nor so hospitable. Chinese, Birmans, and Indians traffic here, but the missionaries have not penetrated the country like the Annamites; they dread the jungle-fever.

M. Mouhot made several excursions hence, and collected many geographical memoranda. The last dates in his journal were simple, but most affecting:

"October 19.—Attacked by fever."

"October 29.—Have pity on me, oh my God!"

These words, written with a trembling and uncertain hand, were the last. His faithful Phrai asked him several times if he did not wish to write anything to his family, but his invariable answer was, "Wait, wait; are you afraid?" The intrepid traveller never for one moment thought that death was near; he had been spared so far, and he doubtless thought that he should recover, or he might have made an effort to write again. He died November 10, 1861, at seven o'clock in the evening, having been previously insensible for three days, before which time, however, he had complained of great pains in his head. All the words which he uttered during the delirium of the last three days were in English, and were incomprehensible to his servants. He was buried in the European fashion, in the presence of his two servants, who never left him. It is the custom of the country to hang up the dead bodies to the trees, and there leave them. Lüang Prabang, where M. Mouhot perished, was only some sixty miles from the frontier of China, so that he had succeeded in traversing nearly the whole length of central Laos. It was his intention, had he been spared, to have descended the Me-kon to Cochin-China with his collections. It is probable that there would not be more than the average dangers and difficulties in passing from the same place to Birmah, and taking ship at Rangün.

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## THE MILITARY HERO.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

O WAR! what is it that invests thy brow  
 With captivating glory? Through all years,  
 Why has youth panted at thy feet to bow,  
 And felt a joy in danger, mocking fears?  
 Loud swells thy rolling music, and his eye  
 Burns with new flame; he sees thy banner fly,  
 And to be called a hero he will brave  
 The chance of suffering, peril, and the grave.

Say, what are laurels? sighed-for, dazzling prize,  
 Worthless, yet precious; man would fain appear  
 Daring and valiant in his fellows' eyes,  
 Laurels to base, as noble spirits, dear:  
 They crowned Miltiades with solemn glory,  
 They sat on Timur's brow all dark and gory,  
 They wove for Cæsar everlasting fame,  
 And on Napoleon's forehead turned to flame.

What now remains of ancient fields of strife,  
 Great, famous in their day, where heroes fought,  
 And man won honour as he took man's life?  
 Ask the weird, passing winds—they answer nought;  
 Ask the wild flowers that bloom upon their graves,  
 Ask Cannæ's plain, and Tiber's winding waves;  
 Nature forgets them, fear hath ceased to bow,  
 Their agony and glory nothing now.

Thou mighty shaker of the moral world,  
 And changer of the destinies of man!  
 Let thy proud standard joyous be unfurled,  
 Let greedy Havoc stalk along the van,  
 And feed the wolf and eagle—rise, Oh, rise!  
 Alluring honour flashing in thine eyes;  
 Thou eldest born of Passion! mount thy car,  
 By Furies drawn, Oh, hydra-headed War!

Ambition still will follow thee, and pride  
 Behold but glory in thy ghastly mien;  
 Pomp and excitement still thy horrors hide,  
 And throw a magic o'er each bloody scene:  
 What are bereavements, widows', orphans' sighs?  
 For victory won, men's thanks to Heaven arise;  
 To heal a feud, when words might healers be,  
 We sweep doomed thousands to eternity.

And yet to keep our own, defend the right,  
 Not on mad conquest bent, when gleams the sword,  
 Warfare is justice; holy is the fight;  
 God doth approval, and his smile accord:  
 A nation arming to repel a wrong,  
 Or burst a tyrant's fetters galling long—  
 Then battle wears a front unstained, sublime,  
 War to the death is virtue, not a crime.

## WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## PART THE SEVENTH.

## I.

## MADELEINE.

MADELEINE STUART, thus forsaken by both her parents, had been left in Paris; but her father had taken care to provide for her disposal, in the manner that he thought would best contribute to her future happiness and respectability. He had written to his daughter Agnes, imploring her, notwithstanding the negligence with which she had been treated by her mother and himself, to receive into her family her now deserted sister.

Report spoke highly both of Mr. and Mrs. Percival, and Colonel Stuart felt satisfied that with them his darling Madeleine would at least be secure from those snares and temptations that must inevitably have awaited her, if left unprotected by his death, she should rejoin her weak and erring mother. It was strange too that, sceptic as he was in religion, Colonel Stuart should have chosen for the temporary guardian of his child a man who belonged to the Church itself. It was a proof he felt the inward conviction that *that* honour which he so prized was rendered doubly trustworthy when strengthened by habitual piety.

It is a glorious tribute to the Christian faith, that even avowed infidels—those who doubt and who scorn—are, as it were, irresistibly led to put confidence in its unfeigned and unwavering disciples.

A French abbé, who, like many other French emigrants, had long resided in Britain, was the person fixed upon by Colonel Stuart to take charge of Madeleine, and to escort her to England. Nor did the good abbé, who had known Mrs. Stuart when she was a child in Edinburgh, refuse his friendly services to her deserted daughter.

Madeleine's grief for the loss of her father, and the separation from her mother, was at first extreme; but though violent while it lasted, it did not last very long. She was at that giddy age when the present and the future engross the thoughts too amply to leave much space for the past. There was the pleasure of novelty in perspective, then there was the excitement of preparation—of travelling. But it was very sad to bid adieu to all her gay friends, to fly from all the fêtes at which she had already begun to assist—the masked balls where she had so triumphantly personified Cupidons, elfin pages, and fairy queens.

Poor Madeleine laughed and cried by turns; was scolded by the fidgety old abbé, pouted at him, and was flattered again into good humour. The abbé found her rather an awkward charge. She was too much of a woman to be played with as a child, too much of a child to be conversed with as a woman. A young man, or an old man who was not an abbé, might have passed his time pleasantly enough in studying her beautiful face, but our old abbé was too rigidly governed by his vows to permit himself such an occupation; in fact, he cared little for such light

studies, and would rather have pored over the pages of some old, worm-eaten, black-letter manuscript which he had found in the vault of a ruined chapel, than have perused the finest features in the world.

At length the travellers reached London, and Madeleine was taken by her staid companion to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, and similar sober, rational places of resort. But she had no taste for antiquities or monuments, minerals, or natural curiosities of any kind; and she no longer wondered at her mother's often-repeated declaration, that London was the stupidest place in the world, except, perhaps, Edinburgh.

In London, then, there was neither business to detain the abbé, nor amusement to detain his juvenile charge, and they soon left it for Woodbury.

At Woodbury Madeleine was received with every mark of kindness and affection, and her priestly escort with great cordiality. That worthy man seemed interested in Mrs. Percival, who, he declared, bore a strong resemblance to her charming grandmother, the Viscountess de St. Quentin, who was, in his earlier days, a much valued friend of his. She was also, he thought, very like her father, poor Colonel Stuart, who had been an extremely handsome man.

The old abbé seemed to find himself very comfortable at Woodbury, and was there in no violent haste to leave it. He fully appreciated Mrs. Winslow's good dinners, and the late Mr. Montague's excellent library; and he enjoyed a game of chess in the evening with Agnes, and at the same time the glass of eau sucrée, and the splendid bunch of hot-house grapes that were always placed near him when he sat down to play.

But he had to go at last, and, before taking his departure, he said to Alfred Percival in confidence:

"Your wife is much superior to that silly child her sister. That girl has too much of her mother in her. You must keep a tight rein over her, for I perceive Mrs. Percival is too gentle to keep that wilful, spoiled little creature in order. I commit her, therefore, to *your* guardianship."

And Alfred accepted the trust with a very solemn sanctimonious air.

Madeleine's extreme beauty could not fail to please such a man as Alfred Percival; and to Agnes, formed as she was for all the kindlier feelings of human nature, the very name of *sister* carried a charm in it. If, since her union with Alfred Percival, there had ever been a want in her heart, it was now filled up. With her husband, whom she adored; her children, to whom she was equally devoted—another little girl had been added to their family soon after Mr. Montague's death—and her gay young sister to be her hourly companion, Agnes had nothing more now left to wish for, except the absence of O'Flynn, the only being on earth to whom she felt the semblance of dislike.

But O'Flynn seemed to be more than ever a fixture at Woodbury. Coarse and vulgar as he was himself in mind and person, he was not wanting in a perception of the beautiful: and his admiration, though not transferred from Mrs. Percival, was now shared by her attractive sister, who, from the giddiness of her disposition, was more willing to encourage it. O'Flynn's broad, coarse flattery disgusted Agnes, but amused Madeleine, who seemed more tolerant of his society than pleased her sister, or even her brother-in-law.

One of Madeleine's favourite amusements was looking over her stock of ornaments, and one day, when she had taken them all out of the little casket in which they were kept, which in itself was an elegant bijou, she asked her sister to come and see them. Agnes's attention was first caught by a very pretty coral *négligée*, with coral bracelets and a coral bandeau for the hair.

"How very pretty!" she exclaimed. "And who gave you these?"

"Papa," said the girl. "I was going to be a sea-nymph at a grand fancy ball, and papa's friend, the duchess, said I should wear either pearls or coral. Mamma would not lend me her pearls, so papa bought this coral for me, and I wore that bandeau with a wreath of seaweed in my hair."

"How beautiful!—how tasteful!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival, gazing with admiration on her young sister's animated face.

"Mamma's cousin, Octavie, gave me that ruby cross," said the girl.

"And this charming bracelet, gold studded with emeralds—who gave this to you, Madeleine?"

"Lord Darlington," she answered, with a slight amount of hesitation.

"Lord Darlington! How could you possibly accept any gift from him? How can you now retain among your valuables any present from the infamous person who murdered our poor father, and brought ruin and disgrace on our unfortunate mother? That man must be a monster, my dear sister!"

"Not at all, Agnes—he is a very pleasant man. But I am very angry at him for fighting poor dear papa, and killing him. It was all mamma's fault. When first we knew Lord Darlington he paid a great deal of attention to me, and papa thought he would make un bon parti for me; but mamma told me I was a mere child, and that the English lord had no idea at all of marrying me. She was not pleased at his giving me this bracelet, although she had promised me herself, at her death, all the diamonds that came to her from her own family, and you can have no idea, sister, how splendid some of them are."

It never occurred to the vain and selfish girl that her elder sister had as much right to the family diamonds as she had, or that their mother's utter forgetfulness of her eldest child might be a source of pain to her.

Agnes did not feel the slightest envy of her younger sister, but she *did* feel her mother's total disregard of herself, though she made no remark to Madeleine.

"It was a great pity mamma was not satisfied with having the rich Russian prince for her cavalier servente; there was no need for her having the English lord too in her train," continued Madeleine; "and if it had not been for mamma's folly about that necklace, papa would not have found anything out, and then he would not have been shot."

"What necklace?" asked Agnes, in great surprise.

"Why, Lord Darlington presented mamma with a magnificent necklace to which she had taken a great fancy, and mamma insisted on wearing it at a ball to which she knew papa was going with the duchess. I was in her room when she was dressing, and Isoline, her *femme de chambre*, entreated her not to put on that necklace; she said papa would be sure to remark it, and to ask where she got it, and there would be

mischievous. I remember mamma laughed, and replied, that if papa asked any questions about the necklace, she would tell him her cousin Octavie had lent it to her. Octavie, you know, is the widow of a very rich *préfet* in the south of France. She had come to Paris to amuse herself, but it was too soon after the *préfet's* death for her to go to balls; unluckily, papa went straight to the jeweller's and asked who had bought the necklace, and when they told him he was in an awful rage. There was a terrible scene; mamma could not get off with the story about Octavie's lending her the necklace, and you know how it all ended."

Agnes stood aghast at her sister's communications. She felt as if she could hardly breathe, so overcome was she by this tale of folly, deceit, and guilt. And her own mother was the heroine of it! And the young creature before her, who was just entering on life, was already initiated into all this ill glossed over vice, and had been brought up amidst levity, if not worse, and falsehood! She looked with pity and dismay on the fair girl, who, without one sigh over the wreck of the past, one symptom of mortification or distress at the disgrace and misfortunes which had been so cruelly brought upon her sister and herself, was bending smilingly over the table on which her ornaments were spread, and occupying herself by rubbing with the corner of her fine cambric pocket-handkerchief the gold setting of one, holding up to the glancing rays of the sun the gems in another of her treasured jewellery.

The thoughts of Agnes reverted rapidly to her own early days, and in her inmost mind she exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! though *my* childhood was spent amidst gloom and privations, I was brought up in the fear of God, and not familiarised with such iniquities as this poor young creature has been!"

"My dear child," she said, taking Madeleine's hand affectionately in hers, "you and I must try to forget these terrible things, except as warnings for ourselves. We must hope and pray to be enabled to resist any temptations which may be permitted to assail us; we must humbly hope that God, in his mercy, has pardoned our poor father, and that our erring mother may be led to a sense of her sins, and to that repentance which may obtain her absolution for them."

Madeleine stood as much aghast at this harangue, short though it was, as Agnes had done at the record of the doings in Paris. She really did not understand a single word Mrs. Percival had said, except the word "absolution." Fixing on it, she replied:

"No doubt, sister, the good *abbé* will have masses said for the repose of poor papa's soul; and if mamma chooses to go to confession, she will get absolution. *Que voulez-vous?*" she added, shrugging her pretty shoulders, and with a beaming smile, like that of innocent infancy.

## II.

### THE CONTRAST.

AGNES and Madeleine were very different in mind, manners, and appearance, though strangers would have said that there was a family likeness, which likeness was particularly observable in their voices, both clear and musical.



Agnes was the taller of the two, and had the dignified bearing so remarkable in her father's family, without, however, their hauteur. She had their intensity of feeling, without their fire and impetuosity. There was a holy calm in her deep blue eyes, a repose that was almost sadness in her smile, and her high forehead, on which her dark hair was simply braided, betokened contemplation, though on it had not been traced the lines of untimely care. She "walked"

—in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

Pure and guileless herself, she never suspected the existence of vice in others; and when the knowledge of it was forced on her belief, she condemned with so much gentleness, that those who were strangers to her own excellence of character might have been led into the supposition that her charity arose from laxity of principle. She was generally cheerful, but seldom gay in her conversation. Of music and poetry she was passionately fond, and in them she preferred the solemn, the sublime, and the melancholy, to what was light and lively. The tones of a fine organ would waft her thoughts from this passing scene to that unrevealed eternity, which is shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery from the gaze of man. Nor was the subject of a future state terrible to her. Death, with all its gloomy rites, from which so many of the children of mortality turn with shuddering and affright, was not to her a loathsome or painful idea. She did not wish to die—how could she, happy as she was, when even the wretched cling to life?

But the very awe that the contemplation of death inspired was pleasing to her; she liked to wander among tombs, to let her fancy raise their pale tenants around her, and to dream that in the whispering breeze she heard the low voices of the mouldering dead. She had not a weak mind, and, therefore, she had successfully struggled against the fetters of superstition, which her early communings with her venerable relative, Mrs. Stuart of Glen Alpine, had nearly cast around her. But though not yielding credit to them, she delighted in superstitious tales; Walter Scott's immortal works, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and stories of ghosts and seers, were more welcome to her than gayer fictions.

There was much of romance in her disposition, but it was sobered down by her quiet good sense, and perhaps blunted by the happy smoothness of her life. Such was Agnes at three-and-twenty, when her sister became an inmate of her house.

Madeleine, as before mentioned, had a family likeness to her, yet she was very different. Madeleine was not so tall, nor was her form so fully developed as that of Agnes. She was a light and airy creature, fresh as an opening rosebud—bright as sunbeams on a sparkling rill, playful as the bounding fawn; she seemed a being whom sorrow and suffering dared

not approach. If the more serene and pensive Agnes might have been likened to

—the night

Of cloudless climes and starry skies,

Madeleine was like the first rosy hour of morn, when the skylark wings its musical flight on high, and the grass is yet heavy with the glittering dew. She had none of the sweetness of simplicity; but there was a degree of naïveté about her that was extremely fascinating. There was in her manner a spirit of coquetry, or something very like it, but it would have been puzzling to have determined whether this arose from her genuine disposition and mere girlish vivacity, or whether it was the effect of early practice in the *jeu de société*—whether it was artlessness, or the perfection of art.

Thoughtless she was in the extreme, the mere creature of impulse; but though passionate, headstrong, and self-willed, easily influenced, easily led, and, unhappily, more easily led to evil than to good, Madeleine was formed to be a tyrant, or a slave. Hitherto she had never known contradiction, and if her least caprice were thwarted, she would stamp her little foot and pout her pretty lip like an over-indulged child. Like a child, too, she would soon forget her ill humour, and her face again radiant with smiles, she would be speedily engaged in the pursuit of some new fancy.

Her features were less perfect than those of Agnes, but there was something bewitching in their very inclination to irregularity. She had eyes of the brightest hazel, and her light-brown hair waved in clustering ringlets round her slender throat, and over a brow as fair, though not so lofty, as her sister's.

"She is a Houri, quite a Houri, this little sister of yours, Agnes," said Alfred to Mrs. Percival one day. "We must have her picture taken in that character."

"No, not as a Houri," replied Agnes, gravely; "not as the impure inhabitant of a Mahomedan paradise."

"Why, then, we must have her represented as a *peri*—an ethereal though not a perfect being. She is too heavenly a creature for a mere woman, yet not faultless enough for an angel of light."

"She is faulty indeed, in some respects, poor thing," said Agnes, with a thoughtful air, "and yet her faults are hardly to be charged to her own account."

"Not entirely, certainly. There is a great deal of levity in her disposition, but that might have been eradicated under proper care. With her mother's tuition and example, it is only a wonder that she does not utterly disregard the rules of virtue."

"Spare my mother, dear Alfred; on this subject alone I would not wish to hear you speak without reserve."

"Why should you wish her spared, Agnes? She has never acted a mother's part by you, and if parents are unnatural to their children, their claims on these children cease. But to return to Madeleine; you do not think that there is any—any—what shall I say? Anything going on between her and O'Flynn? The fellow, I perceive, presumes to thrust his attentions on her. Surely, surely she would not waste a thought on him! Does she speak of him to you?"

"Sometimes—frequently, indeed; but she laughs at him. Yet I do not like their being so much together. Madeleine is so young and giddy, that she might become the victim of this artful, and I cannot help thinking, bad man. It would be a shocking marriage for her to make!"

"Marriage!" exclaimed Alfred, turning absolutely crimson. "O'Flynn dare to think of marrying her! My—*your* sister, that beautiful creature. What profanation!"

"He has presumption enough for anything," said Agnes, who at that moment reverted in thought to his attempts at familiarity with herself.

"But has he ventured to hint at such a possibility? Does she tolerate the idea?" eagerly demanded Mr. Percival.

"She has hinted at it, if he has not; but it was only in ridicule. I trust she will never so throw herself away."

"This must be put a stop to. O'Flynn shall not succeed. What! Madeleine be *his*! No, no—no, no!" repeated Alfred, with increasing energy, "rather let him be got rid of at any cost."

Agnes thanked her husband fervently for the warm interest he took in her sister; it was a proof, she added, if proof had been wanting, of his affection for herself. And Alfred received her thanks with the air of one who felt that they were due, while he assured her that Madeleine should ever be to him an object of solicitude and warm regard.

From this time forward there was evidently a coolness between the hitherto sworn friends. They seemed to be watching each other narrowly, and it was only strange that Alfred, who had never appeared to observe O'Flynn's unwelcome attentions to his wife, should be so clear-sighted and so displeased when he selected her sister for their object.

Meanwhile, Madeleine went on flirting with O'Flynn, whose vulgar forwardness did not seem to annoy her at all; in fact, Madeleine, as it were, instinctively commenced a flirtation with every man, young or old, who came in her way, except the old abbé, whom she had found in that respect unmanageable, and who, to her joy, had left Woodbury, for during the latter part of his stay there he had taken to lecturing her upon propriety, and prudence, and self-control, good qualities upon which *she* set no value, and which she classed under the one head of *détise*.

Alfred was so vexed at O'Flynn's flirtation with Madeleine, that he at length spoke to him about it.

"Mrs. Percival is much annoyed," he said, "at the sort of attention you are paying her sister. She does not like all this flirting and joking, and does not approve of your paying the young lady so many compliments. Miss Stuart is very young, and my wife does not wish any 'foolish ideas,' as she calls them, put into her head."

"Humph!" cried O'Flynn, with one of his satanic grins, "'the foolish ideas' have been put there long ago. Miss is a very precocious damsel, depend on it. She knows what's what."

"Look here, O'Flynn, my wife is extremely particular about her sister. She wishes her to live very quietly here at present; next year Mrs. Percival proposes to take a house in town for the season, and introduce her sister into society. You had better be a little more circumspect, and not so free-and-easy with Miss Stuart as you are."

O'Flynn was silent for a moment, deliberating in his own mind whether Mrs. Percival was jealous of his attention to her sister. He settled it to

his own satisfaction that she must be so, and he replied with a conceited laugh :

"So Mrs. Percival is vexed at my attention to Madeleine! I admire both the ladies, but Mrs. Percival is rather too cold, too much like a statue. I like flesh and blood. Do you know, Percival, I think there is a slight resemblance between your Rose and Mad——Miss Madeleine——only your sister-in-law is the prettiest."

Alfred looked angry.

"Don't name Rose Ashford in the same breath with Colonel Stuart's daughter, O'Flynn, if you please."

"Holloa! what's in the wind now? Cooling towards 'the Rose of Woodbury,' Percival—eh?"

At that moment Madeleine came dancing into the room, exclaiming :

"Mr. Alfred, did you not promise me a pony? How nicely you keep your word." And she struck him lightly with her little glove on his cheek.

"If *he* does not give you a pony, *I* will," said O'Flynn, gazing with admiration at the gay girl.

"Very well—I will take yours also; then I will have two ponies."

"But if I buy a pony for you, there will be a condition attached to it. You must let me have the honour of escorting you when you ride it."

Madeleine laughed as she said :

"Why, I and the pony would be under the feet of any horse *you* could ride. No slight, slender animal could carry you. But I promise to ride with you, and if you are left in a ditch, I can't help it."

The idea seemed to amuse her exceedingly, and Alfred laughed also.

"I should then have to sing"—and she half hummed, half sang—

"Reposez vous, bon chevalier!"

"I wonder what the little minx means," thought O'Flynn, who did not understand a word of French.

"Adieu, messieurs! Remember the two ponies!" cried Madeleine, with a gay smile, as she tripped out of the room.

"You won't be able to ride much with miss, as you have other fish to fry, Percival, but *I* can always be at her service. And I shall be doing you a good turn, at the same time, by keeping her out of your way. She is not so blind as Mrs. Percival, and would soon find out what's going on. By-the-by, they say that fellow St. George is coming down again, so you will have to look sharp."

This intelligence was by no means so unwelcome to Alfred Percival as O'Flynn thought it would have been. He was getting a *little* tired of poor Rose, and she was becoming rather fretful and exigeante. Did she perceive that her power was declining? If her power were on the wane, her love certainly was not, for she was as wildly attached to Alfred Percival as ever. She did not fully understand, poor girl, that, as Shakespeare says, "his love was thawed." He was still "the god of her idolatry," her thought by day, her dream by night. Pity it was that such a fervent feeling was so thrown away! It might have made the joy of a respectable man's home—it might have made her a loving, loved, and happy wife! What was before her? A hopeless, miserable, blasted existence! But she had not yet awoke to the wretchedness of her fate; for Alfred Percival had not entirely forsaken her.

Rose's admirer, the young farmer, finding that he could make no progress at all with her, or bring her to the point, though she still kept him dangling on, and, in obedience to Alfred's direction, and perhaps actuated by a little spice of coquetry, gave him occasionally a good deal of encouragement, addressed himself at length to her father. The lame toll-keeper was pleased at the offer, for though he looked upon his darling Rose as a jewel above all price, he felt that Farmer Charlton's only son was a good match for her. Robert Charlton was steady, active, and industrious; he was good looking, well educated for his rank in life, good tempered, and well to do. Rose would have a comfortable home, and live in the midst of plenty. If anything happened to him, and she were not married, what would become of her? She would have to go into service, and his little Rose, who had always been as free as a bird, would not like to be ordered about, and perhaps get into the hands of a cross mistress, like the rector's wife, Mrs. Percy.

"No," said the old man to his almost bedridden mother, "it will be hard to part with our Rose, but it will be better for her to be Robert Charlton's wife."

"If he can give her a house of her own," replied the old woman. "Poor dear Rose *could* not live with Dame Charlton and her disagreeable daughters."

"He *must* do that, or he won't get her with *my* consent," said the toll-keeper.

"I don't think our Rose has *any* fancy for young Charlton," remarked her grandmother.

"I don't believe the dear child has *any* fancy, as you call it, for anybody," said Rose's father. "But if Robert Charlton makes her a kind husband, the liking will come, mother."

"What shall we do without her?" groaned the old woman.

"You and I must not stand in the dear girl's way, mother. Remember, we are both getting old; and when we are sleeping in the churchyard yonder, and some new hand gets this toll-house, where's Rose to go? She can't go in the ship with one brother, nor yet into the barracks with the other. She had better be settled as an honest man's wife, at home here."

In this sensible view of the case the worthy toll-keeper spoke to his daughter respecting Robert Charlton's matrimonial wishes. But Rose was not willing to enter upon the subject at all; she turned up her pretty nose at the young farmer, and expressed a decided aversion to his mother and sisters.

"They are an impertinent set, fancying themselves so grand. They take a great many more airs than Mrs. and Miss Barwell, or any of the gentlefolks about here."

"Well, that's very foolish," said her father. "But Robert's not to blame for that; and if you don't live in the house with these women, you won't need to have much to do with them."

"I beg your pardon, father; I should be worried to death with them. I could not shut Robert Charlton's doors in the face of his mother and sisters, and I know they don't like me. They want Robert to marry the daughter of the innkeeper at Woodbury—not me."

"What! that plain girl, who is so marked with the small-pox? She is a very good girl, I believe, but she can't hold a candle to you, Rose."

"I hate that Mary Charlton," said Rose.

"Oh no, darling, you must not hate any of God's creatures. Mary Charlton may make herself disagreeable, but you know *she* won't be long here; she is going to be married soon, I hear tell, and is going to Australia."

"I am sure I don't care if she never comes back. But, father, why do you want to get rid of me? I am sure grandmother don't," said Rose, in a faltering voice, and with tears in her eyes.

"My darling! I don't want to get rid of you. It will be a black day when *you* leave us. But I want, for your own sake, to see you a nice, clever, stirring little wife to some good young man, who is able to keep you from want. Robert Charlton can give you a comfortable house, for his father has promised to make over to him the farm of Oak Down when he marries, and there is a snug little dwelling on it."

Rose burst into tears, and amidst her tears, and amidst her sobs, assured her father that she did not wish to marry—she did not wish to leave him and her dear grandmother, and that she could not take Robert Charlton, at least not now.

The lame toll-keeper kissed her soft cheek, thanked her for her devoted affection to himself and her grandmother, and assured her that to part with *her* would be a pang worse than death to him.

Alas! that the most honest and kindest hearts should be the most liable to be deceived!

### III.

#### MRS. PERCY'S WISDOM.

ALFRED PERCIVAL had permitted O'Flynn to establish himself on the most intimate footing in his house, and he did not now find it easy to get rid of him. He bitterly regretted, though he did not acknowledge it, that he had not taken the good advice given him by Agnes, and kept the low Irishman at a little distance.

They were not now, as formerly, like two friends who liked each other's society; yet they often maintained long private conversations, from which tête-à-têtes Alfred would issue with a gloomy brow, while in O'Flynn's eye, and on his lip, there lurked an expression of malignant triumph.

This did not pass unobserved by Agnes, who wondered what could be the subject of these interviews which seemed so to depress her dear Alfred, and to be so satisfactory to Mr. O'Flynn. Alfred said nothing to her about them, and she did not like to ask any questions; but one day, when the quondam friends had been closeted for some time, Alfred came into Agnes's especial sitting-room, where she was teaching her little girl, Cecil, the alphabet from a box of coloured ivory letters, and throwing himself on the sofa, in evidently very bad humour, he exclaimed:

"I wish that fellow O'Flynn were at the bottom of the sea. He is a regular shark. There is no satisfying him!"

"You have been too good to him," said Agnes, "and he trespasses on your kindness and generosity. He is one of those, I should think, of whom it is said, 'if you give them an inch they will take an ell.' But, happily, a few pounds, more or less, do not signify to you now, Alfred

dear. I do not advise your throwing him off suddenly, but I really hope you will try by degrees to put an end to his extreme intimacy here. I feel it doubly annoying, now that I have poor Madeleine to watch over. I almost wish she had been sent for a year or two to Aunt Meenie, to have been sobered down."

"She would only have broken out, to the great destruction of the old lady's peace, Agnes. We must take her to town, and give her some amusement, when your mourning is partly over. Everybody cannot be satisfied with a monotonous life, as you are, Aggy."

"I think I have every reason to be satisfied, and thankful also to Providence," said Agnes; "with you, and my darling little Cecil, the dear baby and my sister, a comfortable home, and ample means—what more could I desire?"

"Many ladies would long to be presented at court—to have a splendid equipage, splendid diamonds, and an opera box," replied Alfred, laughing.

"Equipages and ornaments have no charms for me, Alfred; I don't think, with the Jacobite feelings implanted in my mind in my early youth, that I should care to go to the English court. But an opera box, certainly, would be delightful, if we ever were to spend a season in town."

"We had better take a furnished house in town next spring, Aggy, it will be a pleasant change for you."

"And a very pleasant change for Madeleine, who, I fancy, is already tired of the cawing of the rooks, the purling of the streams, and the rustling of the leaves. When first she came she found great pleasure in scrambling over the hills, and getting down to the sea-shore on the other side of them. She used to gather shells and seaweed with as much industry and avidity as little Cecil does, when she can manage an excursion to the beach; but now she does not care for such simple amusements. They have lost the charm of novelty for her; and we must remember that she has been brought up in one of the gayest circles of Paris, and accustomed to excitement all her life, poor girl!"

"Well, tell Madeleine that we shall go to London next spring, and bid adieu, for a time, to the rooks, and all other sombre country appurtenances."

"A thousand thanks, dear Alfred, for all your kindness to poor Madeleine and to me! I don't think I ever told you of a terrible dream I once had, in which the spirits of my race seemed to appear to me, and warned me of evil to come. It made a foolish impression on me at the time, but it was all nonsense, for what harm can happen to me under your affectionate care?"

Alfred Percival turned away for a moment; perhaps his conscience pricked him; but, speedily recovering his self-possession, he replied:

"I don't believe in dreams, Agnes; and you know it is said they should be interpreted by contraries. If you dream that you have lost money, somebody is going to leave you a legacy; if you dream of a wedding, there is going to be a death; and so on. But I think we have enough to do in this *real* world, without bothering ourselves about the dream-world."

"Surely, surely," said Agnes. "You are always sensible and right, dear Alfred!"

Madeleine had, of course, been brought up in the religion professed by her mother. Professed, but not practised, for Mrs. Stuart never troubled herself either about the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, its forms of worship, or the precepts it enjoined. Her obedience to the rules of Catholicism was comprised in dipping the tip of her finger in the holy water when she entered a church, which she only did on particular occasions, when some grand funeral or other ceremony was to be performed, or some very popular preacher was to deliver a discourse. To go then was, as she said, *comme il faut*, for all the world—the fashionable world—would be there. She had a pretty little crucifix in her dressing-room, and a picture of the Virgin Mary, which had ornamented the oratory in an old château belonging once to some of the Vicomtes de St. Quentin. And she sometimes abstained from eating meat on Friday. That was the sum total of her religion. Roman Catholicism was noway to be blamed for her neglect of all devotion; she would have been quite as lukewarm and lax a Protestant.

Madeleine followed in her mother's footsteps. She, too, had a little crucifix beautifully carved, a handsomely-bound missal, and a rosary, presented to her by her travelling companion, the good abbé. But she seldom looked at the crucifix, seldom opened the missal, or made any use of the beads, which the kind donor had hoped would have helped her to perform her orisons with regularity.

There was no Roman Catholic chapel within reach for Madeleine to attend, therefore she used sometimes, though not often, to accompany her sister to the Episcopal church at Woodbury. Her occasional appearance there had inspired the rector and Mrs. Percy with the bright idea of "converting her from the errors of popery."

"It will be a charitable act on our part," said the worthy Mrs. Percy, who was somewhat in the habit of misapplying texts of Scripture, "to save her soul alive."

"Neither you nor I can perform that act, Mrs. Percy," said the rector, in his pompous way. "*We* can only endeavour to bring the young person into the right path. You cannot assume the office and powers of—of—a saviour, Mrs. Percy."

"Certainly not of *the* Saviour," replied Mrs. Percy. "You know I do not mean that, Prony——"

"My dear," interrupted the rector, "I have told you a thousand times that I do not like that very undignified abbreviation of my name. I wonder why you will so obstinately persist in giving me that odious appellation," he added, with an angry frown.

"Well, really, your full name, Sempronius, is so long and outlandish, that I can't always get it out. It is a pity you had not been called John, or James, or Mark, or Luke, or any of these short pleasant Bible names. I declare I would rather you had been Job, though I'm sure you are not like him in patience; you would never have stood all the boils poor Job had, and the scraping with the—what was it?—with the potsherd."

"What is a potsherd, Mrs. Percy?"

"A potsherd is—a potsherd."

"Lucid explanation!" exclaimed her husband, with a withering sneer, which, however, was lost upon the opaque Mrs. Percy. "If you undertake to interpret the articles of the Protestant religion to Miss Stuart in

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this fashion, she will not be able, according to a common saying, to make head or tail of them."

"But *you* might, and ought, to explain them to her. You should speak to Mrs. Percival about her sister, and get her to help in converting the girl."

"I have not required your prompting, Mrs. Percy, to do my duty as a Christian minister. I have been ready 'with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word,' as the form of the ordering of priests has it, but Mrs. Percival objected to my taking in hand the conversion of her Roman Catholic sister. She said that Miss Stuart was too young to reflect or reason on subjects of such great importance, and that she would rather they should not be brought before her until her mind were more matured, and she were able to feel and understand the arguments in favour of the Protestant faith. She said that the mere profession in words of any form of religion was of no use; that there must be an inward conviction as well as an outward profession, and that she did not think her sister would sufficiently devote her thoughts to the subject at present, to arrive at that state of conviction."

"The short and the long of the matter is," said Mrs. Percy, who dreaded a sermon from her spouse—she had enough of his sermons in the pulpit—"that the Stuart girl is a downright heathen, and that Mrs. Percival herself is half a Roman Catholic, and half a Scotch Presbyterian. I am sure I don't know which is the worst."

Mr. Percy laughed.

"The followers of John Knox would not thank you for the compliment, Mrs. Percy."

"I don't want any thanks from Mr. John Knox, or his folks; but truth is truth," said the wise Mrs. Percy, as she marched off to attend to some household occupations.

#### IV.

##### CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD SCENES.

THE "downright heathen, and the half Roman Catholic, half Presbyterian," according to Mrs. Percy, were in church the next Sunday morning, and many a head was half turned round, and many a neck was stretched to look at the beautiful sisters. Only one person surveyed them with stern severity, and that was the rector. He had chosen for his text a verse from the 68th Psalm:

*"God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses."*

As he thundered these words, which he repeated over and over again, he always fixed his eyes full upon the occupants of the late Mr. Montague's pew; and he was so carried away by the spirit of the wrathful denunciation, that he even held forth his forefinger and shook it at them.

Agnes, having no idea that they had done anything to call forth any particular reproof, and supposing that the finger was shaken at the whole congregation, sat quietly and placidly, and only wondered why the rector, who generally preached in a sleepy sort of manner, was so animated that day. Madeleine tittered at his "antics," as she whispered Alfred; but

Alfred himself looked extremely uneasy. Did his uneasiness proceed from the fear that the clergyman had found out his past and present misdeeds in regard to Lizzy Lee and "the Rose of Woodbury," and perhaps other misdeeds? Or was it the marked admiration with which Captain St. George gazed at Madeleine that annoyed him? Possibly both made him uncomfortable. He had formerly been jealous of St. George's attention to Rose; he had, probably, not yet forgiven him for endeavouring to get into her good graces, and the ill will then engendered no doubt still lingered in his mind. However that might have been, he leaned forward as much as possible in order to obstruct Captain St. George's view of Madeleine's pretty face, while Madeleine, en revanche, moved her head from side to side and backwards and forwards, so as sometimes to let her eyes meet those of her evident admirer, until at length Agnes was obliged to admonish her "to keep still."

"Who is that gentleman?" asked Madeleine, in a low voice, of her sister.

"Captain St. George. But you must not speak in church."

On arriving at Sir Robert and Lady Joliffe's, Captain St. George had naturally inquired the news of the neighbourhood, and had been told of Mrs. Percival's charming little French sister, who was now an inmate of her house. St. George was all eagerness to see her, and he persuaded Lady Joliffe to drive over and pay a visit to Agnes, for the Joliffes and Percivals were now on visiting, though not on intimate terms. To his great disappointment Madeleine was out, riding with Alfred Percival, and she remained so long out, that though the call was extended to an unreasonable length, even for a country visit, Lady Joliffe could not decently remain any longer, and Captain St. George had to go without seeing the little Paris beauty.

He went to church next day in the hope of better luck, *not* to profit either by the service or the rector's discourse. Two or three pairs of eyes were very busy in church that Sabbath-day, but not with the Litany or the Psalms. Alas! is not the House of God, too often in our time, as in the apostolic days, made a bad use of? If it is not made "a den of thieves," is it always only "a house of prayer?" Is it not too often the resort of folly, frequently from mere idleness, sometimes from worse motives?

Of the owners of the busy pairs of eyes, perhaps Madeleine was the least to blame, for she was little else than a thoughtless child, brought up to folly, and caring for nothing but amusement and admiration. Captain St. George and Mr. Alfred Percival were very wrong to let their evil passions and feelings break out in so sacred a place; and Rose, poor Rose, might have felt humiliated and repentant, but ought not *there*, at least, to have looked with resentment and jealousy on those who had *once* seemed so devoted to her.

But wounded vanity and wounded affection are terrible trials, especially where there are no self-respect, no deeply-seated religious faith to fall back upon. Neither of these did the unfortunate "Rose of Woodbury" possess, or she would not have forsaken the paths of virtue as she had done.

How often, in days gone by, had not both Mr. Alfred Percival and Captain St. George, when they happened to go to the village church, directed their whole attention to her! She never lifted her eyes that one

or both were not gazing at her. *Now*, neither seemed to observe that she was in church. Not a stray glance of recognition or interest was given to her, as she sat among the humbler members of the congregation. And when, with a swelling heart, she turned towards the pew where her so late suitor, Robert Charlton, was with his family, she could only see his back, for he had placed himself at the one end of the old-fashioned pew, and could not look up and down the aisles.

Mr. Percy's somewhat incoherent and very loudly-delivered sermon was at an end; the organ was pealing

The heavens are telling the glory of God,

and the congregation were making their way towards the church door, but Rose lingered awhile, until she saw Alfred Percival draw Miss Stuart's arm within his, and walk out with her. She presently saw Captain St. George join them, be introduced to Madeleine, and place himself on her other side, while Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Barwell, after shaking hands, went out together.

Nobody noticed poor Rose. Robert Charlton's sisters swept by her in all their finery, and almost knocked her down, and Robert Charlton himself walked deliberately out of church without turning even to look at her, and went up to a bevy of village girls, among whom was the inn-keeper's daughter, marked with the small-pox, whose pale, plain face looked even paler and plainer than usual, contrasted with a bright pink silk bonnet which she had chosen to wear. Young Charlton singled her out at once, and escorted her on the way towards her home.

The haberdasher's foreman, who had formerly been such an admirer of Rose Ashford, passed her with a stiff bow, and no creature spoke to her except Mrs. Winslow, the housekeeper at Woodbury. That good woman stopped to shake hands with poor Rose, and to inquire very particularly for her grandmother and her father, and when she had heard from her brothers. Rose, formerly so noticed, so envied, and so admired, had walked out of church erect, proudly, and almost defiantly, but her spirit gave way under unexpected kindness, and the tear trembled in her eye as she answered Mrs. Winslow's friendly queries. The worthy matron perceived the poor girl's agitation, and not liking to detain her, she said, so as to be heard by every one near :

"Good-by, my dear ; remember me very kindly to your grandmother, and tell her I will call to see her some day soon."

Ah ! how beautiful is charity ! Not the charity which consists in the mere bestowing of money, though that is also praiseworthy, but that nobler charity which prompts the offer of balm to the wounded heart, even should that be a sinful heart !

Rose did not go down the broad road from the church steps to the largest churchyard gate, she struck into a narrow side-path that led among the graves and tombstones. At a little distance she stopped, and stepping upon a grave to raise herself higher, and sheltering herself behind a tolerably lofty marble monument, she looked earnestly towards the gate, and the road outside of it, where the carriages of some of the gentry in the neighbourhood were waiting, and she saw Captain St. George hand Mrs. Percival into her open carriage, while Alfred kept Miss Stuart's arm firmly in his until he had placed her by her sister ; he then jumped in himself, and with a slight bow to the gallant captain

from Mr. Percival, and smiling salutations from the ladies, the carriage drove off.

"There *was* a time," sighed Rose, "when he would have let his wife go home alone, or only with old Mr. Montague, and would have come after me! And that Captain St. George—who nearly made a quarrel between Mr. Alfred and me—he pretended, too, not to see me to-day; and Robert Charlton! it is not a fortnight yet since he asked father's consent to let him marry me; and *now* he marches off with that little ugly toad, Sally Bennet!"

Poor Rose's soul was full of bitterness; she had found out that

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions!

"Deserted by them all!" she exclaimed. "But no—no! not by Mr. Alfred Percival—he loves me still."

She had moved on a little way, and then stopped in deep thought. Rousing herself, she looked around; there was no living creature stirring, even the worms had hidden themselves from the broad glare of day. Suddenly her eye fell on a gravestone near, on which was inscribed:

John Ashford, died 18th May, 18—.

And beneath the name two lines:

Weary pilgrim, rest in peace!  
Here, life's cares and sorrows cease!

Rose stood appalled—as if a voice from the grave had spoken to her; it was the simple tombstone of her grandfather on which she was gazing; she had forgotten exactly where it stood in the churchyard.

Rose threw herself down by the quiet grave, and bursting into a passion of tears, she exclaimed:

"Oh, grandfather! I wish I had died instead of you; I wish I had gone when my mother went! For all this trouble is hard, hard to bear."

Poor Rose hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud; she did not hear the approach of any footsteps, and supposed that, every one having gone home to dinner or luncheon, according to their different ranks and habits, she was quite alone with the dead. She was startled, therefore, when a coarse voice sounded on her ear, exclaiming:

"What—my beauty! Sitting among the graves in a churchyard! This is no place for *you*, I'm sure."

Rose looked up in the midst of her tears, and saw the broad red face and vulgar figure of Daniel O'Flynn. She made him no answer, but got up to go.

"Come now, Rose dear, I'm not going to part with you in such a hurry. A living man is better than the old bones in the coffin down yonder, and you won't make me believe that you are crying about your grandfather. I know very well what vexes you. That slippery dog, Alfred Percival, is the cause of those tears in your pretty eyes. It is only a wonder he has not thrown you overboard before; he has stuck to you wonderfully long for him. He made shorter work with a poor girl called Lizzy Lee, who used to live at Barwell Lodge. I never saw her, and did not know him then, but he does not deny it himself."

"Lizzy Lee!" exclaimed Rose, facing round. "She went off with a showman, a sort of strolling player, or tumbler."

"Nothing of the sort, my pretty dear; she just went off with Alfred Percival, and nobody else."

"It is a lie!" cried Rose, who was roused to indignation by O'Flynn's attack on her dear Mr. Percival.

"Now, my beauty, keep a civil tongue in your head. I make allowance for you, but everybody would not. Lizzy Lee went to live in London with Percival; there's no doubt about that; and the Barwells have found this out, or suspect it, for they are always very distant to him."

"I don't believe it—I won't believe it," said Rose, impetuously.

"Well, I can only say, my dear, that when Alfred Percival gives you up, I'm ready to step into his shoes." And Mr. O'Flynn attempted to put his arm round Rose's waist.

Casting on him a look of loathing and disgust, Rose flung off his arm as if it had been a noxious reptile twining round her, and with the swiftness of a fawn she fled from the churchyard, and hurried across the field, which was a short cut from the village to her home. On reaching the other extremity of the field, she crouched down for a few moments behind the hedges so as to recover her breath and some degree of composure before entering the house at the toll-bar. But even when she sat down to dinner with her father she looked agitated, and he observed that her eyes were red from weeping.

"Rose, my darling, what is the matter?" asked the good man, much alarmed.

"Nothing, father; nothing of any consequence, at least. I was only vexed at these rude Charltons to-day; on coming out of church, that odious Mary and her sister almost knocked me down, they pushed as roughly past me as if I had been no better than a dog, and Robert himself did not so much as nod his head to me, but walked off full of smiles with that frightful creature Sally Bennet. That vexed me, father, but it does not signify, he may marry her, and welcome."

And Rose tossed her head and tried to laugh, but it was rather a hysterical laugh.

"Ah, darling! I wish you had not refused poor Robert in such haste—indeed, I wish you could have brought yourself to have taken up with him, although I know that you thought more of your poor grandmother and me than of yourself. You see, Robert is vexed. I shall be sorry for him if he goes and marries that Sally in a pet. He can't care for her when he loves you."

"If he chooses to act like a fool I can't help it," said Rose. "I'll go and sit awhile with grandmother, and then I'll take a walk, father, for Mr. Percy roared so in church this morning that he has quite given me a headache; I can't imagine what got into him; I almost think he must have been drunk."

Rose sat for some time with her old grandmother, and read the Bible to her; she then set off on her afternoon walk, and took her way to "the trysting-place" in the lonely wood, but Alfred Percival was not there; she waited, and waited in vain; he never came, and when the last rays of the sun were gilding the landscape around she retraced her steps homeward, even more dispirited than she had been when she had left the church which had been such a scene of mortification to her.

## THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.

A CUE FROM WORDSWORTH.

'BY FRANCIS JACOX.

MIDWAY between his thirtieth and fortieth year was Wordsworth—and he lived to see his tale of forty years twice told—when he bore record in verse how to that very day his heart leaped up at beholding a rainbow in the sky. So had it leaped when he was a boy. So would he have it leap when he should grow old. Rather would he die first than have it otherwise; rather leave the world, than live on with a heart dead or dull to that ecstasy of simple, natural emotion. Fain would he be at fourscore, if he should live so long, what he had been at fourteen, as regards freshness of feeling and vivid sympathy with Nature. The Child is father of the Man; and he could wish his days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth was metaphysician as well as poet; and a metaphysical vein of thought permeates the little poem in question. Although accepted so largely as practically a truism, the line which derives the genesis of the full-grown man from his immature, little-boy self, is a puzzle to very literal folks. Matter-of-fact objectors will never be wanting of the Nicodemus sort, to urge his style of cavil, How can this thing be? But in spite of the captious and stolid, the paradox of the poet has long since passed into a proverb.

Milton had long ago said that

The childhood shows the man,  
As morning shows the day.\*

And long before him had a heathen philosopher tersely said that the first day gives the last, *primusque dies dedit extremum*.†

Wordsworth's pregnant line is expounded by Mr. de Quincey as calling into conscious notice the fact, else faintly or not at all perceived, that whatsoever is seen in the maturest adult, blossoming and bearing fruit, must have pre-existed by way of germ in the infant. "Yes; all that is now broadly emblazoned in the man, once was latent—seen or not seen—as a vernal bud in the child." But not, therefore, contends this masterly expositor, is it true inversely—that all which pre-exists in the child, finds its development in the man. Rudiments and tendencies, he argues, which *might* have found, sometimes by accident, *do not* find, sometimes under the killing frost of counter forces, *cannot* find, their natural evolution. "Infancy, therefore, is to be viewed, not only as part of a larger world that waits for its final complement in old age, but also as a separate world itself; part of a continent, but also a distinct peninsula. Most of what he has, the grown-up man inherits from his infant self; but it does not follow that he always enters upon the whole of his natural inheritance."‡

Sturdy impugnors of the doctrine of Wordsworth's line are of course not lacking, who deny, with Mr. Sala, for instance, that yonder fair-

\* Paradise Regained, book iv.

† Seneca.

‡ De Quincey, Autobiographic Sketches, vol. i. p. 114.

haired innocent, with eyes beaming confidence, joy, pity, tenderness, is or can be father to "yon hulking, sodden, sallow-faced, blue-gilled, crop-haired, leaden-eyed, livid-lipped, bow-shouldered, shrunken-legged, swollen-handed convict in a hideous grey uniform branded with the broad arrow," &c. &c. "Is this the father to—can *this* ever become *that*?" Can it ever? why, do we not see it daily with our eyes—an ugly fact *in esse*, and not merely a cynical bravura? Mr. Sala asks who ever knew a child to discount bills at forty per cent., or pawn his sister's playthings, or hoard halfpence in a rag or a teapot, or lie for gain, or libel their nurse, and vilify the doctor? \* Something uncommonly near to all these mal-practices are only too observable in the tender years of very many who indulge in them when grown. The man is then but a magnified image, the very image, of his father—the child.

Goethe's English biographer remarks, in a chapter which has for its heading Wordsworth's suggestive line, that as in the soft round lineaments of childhood we trace the features which after-years will develop into decisive forms, so in the moral lineaments of the Child may be traced the characteristics of the Man. But Mr. Lewes is of opinion that an apparent "solution of continuity" often takes place in the transition period, so that the youth is in many respects unlike what he has been in childhood, and what he will be in maturity. In youth, he says, when the passions begin to stir, the character is made to swerve from the orbit previously traced. "Passion, more than Character, rules the hour. Thus we often see the prudent child turn out an extravagant youth; but he crystallises once more into prudence, as he hardens into age.

"This was certainly the case with Goethe, who, if he had died young, like Shelley or Keats, would have left a name among the most *genial*, not to say enthusiastic, of poets; but who, living to the age of eighty-two, had fifty years of crystallisation to form a character which perplexes critics. In his childhood, scanty as are the details which enable us to reconstruct it, we see the main features of the man." †

For instance, Goethe's *manysidedness* is exemplified—it being very seldom indeed that a boy has exhibited such completeness of human faculties. Mr. Lewes shows him to us as an orderly, somewhat formal, inquisitive, reasoning, deliberative child, a precocious learner, an omnivorous reader, and a vigorous logician who thinks for himself—so independent that at six years he doubts the beneficence of the Creator; at seven, doubts the competence and justice of the world's judgment. He is inventive, poetical, proud, loving, volatile, with a mind open to all influences, swayed by every gust, and yet, while thus swayed as to the direction of his activity, master over himself. ‡

Goethe himself makes Werther mark in children the seeds of future character: in the obstinate, all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character; in the capricious, that levity and gaiety of temper which will float them lightly over the sea of life, §—for young Werther is not

\* See the essay on Little Children in "Dutch Pictures."

† Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, ch. v.

‡ "The first quality which strikes us in Goethe—the Child and Man, but not the Youth—is intellect, with its clearness, calmness, and provoking immunity from error."

And again in a subsequent paragraph, Mr. Lewes remarks that "the Child and the Man are at times scarcely traceable in the Youth."—Vol. i. pp. 46, 48, 49.

§ Werther, § June 29.

as yet deep enough in his Sorrows to talk of possible shipwreck and a sea of troubles.

Plutarch's Lives abound with illustrations to the general purpose—exemplifying what may be expressed in a line of Alexander Pope's (written long before an *individual*, like a *party*, had become a low-bred high-polite personage), that

The Boy and Man an individual makes.\*

Aristides and Themistocles, said to have been at school together, were, when boys, always at variance, and their tempers were discovered from the first by that opposition : Themistocles, insinuating, daring and artful, variable, and at the same time impetuous in his pursuits ; Aristides, solid and steady, inflexibly just, and incapable of using any falsehood, flattery, or deceit, even at play.† Elsewhere Plutarch tells us of Themistocles in boyhood, that he was full of spirits and fire, quick-witted, and bidding fair to make a great statesman : “his hours of leisure he spent not, like other boys, in idleness and play ; but he was always inventing and composing declamations, the subjects of which were either the impeachment or defence of some of his schoolfellows.”‡ To Coriolanus, again,—not as yet dimmed to historical vision by a mythological haze—Plutarch§ assigns a martial disposition from childhood, signalised by a passion for handling weapons of war. So Philopomen “from a child was fond of everything in the military line, and readily entered into whatever exercises tended that way.”|| Cato the younger, we are told, from his infancy discovered, in his voice, his looks, and his very diversions, a firmness and solidity which neither passion nor anything else could move.¶ Of Cassius, again, the story goes that he showed even when at school his innate hostility to “the whole race of tyrants.” When Faustus, one of his schoolfellows, the son of Sylla, was boasting amongst the boys the unlimited power of his father, Cassius sprang up and struck him on the face.\*\*

How many of the stories in vogue, of the same sort, may be purely mythical, or misunderstood, or mistold, it boots not to guess. A deal of nonsense has been written, first and last, in designed glorification of the beginnings of celebrated men, as though *Qualis ab incepto* were the indispensable rule of faith as regards genius. The American biographer of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, relates, with at least the due emphasis, how his hero, when a boy, climbed on to a stack of chimneys at the gable end of his father's house. “His child-history is full of this sort of incidents,” Dr. Elder remarks, and then discusses the philosophy of them. An Englishman, English reviewers objected, would probably be satisfied with the obvious solution that Dr. Kane was a bold, venturesome lad. Not so Dr. Elder. “It might be only the impulse which lifts the lark into the clouds to sing her morning hymn,” &c. &c. “Or it might be a habitude providentially induced and adjusted for the after-work of his adventurous life. Opinions upon such points as these are not always reason, and reason itself is not quite capable of a solution.”†† More than

\* Essay on Man, ep. iv.

† Plutarch's Lives, Aristides.

‡ Ibid., Themistocles.

§ Life of Coriolanus.

|| Plutarch, Life of Philopomen.

¶ Idem, Life of Cato Uticensis.

\*\* Id., Life of M. Brutus.

†† Biography of Elisha Kent Kane, by Wm. Elder. 1858.



a generation ago, Mr. Fonblanque was writing to the purpose when he satirised "biography à la mode" by inditing an imaginary and ironical memoir of Henry Hunt, Esq., M.P.,—a radical and something more. "Loyalty," we read, "seems to have been the instinct of his nature. His mother was used pleasantly to relate that, when the child was seven years of age, she chanced on approaching the nursery to hear a sound resembling that which an active full-grown bee of the bumble kind makes in the interior of an empty full-bellied pitcher, and, being naturally curious at hearing so remarkable and singular a noise, she stepped gently on her tiptoes to the door, and on listening attentively, ascertained that it was young master Harry warbling from his infant lips 'God save great George our King.' If a piece of money was given to him, the bent of his affections would appear in the delight with which he gazed at the head, and he would ask whether the King at London was made of gold or of silver?—for the child could not imagine royalty of the same substance as other folks."\* The fun of this composition, apart from its merits as a genteel burlesque of the approved verbiage in style, consists in the exquisite inapplicability to the mob-leader, of so adoring an estimate of royalty. Admitting, however, that the future demagogue might in childhood have had so pronounced a *penchant* the other way, we may suppose his followers to adopt a couplet of Crabbe's, and say,

Such was the boy, and such the man had been,  
But fate or happier fortune changed the scene.†

An equally imaginary biography of him by a high Tory might have fathered the man on the child after this sort :

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;  
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous.‡

To return, however, to what is reasonable in corroboration of Wordsworth's trite doctrine. Mr. Helps agrees with Hazlitt, "who was a very shrewd thinker," that men's characters do not alter much after their earliest years. The boys that he knew well at school, one of his friends in council is made to say, are the same boys now. The beard was rudimentary then : it is fully developed now. That is the chief difference. One boy, for instance, "was mean in playing at marbles ; and he is mean now in playing for high office and great dignities. Another was profuse with bull's-eyes and toffy : a large experience of life has not tamed his liberality ; and, when the poor fellow has nothing else to give, he offers you his best wishes, and is ready to go anywhere and do anything for you."§

Not but that too absolute a deference to the general doctrine is impugned by observers of the laws of growth and development in their fellow-creatures. In a letter reflecting on the frail vitality of school-day friendships, Cowper appends to the causes he suggests in explanation of their brief tenure : "Add to this, the ~~man~~ frequently differs so much from

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\* England under Seven Administrations, vol. ii. p. 183.

† Crabbe's Tales, The Convert.

‡ King Richard III., Act IV. Sc. 4.

§ Friends in Council, 2nd Series, vol. ii. p. 312. 2nd edit.

the boy; his principles, manners, temper, and conduct undergo so great an alteration, that we no longer recognise in him our old playfellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections."\* One may apply in this sense quite another poet's query,

How can this formal man be styled  
Merely an Alexandrine child,  
A boy of larger growth?†

The babe, says Mrs. Gore, must be nursed into perfect growth; and rarely has human instinct enabled us to prognosticate from the boyhood of the aspiring urchin, that breadth and strength of manhood which, like

—the towering mountain stands,  
And casts its shadow into distant lands.‡

So, again, in Mr. Whitehead's life-history of Richard Savage, Burridge, desiring to remove his friend's prejudice against Sinclair, from what he remembers of him as a boy, argues to this effect: Remember that you were boys [when you disagreed], and that boys grow into men, and that men are not boys. To judge of the man from the boy, is to refuse an apple in August, because it was sour enough to set the teeth on edge in May.§ But the argument was in this instance, at least, fallacious. Not so Richard Savage's instinct of antipathy, derived from old memories of what kind of boy this Sinclair had been, and thence inferring what manner of man he now was likely to be. In this respect a suggestive parallel occurs in Herr Freytag's *Sollen und Haben*, in a passage towards the end of the story, which sufficiently interprets itself: "Itzig sat quiet, only his eyes moved uneasily about. No stranger would have observed this sign of a bad conscience, but Anthony saw in the altered countenance the old face of the Ostrau schoolboy—the same face the boy Veitel had made, when he was accused of having stolen a pen or a sheet of paper. Itzig knew then about those thefts, and he knew now about these stolen documents."||

It is Mr. Dickens's account of Miss Sally Brass—a confirmed pettifogger and sharp practitioner in middle life—that she had been remarkable, when a tender prattler, for an uncommon talent in counterfeiting the walk and manner of a bailiff; in which character she had learned to tap her little playfellows on the shoulder, and to carry them off to imaginary sponging-houses, with a correctness of imitation which was the surprise and delight of all who witnessed her performances, and which was only to be exceeded by her exquisite manner of putting an execution into her doll's house, and taking an exact inventory of the chairs and tables. No wonder that her father lamented that she could not take out an attorney's certificate and hold a place upon the roll.¶ Practically, however, Miss Brass *did* practise; without a certificate.

Richardson makes Clarissa's correspondent, Miss Howe, fond of, what she calls, *retrospecting* the faces and minds of grown people; that is to

\* Cowper to Rev. Wm. Unwin, Oct. 5, 1780.

† Hood's Poems, A Retrospective Review.

‡ The Hamiltons, ch. xxix.

§ Richard Savage, ch. xvii.

|| Sollen und Haben, von Gustav Freytag.

¶ The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xxxvi.

say, of forming images from their present aspect, outside and in, what sort of figures they made when boys and girls. She records, by way of example, the lights in which three of the leading actors in that tragical History of a Young Lady,—namely, Solmes, Hickman, and Lovelace,—have appeared to her, supposing them boys at school. Solmes she imagines to have been a little sordid pilfering rogue, who would purloin from everybody, and beg every boy's bread-and-butter from him; Hickman, a great over-grown, lank-haired, chubby boy, who would be hunched and punched by everybody, and go home with his finger in his eye, and tell his mother; Lovelace, a curly-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and mischief; an orchard-robber, a wall-climber, a horse-rider without saddle or bridle, neck or nothing; a sturdy rogue, in short, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong of anybody; would get his head broke, then a plaister for it, or let it heal of itself; whilst he went on to do more mischief, and if not to get, to deserve broken bones. "And the same dispositions have grown up with them, and distinguish them as *men*, with no very material alteration."\*

A medley of illustrative evidence—a sort of chance-medley, indeed; *indigesta moles*—now awaits the reader, as he will.

From the first dawn of his infancy, Marcus Aurelius, says Mr. de Quincey, indicated, by his grave deportment, the philosophic character of his mind; and at eleven years of age he professed himself a formal devotee of philosophy in its strictest form,—assuming the garb, and submitting to its most ascetic ordinances.†

Chateaubriand ascribes signal traits of *turbulente malice*‡ to the childhood of Pope Gregory the Seventh—"un mauvais petit garçon," he styles that Hildebrand who was one day to shake Christendom to its centre,—at its centre, rather; himself becoming the centre of the system.

William Rufus, as a child, all covered with broidery and gems, is pictured by Sir E. B. Lytton§ as betraying the passion for foppery for which the Red King, to the scandal of the church and court, exchanged the decorous pomp of his father's generation.

Of Froissart in his school-days, already a devoted lover of minstrelsy, and dancing, and field-sports, and the smiles of the fair, it has been said that the boy prefigured the man: *son enfance précoce annonça ce qu'il serait.*|| John Ziska became a page at twelve to the King of Bohemia, and was noted among his fellow-pages for his gloomy temper and love of solitude.

Wallenstein is said to have shown from his earliest boyhood an aggravating spirit of independence and haughtiness. When only seven, on being chastised by his mother for a boyish fault, he cried out indignantly, "Why, am I not a prince? nobody should venture to flog me;" and his uncle having once reproached him with being as proud as a prince, he coolly answered, "*Was nicht ist, kann noch werden*"—what is not, may yet be.

\* Clarissa Harlowe, vol. ii. letter i.

† "He pushed his austerities, indeed, to excess; for Dio mentions that in his boyish days he was reduced to great weakness by exercises too severe, and by a diet of too little nutriment."—De Quincey on the Cæsars, ch. iv.

‡ Without the slightest authority, objects M. Villemain, *Vie de Chateaubriand*, p. 8.

§ Harold, book ix. ch. vii.

|| Sainte-Beuve, sur Froissart.

Don John of Austria, brought up as Geronimo, in a Spanish village, used to lead all the lads of the village (so merrily, ah!) in their rustic sports, and gave token, as Mr. Prescott tells us, of his belligerent propensities by making war on the birds in the orchards, on whom he did great execution with his little cross-bow. The peasants of Cuacos are said to have pelted him with stones as he was rifling their fruit-trees: the first lesson in war of the future hero of Lepanto.\*

Biographers are not unfrequently tempted to deduce what their hero must have been in childhood, from what they know of him in mature age. Thus we find Mr. Langton Sanford, in his account of the early life of Oliver Cromwell, discoursing after this sort: "In many respects there is no saying more true than that 'the child is father of the man;' and we may with perfect safety deduce from this account of maturer years, that Oliver in his boyhood was passionate, but easily appeased, impetuous, but warm-hearted, fearless, but subject to the controlling influences of a kind and compassionate heart."† If "absurd and irrelevant" stories are told of the lad's early depravity, be sure an enemy hath done this.

There is a delightful geniality, it has been remarked, in the pleasure with which the first Earl of Shaftesbury, in his correspondence,‡ dwells on his College lead among his contemporaries; and it might be difficult to point out an instance in which the boy has more unmistakably proved himself father of the man.

It is seldom, maintains M. Bouchitté, in his *Life of Poussin*, that nature does not give indications beforehand, in men predestined to distinction, of the work to which she devotes them: the spirit which animates us, like the germ wherein lies hid the flower or the animal, that shall one day expand in full, contains the secret of our future, a future concealed at first, but which may be guessed at and divined in those spontaneous, almost involuntary *essais*, that reveal the man to himself, and discover just enough of the pathway of genius designed for him to direct his steps and sustain his courage. In the case of Nicolas Poussin, the earliest attempts of the child announced the ripened works of the man: "les essais de l'enfant annonçaient les œuvres de l'homme."§

Descartes, from his earliest childhood, was noted for insatiable curiosity. He was for ever asking questions about cause and effect; and his father, when speaking of him, used complacently to style him "my philosopher."—Pascal was only twelve years old when his father surprised him, one day, tracing figures by which, independent and innocent of Euclid, the boy had made the discovery that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. There is a similar anecdote of James Watt having been observed, as a child of six years old, drawing mathematical lines and circles on the hearthstone, and of a bystander's comment that he was "no common child."

The story goes that Linnæus, while a child in arms, would at once be pacified when crying by having a flower|| put into his tiny hands.

\* See Prescott's *History of Philip II.*, vol. iii. pp. 104, 107.

† J. L. Sanford's *Studies of the Great Rebellion*, ch. iv.

‡ *Memoirs, Letters, &c.*, edit. W. D. Christie.

§ *Le Poussin, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, par H. Bouchitté, ch. i.

|| "Gracieuse légende de l'enfance de Linné, et qui rappelle les récits des bucoliques anciens sur le jeune Daphnis!"—*Causeries du Lundi*, t. x. p. 48.

Horace Walpole, when a child, was haunted, as Lord Macaulay observes, with a longing to see George the First, and gave his mother no peace till she had found a way of gratifying his curiosity. "The same feeling, covered with a thousand disguises, attended him to the grave. No observation that dropped from the lips of Majesty seemed to him too trifling to be recorded,"\* &c.

Boswell almost anticipates, by paraphrase, Wordsworth's line, when he declares Dr. Johnson to have been a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that "*the boy is the man in miniature*"; and that the distinguishing characteristics of the individual are the same through the whole course of life."†

What Mr. Carlyle calls Johnson's disposition for *royalty*, was well seen in early boyhood, when three of his schoolfellows used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, upon whose back Johnson sat, and one on each side supporting him, in this fashion was he borne along triumphant.‡ Already dominant, imperial, irresistible. "Not in the 'king's-chair' (of human arms), as we see, do his three satellites carry him along; rather on the *Tyrant's-saddle*, the back of his fellow-creature, must he ride prosperous!—The child is father of the man."§ The schoolroom, indeed, affords ample room and verge enough for taking observations of this kind, to those who, like Crabbe's matron, have any gift of insight in that direction :

She early sees to what the mind will grow,  
Nor abler judge of infant-powers I know. . . .  
Observes the dawn of wisdom, fancy, taste,  
And knows what parts will wear and what will waste;  
She marks the mind too lively, and at once  
Sees the gay coxcomb and the rattling dunce.

Long has she lived, and much she loves to trace  
Her former pupils, now a lordly race;  
Whom when she sees rich robes and furs bedeck,  
She marks the pride which once she strove to check:  
A burgess comes, and she remembers well  
How hard her task to make his worship spell;  
Cold, selfish, dull, inanimate, unkind,  
'Twas but by anger he display'd a mind:  
Now civil, smiling, complaisant, and gay,  
The world has worn th' unsocial crust away;  
That sullen spirit now a softness wears,  
And, save by fits, e'en dulness disappears:  
But still the matron can the man behold,  
Dull, selfish, hard, inanimate, and cold.||

Of Warren Hastings and Elijah Impey at Westminster together, Lord Macaulay shrewdly says, that, little as we know about their school-days, we may safely venture to guess that, whenever Hastings wished to play

\* Macaulay, Crit. and Histor. Essays, Walpole's Letters.

† Life of Johnson, Introduct.

‡ Boswell.

§ Carlyle's Critical and Miscel. Essays, vol. iii., Boswell's Life of Johnson.

|| Crabbe, The Borough, letter xxiv.

any trick more than usually naughty, he hired Impey with a tart or a ball to act as fag in the worst part of the prank.\*

Of another great name, and an earlier, in the history of British Empire in India,—Lord Clive,—the same noble historian, in his noble essay on that hero and his career, tells us that some lineaments of the character of the man were discerned in the child. We hear of letters written by Robert Clive's kinsfolk when he was in his seventh year, from which it is apparent that, even at that early age, "his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family." And then we have the story of Bob's climbing to the top of the lofty steeple of Market-Drayton, and of what terror the inhabitants felt at seeing him astride a stone spout near the summit; and again, of how this fierce, fighting lad formed all the idle youngsters of the town into a kind of predatory army, and forced the shopkeepers to submit to a sort of black-mail of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows.† Napoleon, says Mr. Hayward,‡ was already at the head of armies when pelting snow-balls at Brienne.

Grétry, as Lady Eastlake reminds us, danced when a child to the sound of dropping water, foreshadowing perhaps in this the light character of his taste and compositions; while Mozart, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. "All the greatest musicians—Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn (it seems not Beethoven, however)—were infant prodigies."§

Mr. Hayward aggregates a select group of examples (in corroboration of James Mill's thesis, that "the early sequences to which we are accustomed form the primary habits, and that the primary habits are the fundamental character of the man"||), when he refers to Pope writing excellent verses at fourteen; to Lawrence painting beautifully when a mere boy; to Madame de Staël diving deep into the philosophy of politics at an age when an ordinary girl would have been dressing dolls; and to Nelson as having made up his mind to be a hero before he was old enough to be a midshipman.¶

Nelson's best biographer, meaning almost of course Robert Southey, relates of young Horatio, in his native Norfolk village, that, when a mere child, he strayed a birds'-nesting in company with a cowboy; was long sought for, and in various directions, by his alarmed family; and was at length discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. His grandmother told him she wondered hunger and fear had not driven him home. "Fear, grandmamma!" said, or is said to have said, the future hero; "I never saw fear: what is it?"\*\* The same avowed ignorance is ascribed to more than one full-grown hero, military and naval.

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\* Essay on Warren Hastings.

† See Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive.

‡ Essay on Lord Chesterfield.

§ Ess. on Music, in *Quart. Review*.

|| *Art. Education*, in *Encycl. Brit.*

¶ See *Biographical and Critical Essays*, by A. Hayward, vol. i. p. 242.

\*\* Southey's *Life of Nelson*, ch. i.

It has been said of Marshal Marmont that he was born a *glorieux*—what we may call a Miles Gloriosus.

Jadis Caton enfant fut un boudeur sublime.

Marmont was a hero—*un héros*, with all the French emphasis of the acutely accentuated syllable—even in his nurse's arms. "I was only three years old," writes the Duke of Ragusa, "when the narrative of a splendid feat, the particulars of which are still present to my memory, excited within me those emotions which are characteristic of enthusiasm."\* When somewhat older—but that not much—Marmont used to dress himself up like Charles the Twelfth, and "parade"† the *parc de Chatillon*, mounted on a pony, with a sword at his side, and spurs at heel.

Carnot's aptitude, and his taste for military affairs, as Lord Brougham has pointed out, displayed itself in a singular manner while yet he was a child. Being taken for the first time to a theatre where some siege or other warlike operation was represented, he astonished the audience by interrupting the piece to complain of the manner in which the general had disposed his men and his guns, crying out to him that his men were in fire, and loudly calling upon him to change his position. In fact, the men were so placed as to be commanded by a battery.‡

George Washington, when a boy, was fond of forming his schoolmates into companies, who paraded and fought mimic battles, in which he always commanded one of the parties; while his demeanour and conduct at school are said to have won the deference of the other boys, who were accustomed to make him the arbiter of their disputes. Somehow it is easier to picture him, when rising twelve, "mastering the forms of deeds, constructing diagrams, and preparing tabular statements," in which employments he is said to have early excelled, than, some half-dozen years younger striding a pike in the fashion of the infant Lord of Branksome Tower, who, with jocund din, before admiring retainers in the castle hall,

The truncheon of a spear bestrode,  
And round the hall, right merrily,  
In mimic foray rode.

And those grey warriors prophesied,  
How the brave boy, in future wars,  
Should tame the——

on Master George's account be a poetical license granted to slightly change the wording, and so read,

Should tame the British Lion's pride,  
Exalt the Stripes and Stars.§

Michelet is vehement, in one of his polemical treatises, on the importance of education, and the vast advantage secured for good and evil by

\* Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, de 1792 à 1832, t. i.

† Cuv. Fleury, Dernières Études Historiques.

‡ Statesmen of Time of George III., vol. iv.

§ Lay of the Last Minstrel (with a difference), canto i. st. xix.

the first instructor. For, remember well, he bids those fathers who confide to a stranger the privilege of writing whatever he will in that book of blank paper, their child's mind,—remember well, it will be in vain for you to write upon it hereafter: what has once been indited, cannot be erased. "The early tracing that seemed to be effaced at twenty, reappears at forty and sixty. It is the last and the dearest, perhaps, that old age will retain."\*

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,  
By a very, very remarkable whim,  
She show'd her early tuition:  
While the buds of character came into blow  
With a certain tinge that served to show  
The nursery culture long ago,  
As the graft is known by fruition.†

Boswell greatly admired an observation of Johnson's, that the force of our early habits is so great, that though reason approve, nay, though our senses relish a different course, almost every man returns to them.‡ But who shall over-estimate the value of careful training, begun betimes, and sedulously carried on, by a forming hand adapted to the task? Such a preceptor, such a process, such a result, as in Dryden's lines:

The tender age was pliant to command;  
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:  
True to th' artificer, the laboured mind  
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;  
Soft for impression, from the first prepared,  
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:  
With every act confirmed, and made at last  
So durable as not to be effaced,  
It turned to habit; and, from vices free,  
Goodness resolved into necessity.§

If we would but duly take care of children, said Archbishop Whately, grown people would generally take care of themselves. Gay has a good moral for not a bad Fable, beginning:

Seek you to train your favourite boy?  
Each caution, every care employ:  
And ere you venture to confide,  
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:  
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;  
On these depends thy future hope.||

With too much of truth has the examiner-extraordinary of London Labour and the London Poor commented on the chances that preponderate against the future of a ragged street-child—with parents starving one week and drunk all the next—turned loose into the streets as soon as it can run alone, and abandoned to the blight of all evil communications that corrupt the *mores*—manners and morals both. If, says Mr. Mayhew, the child be father to the man, assuredly it does not re-

\* *Priests, Women, and Families*, part iii. ch. i.

† *Hood's Poems*, Miss Kilmansegg.

‡ *Life of Johnson*, sub anno 1775.

§ *Dryden's Eleonora* (in memory of Lady Abingdon).

|| *Gay's Fables*, *The Bull and the Mastiff*.



quire a great effort of imagination to conceive the manhood that such a childhood must inevitably engender.\*

Count Cagliostro, Joseph Balsamo, Giuseppe or Beppo, as they called him, when a boy ("a fat, red, globular kind of fellow") in the streets and slums of Palermo, is imaged by Mr. Carlyle at that stage of existence, accurately enough fathering his adult self: the gifts of simulation and dissimulation beginning to manifest themselves with his earliest exercise of speech; a hungry lad, with a keen faculty of digestion; quick-tempered, and a ready striker where there was clear prospect of victory; otherwise, vociferous rather than bellicose, and by no means prone to violence where stratagem will serve. "Above all things, a brazen impudence develops itself; the crowning gift of one born to scoundrelism. In a word, the fat thickest Beppo, as he skulks about there, plundering, playing dog's-tricks, with his finger in every mischief, already gains character; shrill housewives of the neighbourhood, whose sausages he has filched, whose weaker sons maltreated, name him Beppo Malletto, and indignantly prophesy that he will be hanged."†

Another example, though of quite another breed, from Mr. Carlyle's miscellaneous memoirs, may be found in Mirabeau, as we see him, *ce Gabriel énorme*, "beating his nurse," but then loving her; rummaging, the rough cub, in all places, seeking something to know—diving down to the most unheard-of recesses for papers to read. "Does he not, spontaneously, give his hat to a peasant-boy whose head-gear was defective? He writes the most sagacious things, in his fifth year, extempore, at table; setting forth what '*Monsieur Moi*, Mr. Me,' is bound to do."‡

Basedow, the education reformer (born 1723), a man of note among the earlier contemporaries of Goethe,—ugly, dirty, sarcastic, domineering, and aggressively heterodox—indicated from the first his future part. "At school, the wild and dirty boy manifested rebellious energy against all system and all method,"§—studying in a desultory, omnivorous manner, running away from home, and becoming a lackey,—with other vagaries of a corresponding sort.

Blumenbach in earliest childhood was insatiable for knowledge, and would try to make out the structure of an insect or a plant; "puzzling himself with comparative osteology" when only ten years old, and constructing a skeleton out of the bones of domestic animals, which he carefully hid in his bedroom,|| and the discovery of which by the housemaid caused no small commotion in the house. Such, however, was the germ of Blumenbach's renowned osteological collection.

Gilbert White exhibited in childhood the attachment to the study of natural history which made him a name at Selborne. Isaac Watts wrote hymns and "devotional pieces" at seven or eight years old. So Count Zinzendorf attracted notice while a mere child by the "religiosity" which in after-life made him a name and a sect.

Never, affirms Washington Irving, was the trite, because sage apothegm, that "the child is father of the man," more fully verified than

\* See London Labour and the London Poor, vol. i. p. 101.

† Carlyle's Miscellanies, Count Cagliostro.

‡ *London and Westminster Review*, No. 8; Art. "Mirabeau."

§ Life and Works of Goethe, I. 276.

|| Flourens, *Eloges Historiques*.

in the case of Goldsmith, who was shy, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half-military pedagogue. A dunce he might be, but the boy was also a rhymers; and his early "effusions" in verse encouraged the expectations of his friends.\*

Benjamin West gave a first indication of his talent in his seventh year, when set to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister: he drew what was considered a striking likeness of the child in red and black ink. At eight his drawings were the admiration of a party of Indians who paid a visit to Springfield—though he had not yet advanced to the use of hair-pencils supplied from the back of his mother's pet cat. He soon forsook school, and shut himself up in the garret he converted into a studio.

Washington Alston reports his turn for imitation and composition to have shown itself when he was but six years old. His delight then was to put together miniature landscapes of his own invention, built up with moss, sticks, pebbles, and twigs representing trees; and in manufacturing little men and women out of fern stalks. These childish fancies, he says, "were the straws by which an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after-life."†

Wilkie has been heard to say that he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell.

George Stephenson, while cowboy to a farmer at twopence a day, gave ample indications of that bent which is termed a mechanical genius—erecting Lilliputian mills in the little water-streams that ran into the Dewley Bog—his favourite amusement being, however, the erection of "clay engines" with hemlock pipes (for the imaginary steam). "The place is still pointed out 'just aboon the cut end,' as the people of the hamlet describe it, where the future engineer made his first essays in modelling."‡

The late Professor Henslow's devotion to natural history was marked at a very early age. "He showed his ingenuity, as well as his fondness for natural objects, by making the model of a caterpillar."§ And while yet a child in a frock he dragged home from a considerable distance a fungus, *lycoperdon giganteum*, almost as big as himself.||

Byron's biographer has once and again occasion to cite instances that "occur amazingly through his life, to confirm the quaint, but, as applied to him, true observation, that 'the child is father to the man';" the characteristics of these two periods of life being in him, says Moore, so anomalously transposed, that while the passions and ripened views of the man developed themselves in his boyhood, so the easily pleased fancies

\* "He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering," &c.—Life of Goldsmith, by W. Irving, ch. xlv.

† Notes communicated to Mr. Dunlop, quoted in Mrs. Jameson's memoir of Washington Alston.

‡ With respect to which, Mr. Smiles very aptly recalls the similar stories told about the boyish days of Smeaton. Emin. Men, p. 4.

§ Mem. of Rev. J. S. Henslow, by Rev. L. Jenyns. 1862.

|| Saturday Review, No. 350.

and vanities of the boy were for ever breaking out among the most serious moments of his manhood.\*

Mr. Prescott remarks of Sir Walter Scott, that there never was a character in whose infant germ the mature and fully-developed lineaments might be more distinctly traced; that what he was in his riper age, he was in his boyhood; that we discern the same tastes, the same peculiar talents, the same social temper and affections, and, in a great degree, the same habits—in their embryo state, of course, but distinctly marked. "His biographer has shown no little skill in enabling us to trace their gradual, progressive expansion, from the hour of his birth up to the full prime and maturity of manhood."†

Less admiringly it has been said of Thomas Moore's life and character (easy to estimate because always the same), that whereas most men go through more or less of a process of development in the course of their existence, and are different at different stages, Moore seems never to have altered: we see him on his first introduction to the stage, a little, round-faced, buoyant, clever, and pleasantly self-conceited child, with a wonderful faculty of making himself welcome, a healthy zest for enjoyment, and true and tender affections. "Through life, till the seclusion of his last retreat shuts him from the world, he remains exactly the same, except that he grows larger and dresses differently."‡

That is a significant paragraph in Dr. Newman's fascinating *Apologia pro Vita sua*, which records his turning over, late in life, some old copy-books of his school-days, and finding on the first page of his first Latin verse-book "a device which," says he, "almost took my breath away with surprise." "I have written in the first page, in my schoolboy hand, 'John H. Newman, February 11th, 1811, Verse Book;' then follow my first verses. Between 'Verse' and 'Book' I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years."§ At the present time the Apologist is Father Newman. Between now and then, he was an adherent of the Evangelical party, subscribed towards establishing the *Record*, and for a time delighted in the writings of Thomas Scott and Romaine, was absorbed in Milner's Church History, belonged to the Oxford Association of the Bible Society, and "hung upon the words" of Daniel Wilson, in the pulpit of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row. But Father Newman, in his grand climacteric, lighting on the cross and beads he drew in his Verse-book as a boy of ten, seems to cherish in the discovery a personal illustration of the truth, that fathers the Man on the Child.

\* Moore's Life of Byron, sub anno 1823.

† Prescott's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies: Sir Walter Scott.

‡ Remains of Wm. Caldwell Roscoe, vol. ii. p. 144.

§ *Apologia pro Vita sua*, by John Henry Newman, D.D., p. 57.

## THE FAC-SIMILE SHAKSPEARE.\*

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE third and last part of the reprint of the folio edition of Shakspeare of 1623, has been just published by Mr. Booth, of Regent-street. It is a unique work, in the sense of its imitation of the edition issued by Jaggard and Blount, seven years after the poet's death. This last part contains the tragedies. The comedies and histories had been brought out in 1862 and 1863. Here we have the promise, honourably redeemed, of an unexceptionable literal copy of the great dramatist of England, a poet unrivalled in his own walk, and at present highly honoured on the stage in France and Germany. For his own country audiences, of the present generation, he is far too elevated and poetical. The multitude here have no aspirations that lift them above every-day life and vulgar desire. The representation of things beneath and not above their own circles is the limit of their dramatic enjoyment. Perhaps this is in the natural course of events, and we form too high an estimate of the mass to judge otherwise regarding it. This addition will add greatly to the pleasure of the perusal of the poet in the closet. It will transport us to the departed period when those great efforts of genius were first exhibited, recasting the spelling and text of the time. The illusion will be strengthened, and an enlarged enjoyment be the consequence with those capable of entering into the scene, and estimating the glorious display of intellect and fancy which it exhibits. Those who now crowd our places of amusement are not such as feel lofty aspirations. Their imaginations revel in incidents and scenes of the lower social character. The *Newgate Calendar* seems more their suitable food, with the villainies and monstrosities of the melodrama; having spiritualism and table-rapping for side-dishes. To such it is not wonderful that the tragic excellences of Hamlet and Othello, and the exquisite comic characters and perfect nature of the poet's personifications, should be as "caviar to the general." The rich product of the poet's fancy is thus become a dead letter on our stage. A susceptibility of grace and beauty, with simplicity and a fervid love of nature's truth, attaches to a higher order of intellect than many are willing to concede. Our great progress in traffic does not create intellectual discernment, if it extend a characteristic desire of knowledge. High mental enjoyment, with a pure taste, attends only upon desires that aspire to what is above, not sunk beneath the medium of every-day existence. The scenes of low and criminal life presented to the multitudinous class—and they would not be presented were they not preferred—are, after all, bad imitations of the basest and most degraded individuals and actions in society. We say "bad," because they are not even faithful pictures, but require to be exaggerated. Sensible that villany is rendered acceptable while groping along the kennel of social deformity

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\* Booth, Regent-street, January, 1865.

after its garbage, the excuse of pity and the affectation of a charitable feeling for the more heinous offenders are continually urged in palliation. These are exhibitions in which it is pretended a virtuous design exists to arouse sympathy for the unfortunate ! As if pecuniary profit had nothing to do in the matter, in fact were not the moving principle. However low or common, or disgusting, no matter if it be exciting—but enough. At some future time we may follow up the effects of this prevalent taste, which might be supposed to agree so ill with the march of improvement in other cases, and thus show how familiarity with, and the approval of, vicious scenes and characters operates upon the popular masses, and increases our public immoralities.

In France they have a theatre for the respectable drama, but in England we have nothing of the kind, and are not likely to have. The late dinner-hour prevents the support of the larger class of those of the educated and opulent, who used formerly to attend and support the theatres. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the perusal of our great dramatic poet—as we are obliged to do with our best poets not of the drama ; with Spenser, Milton, and others—in the closet. The Muse of England in her higher walks is, in regard to her works, much in the same predicament with the public as the Bard of Avon, in being too lofty and pure. On the whole, perhaps, it is best for people of taste thus to enjoy them, and leave the “general” to their caviar. We have in the closet greater satisfaction on the whole. If in our food we do not like to be selfish, and wish for company, we may still sit down and manage to relish an entertainment not less nutritious in reality for being partaken solitarily. There is also the consideration in our favour, that if the actor in the principal character come up to our conception of that which he represents, it is not the case with all those who support secondary parts. All do not attain even moderate excellence, and the pleasure we receive from one is marred by the ill acting of others. In the closet we encounter nothing of this kind. There, if our conceptions are erroneous in regard to character, we find them satisfactory, and escape the neutralisation of the pleasure afforded by one good actor, through the imperfection of another that is bad. In the closet we are satisfied with our own personifications. We accommodate all to the desires of the mind. We cannot play the hiring critic with our own judgment. Fallible to others, we are infallible with ourselves, and do not rise from our seats discontented, as we should be certain to do on quitting the modern theatre in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the performance.

Under the foregoing circumstances this edition of the great poet is doubly welcome, because we can by that means compare the various readings for ourselves from the authentic source, and we should in some things, no doubt, improve upon the stage improvements by adhering to truth. We should never imagine a Moor to be jet black of complexion in *Othello*, nor introduce a gravedigger in one of the most solemn scenes in *Hamlet*, pulling off a dozen waistcoats to obtain a senseless grin from the galleries. What gravedigger ever wore a dozen waistcoats of which to disembarass himself more than other men in the exercise of their calling?

Many would not willingly go to the theatre to see Shakspeare ill

represented. They would not have their mental picture of the great poet deformed. As it is, we must first have some estimate of the ability of an actor, not from the varying puffs of newspaper reporters, more or less enlisted in the interest of the performer—a thing to which it would be well if the editors looked much closer than they do—but from independent judgments. When John Kemble had given two free tickets to the *Examiner* paper, and Leigh Hunt, the best theatrical critic of the time, censured him, he became offended, and, among other marks of offence, he hinted at the admissions so given as a favour. John Hunt replied that he thought the admission had been sent as customary to the press, that in future the *Examiner* reporter would pay for his admission; and he returned the tickets. This was the manly course, and did not then want parallel examples, of which the dependent venality of the present time will hardly permit the imitation, where the prompting of a pure taste is of the least weight in the question.

Some of us have the past impersonations of the poet before our eyes, and time has hallowed them. We will not believe that if a just taste for the better drama existed, there would not in due course arise actors who were capable of doing it considerable justice. We are of those who, in many most important points, see and are delighted with the advance of the age. But in some things retrogradation must be admitted, and the same in all mental pursuits in which the spirit of traffic and love of lucre can interfere and pollute them. In regard to the stage, time has hallowed that, the counterpart of which it has never since produced, as in the case of Mrs. Siddons, for example. We would not have defaced the portraiture she exhibited of Lady Macbeth, still fresh and vivid as it is, while in despair of aught approaching it. We admit how much we are apt to overvalue the past; but, notwithstanding, it is well remarked by Denham, that oftentimes in regard to present notions,

objects  
Remote in place, are not beheld at half their greatness,  
And what is new finds better acceptance  
Than what is good and great.

Repairing to the closet with the present faithful transcript of the poet, we may without alloy play out the characters ourselves with a higher satisfaction than any existing representation can afford.

On perusing the present edition of the great poet, we were struck on recollecting the assertion of those who say Shakspeare had no learning. It would be well if such persons would define their meaning of the word learning. If it is meant that the poet was not a mere college man, well up to verbs in  $\mu$ , and most lucid in explaining passages in Homer or Horace when called upon to do so; if it be supposed that he had not a "critical" knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics at his fingers' ends, it is probably true. But having had a grammar-school education, he was able to turn to account, with the aid of existing translations, all of the ancient writers which he wanted; and that he was clearly no stranger to ancient history, and as much of the manners of the ancients as he required, is very clear. He followed nature, not the ancients, nor even the fashions of his own time. He was far above all fleeting follies. As to

his running a pun or jest to the death, it is possible that, seeing how a little witty nonsense takes before an audience, and makes the open-mouthed "general" good humoured, even out of place, as it does in the present day, catching the applauses of the stolid, he might have indulged a little in joke, to preserve the good temper from dying away, by giving it a fillip. Perhaps he followed it to excess from finding it answer. It must be recollected he was an actor, though not a distinguished one, and had a fickle audience no doubt to please. Men are ever the same. Geniuses like that of Shakspeare is not to be darkened by rules for the most part emanating from those who are possessed of none. He borrowed no aid from schoolmen, who possess little similar power but in the way of loan, and if qualified to repress in some degree the exuberance of genius, rarely or never, on the other hand, exhibit a beam to irradiate their own labours. In regard to what must be admitted to be faults, these no doubt accompany distinguished excellences in every walk of life, intellectual or otherwise. Man and his works are imperfect, because all under the sun must be so.

The present edition of the writings of this great poet is still more valuable as a standard of comparison, for we must return to the book, from the description of which we were wandering rapidly astray.

The comedies composing Part I., with the dedication to Lords Pembroke and Montgomery, by Heming and Condell, an address to the readers by the same, the verses by Ben Jonson, Hugh Holland, Digges, and I. M., with the names of twenty-six principal actors, precede the plays after the title. This last contains a picture of Shakspeare, which, with the effigy on the monument at Stratford, given in the third part, represent him bald, his forehead high, his countenance grave. Though it is forty years since we performed a pilgrimage to Stratford and to Charlcote,\* we remember the localities well, and the poet's monument, unpresuming as it was.

The histories or historical plays are in the second part, with a view of the family house at Stratford-on-Avon, followed by commendatory lines of T. Seward, and a list of the errors in the original, which are so marked and given, in order that it may not be supposed they were modern faults, which, as the work is a fac-simile, were carefully retained.

The tragedies make the third part, and complete the copy of the folio of 1623. To these separately, but so as to bind up with the acknowledged pieces, it is still proposed to add *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, from the third edition of 1664, in a separate form. The reprint will then contain all the acknowledged plays of the poet in the very perfection of similarity. The six "doubtful plays" are to follow.

The second folio edition of Shakspeare, 1632, contains among the introductory verses those of Milton, the first ever printed of that great epic poet, beginning :

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones, &c.

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\* The Mr. Lucy, of Charlcote, then the owner, we well remember, a descendant of the old family that prosecuted Shakspeare. He was a little man, and being eager to possess parliamentary interest, purchased land near Fowey, in Cornwall, at a high rate, that decayed town returning two members, both lost by the Reform Act afterwards. We refer to the years 1819 or 1820.

These have been introduced accordingly. Then follows *Troilus and Cressida*, with the prologue, the volume concluding with *Cymbeline*.

It was the poet's object to paint life, not in the beau ideal, but as he found it appear before him. This has been shown over and over again ; it was too obvious for concealment. He startled those critics who judged by the line and rule, that time rather than reason had shaped, and his adherence to the humanities was passed by to censure his dereliction from certain ordinances and customs which would have shackled his genius, because it exhibited men and manners close to what they really were. In his mixture of tragic and comic scenes he has committed another fault, according to some whose judgment is of value, but who have been accustomed to run into a certain current of popular opinion, joining in its judgments, because they will not boldly judge for themselves. Nature's truth was ever the poet's guide. Thus, according to the schools, it is impossible for comedy and tragedy to be mingled as Shakspeare has mingled them. Suppose a murder or suicide takes place in a particular house, the scene must on no account in any act shift over the way to some inmate of the same house where the murder or suicide occurred, who may be jesting at the moment. While, for example, an individual cuts his own or his wife's throat in the upper room of a five-story building, let out in flats, the people on the lower floor, who have no knowledge of the tragedy at the top of the house, must not jest and joke in a different scene before the audience, because the murder was taking place above. Tragedy above and comedy below stairs, in the same dramatic representation, shocked the critics, for though perfectly natural it was against rule. There is no reason why scenes that might and do occur in this way should not be embodied for stage action. In all connected with the arts nature may be followed. If the scene shifts from the drawing-room in grief to the servants in merriment in the kitchen, it is nature. The scenes of life are a mingled web in almost everything, and, therefore, to represent them as they are is only to paint with fidelity. The critics who support the unities can adhere to their own side of the question ; their opponents may certainly do the same. Johnson thought it a fault that Shakspeare too often sacrificed virtue to convenience ; but while the stage might be made one of the most striking means for instruction, the promotion of virtue, and the diffusion of wisdom, it never was so made use of, in time past or present. It can only be said that the attendance there is a voluntary act. The multitude go to be pleased, and the noblest examples of heroic virtue are not, at least in the present day, as acceptable as the exhibitions of daring spoliation or the pictures of atrocious vices that excite the mind, or as the cant slang is, "produce a sensation." With too many it is to be feared the sympathies that attach themselves to the coarser and more unscrupulous in vulgar life have the preference. Here Jerry Abershaw on the highway shall outshine a thousand Kosciuskos. The more beautiful, amiable, and charming characters drawn by the poet, banished from his native boards, would not at all interest the audiences that support the present theatres.

We must, therefore, enjoy Shakspeare in the closet. The susceptibilities and tastes of the hour are not with the pure, or reflective, or instructed. The poet will be more honoured than ever in the closet by those whose minds are elevated and refined. In the closet the bungling of some scenes



in the representation, and the want of equal excellence in those who support the different characters, are unobserved, and a just exercise of the student's own imagination, and due attention, will supply amusement and instruction from the pages of the great bard, in the same way we glean them from the great writers of antiquity. In aid of this the country is deeply indebted to Mr. Booth for the care and steadiness he has exhibited in perfecting his valuable and adventurous undertaking, and yet we do not know why we should call it "adventurous," after what we have stated in regard to the true enjoyment of the poet in the closet, since those who enjoy the poet that way rapidly multiply. What interest can the beautiful creation Ariel, in the *Tempest*, create, or the insanity and sweetness of Ophelia, the sanguinary ambition of Lady Macbeth, and similar heroines of Shakspeare? How can such creations be relished by those who rejoice in the exhibitions of the female characters that accompany the favourite heroes of the present stage? The scum of the gaol, the miscreant over whom is poured, for example, the affected sensibility of the author of "*The Miserables*," with his flashes of infidelity by way of seasoning.

The sympathies aroused by the varnish daubed over notorious vices, all which, to frame an excuse for them, are affected to be the fruits of social neglect, but which, in reality, are only the excuse for introducing exaggerations of vices, to gratify the polluted tastes that revel in and batten on them,—it is these which render the beautiful, the virtuous, and the truly unfortunate so uninteresting. Suffering virtue is too tame; a miscreant of the deepest crime is the glory of the tastes to which we allude. The great, or good, or even vicious characters of history, the latter not being low and mean enough, will not do now. What is an historical novel worth now, even if Scott drew the characters to the life? The bound of time and space in infamy must be passed: the villain must be a superlative. Villany is not "exciting" until it is made as low, black, and degraded as possible, to make the saintship more effective. The crime of Macbeth, for example, was too exalted; that of Köhl, who murdered his friend the other day, and cut him up, butcher as he was, for a sovereign or two, may be made something of to attract popular applause. "His neglected youth and early misery no doubt led him into crime, his stars being in fault." We must still have the dregs of vice, the acme, the finished iniquity, to move us and kindle our sympathies. There must be no exalted feeling, no ambition in our favourite scenes; all must be qualified by a sympathetic pity for the hero miscreant of the stage or novel. Virtuous character is become a tasteless thing with the multitude. The truth of nature, and the adherence to humanity, are of no moment. There is no accounting for tastes, it is true, but there is a mode of accounting for the prevalence of vice so largely by the constant creation of new familiarities with its heroes, and the principles which make and support them, and engender sympathy in their behalf.

These, then, are reasons enough why Shakspeare must in future be enjoyed in private by those who have a regard for what is great and beautiful, for what is imaginative yet true to our common nature. We may deplore the existing state of things, and imagine there must be something out of the way in that which the spread of education does not seem to rectify, but it must be recollected that, after all, taste is not the pro-

perty of the many, but of the few, and the elevation of a degree or two in the intellectual scale above the past, with the mass, is not enough. A little time ago, men of taste led society in literature and the arts, but now the multitude judges on its own behalf, characteristically giving us its own ideas of the "sublime and beautiful!" The consequences are plain. The mistake is that the mere mechanical part of education has been taken as the all in all. High thought and elevated ideas cannot be engendered against nature. The current, therefore, has run in its troubled course, and the deposit partakes of the nature of the stream.

There is the advantage, too, that Shakspeare can be read in the present edition as he was, not as he has been acted and often altered by managers or commentators. These changes should not be passed over, but should be considered after mastering the original text, and thus all the light that can be thrown upon his few obscurities, good or bad, will be noted as well as his higher embodyings. Some comments are very superfluous, as they explain that with which everybody is already acquainted, and here we are happily rid of them. It is wonderful how far the language of Shakspeare had advanced towards excellence. With a little alteration in the spelling, it is equal to that of the best poets of the eighteenth century—an era when both the prose and verse of the English tongue, as far as a present judgment can be formed, reached its highest point as a language. Upon this account the language and spelling in the present edition are peculiarly interesting in the way of comparison.

The emendations and changes in the text of the poet by editors and commentators are numerous, and we too often find fanciful, because it became at one time the vogue to notice and comment upon Shakspeare, as it becomes a new fashion with meaner subjects of the hour. Some seem to imagine that the wonderful painting of the poet, his insight into character, and his fidelity to nature, were the result of research and severe deliberation. We do not think so. They were the happy dictation of the heavenly gift of genius, "*poeta nascitur non fit*." The reasonings of Macbeth with himself, for example, while as yet his intended murder "is but fantastic." The poet looks into the secret things in the heart of the intended assassin as if he were privy to them, and records Macbeth's own wonder that he should yield to the criminal suggestion. "Why do I yield to that suggestion?" Then comes ambition's prize:

Your children shall be kings!

from another quarter feeding his criminal hopes. These are touches beyond the schools. But we must close, expressing high satisfaction at the fidelity and exactness of a work that has fully borne out its original promise.

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## IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE," &amp;c.

"Etes-vous mon démon ou mon ange?  
Je ne sais, mais je suis votre esclave."

VICTOR HUGO.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## THE BORDER EAGLE.

"Reconnaissant pour lui la mort inévitable,  
Il résout à la mort son courage indomptable;  
Il y va sans faiblesse, il y va sans effroi,  
Et là devant souffrir, la veut souffrir en roi."

*La Pucelle.*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FATE OF THE GOLDEN MONARCH.

A SUMMER-DAY late in the year in the wild moorland of the old Border.

An amber light was on the lochs, a soft mist on field and fell; the salmon-waters were leaping down from rock to rock, or boiling in the deep black pools beneath the birches; the deer were herding in the glens and wooded "dips" that sheltered under the Cheviot range, here, in the debatable land between the northern country and the Southrons, where Bothwell had swept with his mad Moss Troopers, ere the Warden of the Marches let passion run riot for his fair White Queen, and where Belted Will's Tower still rose above its oaks, as when the bugle blast of the Howard sounded from its turrets, and the archers were marshalled against a night-raid of the Scots. On the distant seas, which once were dark with the galleys of Norse pirates, nothing now was in sight but a fisher-boat in the offing; on the heather-moors, which had once echoed with the beat of horses' hoofs, as Douglas or Percy had scoured through the gorse for a dashing Border fray, or a Hotspur piece of "derring-do," there was only now to be heard the flap of a wild-duck's wing as the flocks rose among the sedges, and the sole monarch of earth or sky was a solitary golden eagle soaring upward to the sun.

With a single swoop the bird had swept down from his eyrie among the rocks, as though he were about to drop earthward; then, lifting his grand head, he spread his pinions in the wind that was blowing strong and fresh from Scotland through the heat of the August day, and sailed upward gloriously with slow majestic motion through the light. Far below him lay the white-crested waves of the sea, gleaming afar off; the purple stretch of the dark moors and marshes; the black still tarns; the rounded masses of the woods; higher and higher, leaving earth beneath him, he rose in his royal grandeur, fronting the sun, and soaring

onward, and upward, against the blue skies and the snowy piles of clouds, rejoicing in his solitude, and kingly in his strength.

With his broad wings spread in the sun-gleam, he swept through the silent air in his calm, grand, sovereign passage, with his eyes looking at the luminance which blinds the eyes of men, and his empire taken in the vastness of the space that monarchs cannot gauge, and his pinions stretched in all the glory of his god-like freedom, his unchained liberty of life. Far beneath him, deep down among the tangled mass of heather and brown moor grasses, glistened the lean cruel steel of a barrel, like the shine of a snake's back, pointing upward, while the eagle winged his way aloft; there, in his proud kingship with the sun, how could he note or know the steel tube—scarce larger, from his altitude, than a needle's Lilliputian length—of his foe, hidden deep among the gorse and reeds? The sovereign bird rose higher and higher still, his wide wings spread in stately flight. One sharp sullen report rang through the silence; a single grey puff of smoke curled up from the heather; a death-cry echoed on the air, quivering with a human agony; the eagle wheeled once round, a dizzy circle in the summer light, then dropped down through the sunny air—stricken and dead.

Was it more murder when Cæsar fell?

His assassin rose from where he had knelt on one knee among the gorse, while his retriever started the wild-fowl up from the sedges of a broad black pool, and he strode through the bracken and heath to the spot where his shot had brought down the eagle, at a distance, and with an aim, which marked him as one of the first shots in Europe. A hundred yards brought him to the place where his quarry had fallen, and he thrust the heather aside with impatient movement; he was keen in sport as a Shikari, and he had looked for no rarer game to-day than the black-cocks or the snipes, or at very best a heron from the marshes.

On the moor the King-bird lay, the broad wings broken and powerless, the breast-feathers wet and bathed in blood; the piercing eyes, which loved the sun, blind and glazed with the death-film; the life, a moment before strong, fearless, and rejoicing in the light, was gone. A feeling new and strange came on his slayer, as he stood there in the stillness of the solitary moor, alone with the dead eagle lying at his feet. He paused, and leaned on his rifle, looking downward:

"God forgive me. I have taken a life better than my own!"

The words were involuntary, and unlike enough to one whose superb shot had become noted from the jungles of Northern India to the ice-plain of Norway; from the bear-haunts of the Danube to the tropic forests of the Amazonas. But he stood looking down on the mighty bird, while the red blood welled through the heather, with something that was almost remorse. It looked strangely like *slaughter*, in the still, golden gleam of the summer day.

If you wonder at it, wait until you see an eagle die on a solitary moor-land that was his kingdom by right divine, with all the glorious liberty of life.

The superb shot which you would have challenged the first marksmen in Europe to have beaten, will look, for a second at least, oddly base, and treacherous, and cowardly, when the Lord of the Air lies, like carrion, at your feet.

Knee-deep in the purple heather, his destroyer leant on his gun, alone on the Scotch side of the Border, with the sea flashing like a line of silver light on his left, and the bold sweep of the Cheviot Hills fronting him. The golden eagle had fallen by no unworthy foe; he was a man of lofty stature, six feet two if he were an inch, and of powerful build and sinew, his muscles close knit, and his frame like steel, as became one who was in hard condition from year's end to year's end, and on whose mount the fancy would have piled any money in any gentleman riders' race in the twelvemonth. His complexion was a clear bronze, almost as dark as an Arab's, though originally it had been fair enough; his black sweeping moustaches and beard were long, thick, and silken; his eyes, large and very lustrous, the hue of the eagle's he had shot.

His features were bold and frank, aristocratic and haughty; his bearing having the distinction of "blood," with the dash of a soldier, the reposeful stateliness of the old régime, with the alert keenness of a man used to rapid action, clear decision, coolness under danger, and the wiles of the world in all its ways. Standing solitary there on the brown heath, his form rose tall and martial enough for one of the night riders of Liddesdale, or the Knight of Snowdon himself, against the purple haze and amber light.

In the days of Chevy Chase and Flodden Field his race had been the proudest of the nobles on the Border-side, their massive keep reared in face of the Cheviots, the lands their own, over miles of rock, and gorse, and forest, lords of all the marches stretching to the sea. Now all that belonged to him was that wild barren moorland of heather and tarn, which gave nothing but the blackcock and the ptarmigan which bred in their wastes; and a hunting-lodge, half in ruins, to the westward, buried under hawthorn, birch, and ivy, a roost for owls and a paradise for painters.

"A splendid shot, Erceldoune; I congratulate you!" said a voice behind him.

The slayer of the golden eagle turned in surprise; the moors, all barren and profitless though they were, were his, and were rarely trodden by any step except his own.

"Ah! your Grace? Good day. How does the Border come to be honoured by a visit from you?"

"Lost my way!" responded his Grace of Glencairne, an inveterate sportsman and a hearty, florid, stalwart man of sixty, clad in a Scotch plaid suit, and looking like a well-to-do North-country farmer. "We're staying with Fitzallayne, and came out after the black game; lost all the rest somehow, and know no more where we are than if we were at the North Pole. You're a godsend. Let me introduce my friends to you; Sir Fulke Erceldoune—Lord Polemore—Mr. Victor Vane."

The beggared gentleman raised his bonnet to the Duke's friends with much such dignified courtesy as that with which the Border lords, whose blood was in his veins, received Chatelherault and Hamilton in the wild free days of old.

"Shot an eagle, Erceldoune? By George! what a bird," cried the Duke, gazing down amazed and admiring on the murdered monarch.

"I envy you, indeed!" said his companion whom he had named as Victor Vane. "I have shot most things—men, and other birds of prey

—but I never killed an eagle, not even in the Hartz or the Engadine."

Erceldoune glanced at him, and a slight look of surprise came into his eyes.

"They are rare, and when they do appear we shoot them to ensure their scarcity! Perhaps the eagle you would wish to kill is the eagle with two heads, Mr. Vane? What sport have you had, Duke?"

"Very bad! Birds wild as the——But, God bless my soul, *your* bag's full!" said his Grace, resting himself, with one hand on his back. "I say, we're nearly famished; can't you let us have something to eat at your place yonder?"

"With pleasure, sir, if your Grace can honour an owl's roost, and put up with a plain meal of cold game," said Erceldoune, as he thrust the dead king, with all his pomp of plumage torn and blood-stained, into his bag with the blackcocks, ptarmigan, wild-duck, and snipes.

"My dear fellow! I'll thank you for a crust; I'm literally starving," cried his Grace, who was pining so wearily for his luncheon that the words "cold game" sounded to him like paradise. "And, by the way, if you've any of your father's Madeira left, you might feast an emperor; there wasn't such a wine connoisseur in Europe as Regency Erceldoune."

A shadow swept over the face of the golden eagle's foe as he whistled his dogs, and led the way for his guests over the moor, talking with the Duke. Victor Vane caught the look, and smiled to himself; he thought it was because the ruined gentleman shrank from taking them to his beggared home and his unluxurious table; he erred for once. Such a petty pride was wholly impossible to the bold Border blood of Erceldoune; he would have taken them to a garret quite as cordially as to a mansion, he would have given them, Arab-like, the half of all he had with frank hospitality if that all had been only an oaten cake, and would never have done himself such mean dishonour as to measure his worth by the weight of his plate, the number of his wines, or the costliness of his soups. Erceldoune *was* a beggared gentleman, but in his beggary he remained too much of a gentleman to be galled or lowered by it.

True, the world, he knew well enough, only appraised men by the gold that was in their pockets; but the world's dictum was not his deity, and with its social heart-burnings his own wandering, athletic, adventurous, and hardy life had never had much to do. He loved the saddle better than the *salons*, and mountain and moorland better than money and the *mondes*.

It was not more than half a mile to the King's Rest, as the sole relic of the feudal glories of the Border lords was named from an old tradition dating back to one of Malcolm of Scotland's hunting-raids; the place would have maddened an architect or a lover of new stucco, but it would have enraptured an archaeologist or an artist. One half of it was in ruins—a mass of ivy and grey crumbling stone; the other half was of all styles of architecture, from the round, quaint tower of the Saxons, to the fantastic, peaked, and oriel window'd Elizabethan. Birds made their nests in most of the chimneys, holly and hawthorn grew out of the clefts in the walls, the terraces were moss-grown, and the escutcheon above the gateway was lost in a profusion of scarlet-leaved creepers. But there was a picturesqueness, a charm, a lingering grandeur about the King's

Rest; it spoke of a dead race, and it had poems in every ruin, with the sun on its blazoned casements, and the herons keeping guard by its deserted weed-grown moat.

"God bless my soul! how the place has gone to rack and ruin since I was here twenty years ago!" cried the Duke, heedlessly and honestly, in blank amazement, as he stared about him.

Erceldoune smiled slightly:

"Our fortunes have gone to 'rack and ruin,' Duke."

"Ah, to be sure—yes, to be sure! Sad thing!—sad thing! No fault of yours, though, Erceldoune. Your father shouldn't have been able to touch the entail. He was a——Well, well! he's gone to his account now," said his Grace, pulling himself up short, with a perception that he was on dangerous ground, but continuing to gaze about him with a blank naïveté of astonishment. Vane used to call him a "sexagenarian school-boy;" it was too harsh, for the Duke was a thoroughly good man of business, and a manly and honest friend, but it was true that the simplicity and candour of boyhood clung very oddly to him, and a courtier or a fine gentleman his Grace of Glencairne had never become, though he was not without a frank dignity of his own when roused to it.

By an arched side-door, through a long corridor, they passed into a room in the southern and still habitable portion of the house; a long, lofty room, lighted at the end with two magnificent Elizabethan windows, panelled with cedar picked out with gold, hung with some half-dozen rare pictures, a Titian, two Watteaux, a Teniers, a Van Tol, and an Ary Scheffer, covered with a rich crimson carpeting, now much worn, and with some gold and silver racing and hunting cups on the buffet. The chamber was the relic of the lavish and princely splendour which scarce twenty years ago had been at its height in the King's Rest.

"Ah! dear me—dear me!" murmured the Duke, throwing himself into a fauteuil. "This is the old supper-room, Erceldoune! To be sure—how well I remember George IV. sitting just there where you stand. Lord! how fond he was of your father—birds of a feather! Well, well! we might be wild, wicked dogs—we were, sir; but we had very witty times of it. Regency Erceldoune was a very brilliant man, though he might be a——"

Erceldoune, with brief courtesy to the Duke, rang the bell impatiently to order luncheon, and turned to the other men:

"I hope your sport and our moorland air may have given you an appetite, for Border larders were never very well stocked, you know, except when the laird made a raid; and, unhappily, there is no 'lifting,' now-a-days, to add to our stock!"

"My dear sir!" laughed Victor Vane, dropping his glass, through which he had been glancing at the Scheffer, "half a cold grouse when one is starving is worth all the delicacies of a Carême when one is not *à l'extrême*. I am delighted to make acquaintance with your highly picturesque and mediæval abode; a landscape-painter would be in raptures over it, if you might wish it a trifle more waterproof!"

There was a certain dash of condescension and the soupçon of a sneer in the light careless words; if they were intended to wound, however, they missed their mark.

"Starving on the moors' would not be so very terrific to you if you

had been six days in the saddle on a handful of maize, as has chanced to me in the Pampas and the Cordilleras," said Erceldoune, curtly, with a smile, for there is nothing your "mighty hunter before the Lord," who is known from the Lybian to La Plata, holds in more profound contempt than "small miseries."

"Eh! What? Were you talking about your father's dinners?" broke in his Grace, who, lost in his reveries as his eyes travelled over the familiar chamber, was not very clear what was said. "They were the best in Europe! I have seen Yarmouth, and Alvanley, and Talleyrand, and Charles Dix, and the best epicures we ever had, round that table; I was a very young fellow then, and the dinners were splendid, Erceldoune! They must have cost him six hundred a night; he liked to outdo the king, you know, and the king liked to be outdone by him. I don't believe he'd have gone quite the pace he did if it hadn't been for George."

Erceldoune moved impatiently; these latter royal memories connected with the King's Rest were no honour to him; they were so many brands of an extravagant vice, and a madman's ostentation, that had made him penniless, and bought a sovereign's smile with disgrace.

"I dare say, sir. I never knew any use that monarchs were yet, save in some form or another to tax their subjects."

Glencairne laughed: he had not seen much of the man who was now his host, but what he had seen he liked; the Duke abhorred the atmosphere of adulation in which, being a Duke, he was compelled to dwell, and Erceldoune's utter incapability of subservience or flattery refreshed him.

At that moment luncheon was served: the promised cold game in abundance, with some prime venison, some potted char, and a pile of superb strawberries; plain enough, and all the produce of the moorlands round, but accompanied by some clarets of the purest *cru*, and served on antique and massive plate that had been in the King's Rest for centuries, and was saved out of the total wreck of the Erceldoune fortunes; at which Lord Polemore looked envyingly; he was of the new creation, and would have given half his broad lands and vast income to have bought that "high and honourable ancientness" which was the only thing gold could not purchase for him.

"You have a feast for the gods, Erceldoune. If this be Border penury, commend me to it!" cried Glencairne, as he attacked the haunch with a hearty and absorbed attention; like Louis Seize, he would have eaten in the reporter's *loge* of the Assembly while Suleau was falling under twenty sword-thrusts for his sake, and the Swiss Guard were perishing in the Cour Royale.

"I am sure we are infinitely indebted!" murmured Polemore, languidly, gazing at a Venetian goblet given to an Erceldoune by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise.

"Nay, it is I who am the debtor to a most happy hazard. Try this wine, Lord Polemore, it is the pure Tokay," said Erceldoune, with that stately courtesy of the "grand air" which was blent with his frank, *bref*, soldierlike manners;—sociality was not his nature, but cordial hospitality was.

The Duke looked up, eager on the *qui vive*.

"Eh! Tokay? What, the very wine Leopold gave your father?"

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X



Tiny bottles? all cobwebbed? *That's it!* The real imperial growth; can't get it for money. Ah! how much have you got of it left?"

"But little—only a dozen or so, I believe; but of what there is I would ask the pleasure of your Grace's acceptance, if the wine finds any favour with you."

"Favour with me? Hear the man. Why, it's Leopold's own growth, I tell you," cried his Grace. "As for giving it away, thank you a thousand times, but I couldn't—I wouldn't rob you of it for anything."

"Indeed I beg you will, my dear Duke," said Erceldoune, with a slight smile. "To a rich man you may refuse what you like, but to a poor man you must leave the pleasure of giving when he can."

"Really, on my soul, you're very good," said the Duke, whose heart was longing after the imperial vintage. "I thank you heartily, my dear fellow; but you're too generous, Erceldoune; give your head away, like all your race!—like all your race! If your ancestors had had their hands a little less free at giving, and their heads a little longer at their expenditure, you wouldn't have this place all tumble-down as it is about you now!"

"Generosity, if I can ever make claim to it, will not imperil me; '*Où on n'a rien on ne peut rien perdre*,'" said Erceldoune, briefly. He did not feel particularly grateful for this discussion of his own fortunes and his father's follies before two strangers, and Victor Vane, by tact or by chance, glided in with a question admirably relative to a small gold salver singularly carved and filigreed.

"No, you are quite right, it is not European, though it is Cinque Cento in one sense," answered Erceldoune, glad to turn the Duke's remarks off himself, the person he liked least to hear talked of of any in the world. "It is Mexican. An Erceldoune who was in Cuba at the time Cortes sailed, and who went with him through all the Aztec conquest, brought it home from the famous treasures of Ayaxacotl. He bored a hole in it and slung it round his neck in the passage of the Noche Triste; there is the mark now."

"Very curious!" murmured Polemore, with a sharp twinge of jealousy; he felt it very hard that this man, living in an owl's roost on a barren moor, should have had ancestors who were nobles and soldiers in the great Castilian conquest, while he, a viscount and a millionaire, could not even tell who his fathers were at that era, but knew they had been wool-carders, drawers, butterers, cordwainers, or something horrible and unmentionable!

"Out with Cortes!" echoed Vane. "Then we have a link in common, Sir Fulke. I have some Mexican trifles that one of our family, who was a friend of Velasquez de Leon, brought from the conquest. So a Vane and an Erceldoune fought side by side at Otumba and in the temple of Huitzitopotchli? We must be friends after such an augury!"

Erceldoune bowed in silence, neither accepting nor declining the proffered alliance.

The sunlight poured through the scarlet creepers round the oriel windows into the chamber, on to the red pile of the fruit in its glossy leaves, the rich-hued plumage of the dead birds where they were hastily flung down, the gold and antique plate that was in strange contrast with

the simplicity of the fare served on it; and on the dark, martial, Arab-like head of Fulke Erceldoune, where he sat with his great hounds crouched about him in attitudes for Landseer. He looked, on the whole, more to belong to those daring, dauntless, haughty, steel-clad Cavaliers of the Cross, who passed with Cortes through the dark belt of porphyry into the sunlit valley of the Venice of the West, than to the present unheroic, unadventurous, unmoved, and *nil admirari* age. Near him sat Victor Vane, a man not more than thirty years of age, rather under the middle size and slightly built, in his bearing easy and aristocratic, in features fair, and, although not by any means handsome, very attractive, with blue eyes that were always smiling with pleasant sunshine, fair hair of the lightest blonde that glanced like silk, and a mouth as delicate as a woman's, that would have made him almost effeminate but for the long tawny moustaches that shaded it. Yet, though the eyes had so much sunshine, they had a very keen under-glance; though the lips had so much sweetness, they had a smile that was very *fin*; and bright, open, insouciant as the whole face was, a physiognomist would have said that about the brow there was craft, in the eyes cruelty, and in the smile intrigue. Also, there was one singularity about it; his face, while very fair, was perfectly colourless, which lent to it the delicacy, but also the coldness, of marble.

As the two men sat together—host and guest—antagonism seemed more likely between them than alliance; and in such antagonism, if it arose, it would have been hard to say which would be the victor. In a fair and open fight, hand to hand, the blood of the Northern Country would be sure of conquest, and Erceldoune would gain it with the same ease and the same strength as that with which those in whose veins it had run before him had charged “through and through a stand of pikes,” and stood the shock of the English lances; but in a combat of finesse, in a duel of intrigue, where the hands were tied from a bold stroke, and all the intricate moves were made in the dark, it would be a thousand to one that the bright and delicate Southron stiletto would be too subtle for the straight stroke and dauntless chivalry of the stalwart Border steel.

The golden eagle was worth a million more than the ounce of lead that shot him down; but the moorland monarch was soaring straight on his way without dreaming of danger lying hidden beneath, and Science killed him, though in fair fight he had never died or surrendered, let the odds have been what they would. So it is, too, in human life.

As they sat at luncheon, the Duke relishing his venison and his Tokay with a heartiness that was contagious, a despatch was handed to Erceldoune by the single servant who lived in the King's Rest, and served him when he was there. The letter was sealed with the royal arms, and marked “On her Majesty's Service.” Its contents were but two lines:

“Sir Fulke Erceldoune on service immediately. Report to-morrow by 11 A.M. at F. O.”

“From the office, Erceldoune?” asked the Duke, as his host tossed the despatch aside.

“Yes. On service immediately. East Europe, I dare say.”

“Ah! Mr. Johnnie Russell brewing more mischief with his confounded

pedagogue's pettifogging, I will bet!" cried his Grace. (The Foreign Secretary was his pet political foe.) "When are you ordered?"

"To-morrow. I shall take the night express, so I shall not need to leave here till midnight," answered Erceldoune, to set at rest any fears his guests might feel that they detained him. "I wish they had sent Buller or Phil Vaughan; I wanted a month more of the deer and the blackcock; but I must console myself with the big game in Wallachia, if I can find time."

"You serve her Majesty?" inquired Vane, who knew it well enough, as he knew all the state messengers in Europe.

"The F. O., rather," laughed Erceldoune. "Salaried to keep in saddle! Paid to post up and down the world with a state bag honoured with Havannahs, and a despatch-box marked 'Immediate,' and filled with char, chocolate, or caviare!"

"Come, come, Erceldoune, that's too bad!" laughed the Duke.

"Not a whit, sir! I went out to New York last year with royal bags imposing enough to contain the freedom of Canada, or instructions to open an American war, but which had nothing in the world in them save a dinner-service for his Excellency, and some French novels and Paris perfumes for the First Secretary."

The Duke laughed:

"Well, that will hardly be the case now. Matters are getting very serious eastward; everywhere over there the people are ripe for revolt; I expect Venetia, and Galicia, and Croatia, and all the rest of them, are meditating a rising together. I happen to know those bags you take out will contain very important declarations from us; the cabinet intend to send Sir Henry instructions to invite Turkey, command her rather, to——"

"My dear Duke, it is not for me to know *what* I take out; it is sufficient that I deliver it safely," laughed Erceldoune, to check the outpourings of his Grace's garrulous tongue. "I am no politician and diplomatist, as you know well. I prefer hard riding to soft lying in either sense of the word."

"Wish everybody else did!" said the Duke. "If men would keep to their own concerns and live as they ought, with plenty of sport and fresh air, everything would go smoothly enough. There'd be no marring or meddling then; as for Russell, he's just what Clarendon says of Bristol: 'For puzzling and spoiling a thing, there was never his equal.' If the despatches you will carry to Moldavia don't embroil Europe, it won't be his fault, but there'll be sure to be a postscript to 'em all, meaning, 'N.B. In no case will *we* fight!'"

Erceldoune laughed:

"Who is severe now, Duke? On my honour, you will make me feel as if I were Discord incarnate flying over Europe with her firebrand. I never took so poetic a side of the service before."

He strove to arrest the reckless course of the Duke's incautious revelations of the intentions in "high places," but it was useless. Glencairne was off on the Foreign Office ill deeds, and no power could have stopped him; no power did until he had fairly talked himself hoarse, when he drank a deep glass of claret, and rose, with reiterated thanks for his impromptu entertainment as sincere as they were voluble, and with

cordial invitation to his castle of Benithmar, that stately pile upon the Clyde.

"And I hope you will allow me also to return your hospitalities in kind," said Vane, with his brightest smile. "Since you have the mania of *pérégrinomanie*, as Guy Patin calls it, and are always going up and down Europe, you must pass continually through Paris. I can only hope, both there and in Naples, you will very soon allow me the pleasure of showing you how much I hold myself the debtor both for the hospitality of to-day, and the acquaintance to which it has been so fortunate for me as to lead."

Erceldoune bent his head, and thanked him courteously but briefly—he had no love for honeyed speeches—and offered them, as a modern substitute for the stirrup-cup, some cigars of purest flavour, brought over by himself from the West Indies.

"How does Victor Vane come in your Grace's society?" he asked the Duke, as he accompanied them across his own moor to put them *en route* for Lord Fitzallayne's, Vane and Polemore having fallen slightly behind them.

"How? Eh? Why—I don't know—because he's staying at Fitz's, to be sure."

Erceldoune raised his eyebrows:

"Staying there!"

"Yes. Fitz swears by him, and all the women are in love with him, though he's a pale, insignificant face, to my thinking. What do you know of him? Anything against him—eh?"

"Sufficiently *about* him to advise you, if you will allow me, not to let him glean from you the private intentions and correspondence of the ministry, or any instructions they may have given their representatives abroad. Only talk to him on such matters generally; say no more to him than what the public knows."

"What? Ah! indeed. I apprehend you. I thank you, sir—I thank you," said his Grace, hurriedly, conscious that he had been somewhat indiscreet, but curious as any old gossip in a Brétonne *filerie* or at an English tea-table. "But he stands very well; he comes of good blood, I think. He is a gentleman; you meet him at the best Courts abroad."

"Possibly."

"Then what the deuce is there against him?"

"I am not aware that I said there was anything. Simply, I know his character; I know he is an adventurer—a political adventurer—associated with the ultra parties in Italy and Hungary. I do not think his social status is anything very remarkable, and I repeat my advice: do not take him into political confidence."

"If the man can't be trusted, the man's a blackguard!" broke in his Grace.

Erceldoune smiled:

"My dear Duke! *la haute politique* will not admit of such simplifications. A man may be a great man, a great minister, a great patriot, but all the same he may be—politically speaking—a great cheat! Indeed, is there a statesman who is not one?"

"True, true—uncomfortably true," growled his Grace; "but of Victor Vane—what's there against him? What do you know—what would you imply?"

"I 'imply' nothing; it is the most cowardly word in the language. I know very little, and that little I have said to place your Grace on your guard; and it is no secret; Mr. Vane is well known abroad to be the determinate foe of Austria, and to be widely involved in political intrigues. Of his career I know no further; and of what I have said he is welcome to hear every word," said Erceldoune, with a dash of decision and impatience, while he paused and pointed to a road running round a bend of grey heather-covered rock beside a brown and rapid moor stream, which would lead them by a short cut across the fells homewards.

There they parted in the bright warm August afternoon, as the sun began to sink towards the westward; his guests soon lost to sight behind the wild woodland growth of the half savage glen, while the last of the Border lords turned backward to his solitary and ruined homestead, sweeping over the heather with the easy swinging step of the bred mountaineer, followed by his brace of staghounds and two Gordon setters.

The sun was shining full on the King's Rest as he returned, and he leaned over the low gate of the stable entrance, looking at the ivy-hidden ruins, which were all which remained to him of the possessions of a race that had once been as great as the Hamilton, the Douglas, or the Grème, and of which an empty title alone was left him, as though to make his poverty and its decay more marked. These did not often weigh on him; he cared little for riches, or for what they brought; and in the adventure and the vigour of a stirring wandering life there were a richness of colouring and a fulness of sensation which, together with a certain grand simplicity that was natural to himself, prevented the pale hues and narrowed lines of impoverished fortunes from having place or note. But now the Duke's words had recalled them; and he looked at the King's Rest with more of melancholy than his dauntless and virile nature often knew. There, over the lofty gateway, where the banner of a great feudal line had floated, the scarlet leaves of the Virginian parasite alone were given to the wind. In the moat, where on many a summer night the night riders had thundered over the bridge to scour hill and dale with the Warden of the Marches, there were now but the hoot of the heron, the nests of the water-rat, and the thick growth of sedges and water-lilies. In the chambers where James IV. had feasted, and Mary Stuart rested, and Charles Edward found his loyal friends and safest refuge, the blue sky shone through the open rafters, and the tattered tapestry trembled on the walls, and the fox and the bat made their coverts; the grand entrance, the massive bastions, the stately towers which had been there when the bold Border chieftains rode out to join the marching of the clans, had vanished like the glories of Alnaschar's dream; all that remained to tell their place a mound of lichen-covered ruin, with the feathery grasses waving in the breeze;—it was the funeral pile of a dead race.

And the last of their blood, the last of their title, stood looking at it in the light of the setting sun with a pang at his heart.

"Well! better so than built up with dishonoured gold! The power and the pomp are gone, but the name at least is stainless," thought Fulke Erceldoune, as he looked away from the dark and shattered ruins of his heritage, across the moorland, golden with its gorse, and towards the free and sunlit distance of the seas, stretching far and wide.

## CHAPTER II.

## HAYING BROKEN HIS BREAD.

"WHAT did you think of that man?" said Lord Polemore to Victor Vane that evening over his coffee in the drawing-rooms, out of the Duke's hearing.

"Think of him? think of him? Well!—I think he will die a violent death."

"Good gracious!" said the peer, with a little shiver. "Why?"

"I never analyse!" laughed Victor, softly. "I think so,—because I think so. He will get shot in a duel, perhaps, for saying some barbaric truth or other in the teeth of policy."

"Who's that you are prophesying for with such charmingly horrible romance?" asked a very pretty woman.

"Fellow we met on the moor," answered Polemore. "Queer fellow! Beggar, you know,—holes in the carpets, rats in the rooms,—and yet, on my honour, Venice goblets and Mexican gold! Absurd!"

"What! a beggar with holes in his coat and rats in his pockets with Venice glass and Mexican ingots! *Quel galimatias!*" cried the beautiful blonde, who had been listening languidly.

"No, no! Not *that* sort of beggar, you know," interposed the peer. "Man that lives in a lot of ruins. Messenger fellow—lunched with him to-day. Wretched place; only fit for bats; no household, no cook, no anything; odious dungeon! And yet, on my word, if the fellow isn't ridiculous enough to serve up his dry bread on gold salvers, and pour his small beer into Cinque Cento glasses!"

"Come, come! we had very fair wine considering it was a Barmecide's feast," laughed Vane.

"Height of absurdity, you know!" went on Polemore, waxing almost eloquent under the spurs of the twinges of envy he had felt while at luncheon. "Fancy, Lady Augusta! here's a man, nothing but a courier, he says himself, always racing up and down Europe with bags; so hard up that he has to shoot for himself everything that he eats, and living in a wretched rathole I wouldn't turn a dog into; keeps gold and silver things fit for a prince, and tells you bombastical stories about his ancestors having been caciques of Mexico! For my part, I don't doubt he stole them all!"

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" laughed Victor Vane. "*Ben trovato*, Polemore! And what is much more, Lady Augusta, this Border savage wears deer-skins in the rough, 'lifts' cattle when the moon's dark, and has a fricassee of young children boiling in a caldron. Quite à l'antique, you see!"

"But who is the creature?" asked Lady Augusta, a little bewildered, a little interested, and a good deal amused.

"Oh—let me see—ah! he calls himself Fulke Erceldoune," said Polemore, with an air of never having seen the title in Burke, and of having strong reasons for believing it a false one.

A man standing near, a colonel of the Guards, turned at the name.

"Fulke Erceldoune? You are talking of Erceldoune? Best fellow in

the world, and has the handsomest strain of black-tan Gordon setters, bred on the Regent and Rake cross, going anywhere."

"Oh—ah—do you know him, then?" murmured Polemore, a little discomfited.

"Rather! First steeple-chaser in the two countries; tremendous pots always on him. Know him!—ask the Shire men! Saved my life, by the way, last year—fished me out of the Gulf of Spezzia, when I was all but spent; awful tempest at the time; very nearly drowned himself. Is he here, do you say?"

"He's at that wretched rathole of his," grumbled Polemore, sorely in wrath.

"King's Rest? By George—didn't know that! Go and see him to-morrow."

"What remarkably conflicting statements!" murmured Lady Augusta, with languid amusement. "A beggar and a savage!—a preux chevalier and a paladin of chivalry! Singular combination this—what is it?—Fulke Erceuldoune."

"Nay," laughed Vane, "it was a combination common enough in the old days of chivalry, and our friend seems to me better suited to the Cinque Cento than the present century. Just the sort of man to have been a Knight Templar with Cœur de Lion, or an adventurer with Pizarro, with no capital and no credit but his Toledo blade."

"Trash!" said the Guardsman, with impatient disdain that absolutely almost roused him into energy. "Erceuldoune is a splendid fellow, Lady Augusta. I only wish you could see him ride to hounds. In saddle; in sport; on a yacht deck in a storm; with any big game you like—pigs, bisons, tigers; swimming in the Turkish waters in mid-winter; potting lions with the Kabyles and the Zouaves—put him where you will, he's never at a loss, never beaten, and can do more than twenty men put together. Dash and science, you know; when you get the two together they always win. As for money—all the good old names are impoverished now, and it's the traders only who have any gilding."

With which fling at Polemore—whose fathers were of the Cottonocracy—the Guardsman, something disgusted at having been entrapped into such a near approach to anything like interest and excitement, turned away, and began to murmur pretty nothings, in the silkiest and sleepest of tones, into the ear of a Parisian marquise.

"Extreme readiness to break your neck, and extreme aptitude for animal slaughter, always appear to be the English criterion of your capabilities and your cardinal virtues," murmured Vane, with his low, light laugh, while Polemore, sulkily aggrieved, muttered to himself:

"Man that's a beggar to keep Mexican things, and have his bare bones served up on gold dishes—ridiculous, preposterous! If he's so poor he must be in debt, and if he's in debt he ought to sell them, out of common honesty. Cheats his creditors—clearly cheats his creditors!"

And so—having broken his bread and eaten his salt—they talked of him: there are a few rude nomad Arab virtues that have died out with civilisation; and the Shiekh will keep faith with you and return your hospitalities better than Society.

That evening, a Dalmatian, who was the body-servant of Victor Vane,

a very polished, Paris-trained, and confidentially useful person, rode over to the little station nearest Lord Fitzallayne's, and sent a telegram, which he read from a slip of paper, and which was headed: "From Victor Vane, Esq., Glenmure, N.B., to the Count Conrad Constantine Phaulcon, Rue de la Paix, 122, *bis*, Paris." It ran thus, save that it was in a polyglot jumble of languages that would have defied any translation without a key:

"The Border Eagle flies eastward. Clip the last feather of the wing. Only La Picciola. Finesse or Smooth Bores, *à plaisir*. Take no steps till beyond the King's. Then make sure, even if—— White coats in full muster; Crescent horns up; Perfide, as usual, brags but won't draw. N.B. The Eagle will give you beak and talons."

Which, simply translated, meant—

"Sir Fulke Erceldoune, Queen's Courier, will take the F. O. bags into the Principalities. Relieve him of the last despatches he has with him. We only want the smallest bag. I leave you to choose how to manage this; either with a successful intrigue or a sure rifle-shot. Do not stop him till he is beyond Turin. Secure the papers, even if you have to take his life to get them. The Austrians are in strong force in Galicia; matters in Turkey are against us; England, as usual, bullies, but will not be drawn into a war. N.B. This Erceldoune will give you trouble, and fight hard."

And being translated by the recipient in all its intricacies of implication and command, would mean far more.

The tired telegraph clerk, who yawned and did nothing all day long in the little out-of-the-world Border station, save when he sent a message for the lodge to town, rubbed his heavy eyes, stared, told off the jumbled Babel of phrases with bewildered brain, and would barely have telegraphed them all in due order and alphabet but for the dexterous care of the Dalmatian.

While the message was being spelled out, the night-express dashed into the station, with red lamps gleaming through the late moonless night, and its white steam cloud flung far out on the gloom, flashing on its way from Edinburgh across the Border land,—a tall man, dressed in a dark loose coat of soft Canadian furs, with a great cheroot in his mouth, ran up the station stairs, and threw down his gold:

"First class to town;—all right?"

He took his ticket, flung open a door of an unoccupied carriage, and threw himself into a seat with the rapidity of a man used never to idle time and never to be kept waiting by others, and the express, with a clash and a clang, darted out into the darkness, plunging down into the gloom as into the yawning mouth of Avernus, its track faintly told by the wraith-like smoke of the wreathing steam and the scarlet gleam of the signal-lamps.

The Dalmatian had looked after him with some curiosity:

"Who is that?" he asked the clerk.

"Sir Fulke Erceldoune, of the King's Rest. He's a Queen's messenger, you know, always rushing about at unearthly times, like a wandering Jew. I say, what the dickens is that word; Arabic, ain't it?"

The Dalmatian, with a smile, looked after the train, then turned and spelt out the words till all had been told off, and passed onward on their way.



"That's Mr. Victor Vane's valet; the fair chap, who brought as many traps as a woman;—such gibberish, too! If that ain't a rum start somehow or other, I'm a Dutchman," thought the telegraphist, with a yawn, returning to his dog-eared green-covered shilling novel, relating the pungent adventures of a soiled dove of St. John's Wood, and showing beyond all doubt—if anybody ever doubted it yet—that virtue, after starving on three-halfpence a shirt, will be rewarded with pneumonia and the parish shell, while vice eats her truffles, drinks her Côte wines, and retires with superb toilettes, and a competence, to turn repentant and respectable at leisure. Meanwhile, the night-express rushed on through silent hills and sleeping hamlets, over dark water-pools and through bright gaslit cities, while above head the electric message flashed, out-stripping steam, and flying, like a courier of the air, towards France before Fulke Erceldoune.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE REQUIEM OF A CRYSTALLISED VIOLET.

WITH noon on the morrow the best-known messenger in the service reported himself at the Foreign Office, received despatches for Paris, Turin, and Jassy, and started with the F. O. bags as usual express, talking with some men of the 11th Hussars, as they rattled down to Folkestone, of shootings that were to let, of stud greyhounds, of screw yachts, of a great case of "welshing" just notorious at the ducal meeting, of quagga and rhinoceros hunting in the Zambesi, of salmon leaps in Highland and American waters, of a great sale of weight-carriers, of the promises of punt shooting in the Solent, of the dogs to be entered for that year's Coquetdale, and similar topics of the coming autumn.

Had any prophet told him, that as he lay back in the mail-train, idly talking of these things, with a curled silver Eastern pipe coming out of his sweeping moustaches, and papers of critical European import in the white bags lying at his feet, Chance was drifting him at its wanton caprice as idly and as waywardly as the feathery smoke it floated down on the wind, Erceldoune would have contemptuously denied that Chance could ever affect a life justly balanced and rightly held in rein. He would have said Chance was a deity for women, fatalists, and fools; a *Fetish* worshipped by the blind. The Border chiefs of the King's Rest had believed in the might of a strong arm and in the justice cleft by a long two-edged sword, and left weaklings to bow to Hazard:—and the spirit of their creed was still his.

Yet he might have read a lesson from the death of the moorland eagle;—one chance shot from the barrel hid in the heather, and power, strength, liberty, keen sight, and lordly sovereignty of solitude were over, and the king-bird reeled and fell!

But to draw the parable would not have been at all like his vigorous nature;—a state courier has not much habitude or taste for Oriental metaphors and highly-spiced romances, and he had too much of the soldier, the Shikari, the man of the world, and the Arab ascetic combined in him to leave him anything whatever of the poet or the dreamer. Men of action may have grave, but they never have visionary thoughts,

and life with Erceldoune was too gallant, strong, and rapid a stream—ever in incessant motion, though calm enough, as deep waters mostly are—to leave him leisure or inclination to loiter lingeringly or dreamily upon its banks. Reflection was habitual, imagination was alien to him.

By midnight the Queen's messenger reached Paris, and left his despatches at the English Embassy; there was no intense pressure of haste to get Turin-wards so long as he was in the far Eastern Principalities by the Friday, and he waited for the early mail train to the South, instead of taking a special one, as he would otherwise have done, to get across the Alps. If a few hours were left under his own control in a city, Erceldoune never slept them away; he slept in a railway carriage, a travelling carriage, on deck, in a desert, on a raft rushing down some broad river that made the only highway through Bulgarian or Roumelian forests—anywhere where novelty, discomfort, exposure, or danger would have been likely to banish sleep from most men, but in a city he neglected it with an independence of that necessity of life which is characteristic of the present day, and would horrify Sancho Panza. There is a café, whether in the Rue Lafitte, Rivoli, Castiglione, or La Paix, matters not, which I will call the Café Minuit; here, in the great gilded salon, with its innumerable mirrors and consoles and little oval tables if you be alone, or in the petits cabinets, with their rosewood and gilding and green velvet and rose satin if there be a bouquet to be tossed down beside you on the marble slab, and the long eyes of a Laure or Aglæe to flash over the *carte* and sparkle over the wines, while a pretty painted fan taps an impatient rataplan or gives you a soft *souffletade*, you will find after midnight—they don't come much before—a choice but heterogeneous gathering of habitués. Secretaries of all the legations, Queen's messengers, Charivari writers, Eastern travellers, great feuilletonists, great artists, princes if they have any wit beneath their purples (and this is not as unknown on the other side of the Channel as it is on this), authors of any or all nations—all, in a word, that is raciest, wittiest, and, in their own sense, most select in Paris, are to be met with at the Café Minuit, if you be of the initiated. If you be not, you may enter the café of course, since it is open to all the world, and sup there off what *macédoines* and *purées* you will, but you will still remain virtually outside it.

Erceldoune was well known there; it is in such republics only that a man is welcomed for what he is, and what he has done, not for what he is worth. He was as renowned in Paris because he was so utterly unlike the Parisians, as he was renowned in the East because he so closely resembled the Arabs; and he entered the Café Minuit for the few hours which lay between his arrival at the embassy and his departure for Turin.

None of his own special set had dropped in just then; the *début* of a new dancer, and a great reception at the Spanish Ambassador's, were dividing Paris that night, and the café had not yet filled. As he sat at his accustomed table, glancing through *Galignani*, eating Julienne soup, and drinking his *Crème de Bouzy*, with the light from the gaselier above shed full on his face—a face better in unison with drooping desert-palms, and a gleaming stand of rifles, and the dusky glow of a deep sunset on Niger or on Nile, for its setting and background, than with the gilt

arabesques and florid hues and white gaslight of a French café—a new comer, who had entered shortly afterwards and seated himself at the same table, addressed him on some topic of the hour, and pushed him an open case of some dainty scented cigarettes.

Erceldoune courteously declined them; he always smoked his own Turkish tobacco, and would as soon have used Bulli's cosmetiques as a woman's perfumed cigars; and, answering the remark, went on with his Julienne while he looked at the speaker. He was accustomed to read men thoroughly and rapidly, even if they carried their passports in cipher. What he saw opposite him was a magnificently made man, with a face of most picturesque and brilliant beauty of a purely foreign type, with the eyes long, dark, and melting, and features perfectly cut as any cameo's. He might have sat to a painter for Lamoral d'Egmont, or for one of Fra Moreale's reckless, nobly-born Free Lances, and might have passed for five-and-thirty at the most, till you looked closely at the lines in the rich reckless beauty, and caught a certain look in the lustrous half-veiled eyes; and then you would have given him, justly, fifteen full years more.

Erceldoune gave him one glance, and though there was little doubt about his type and his order, he had known men of both by the hundreds.

"Paris is rather empty, monsieur? Sapristi! The asphalté in August would be too much for a salamander," pursued the stranger over his Bouillabaisse; he spoke excellent French, with a mellifluous Southern accent not of France.

Erceldoune assented. Like all travellers or men used to the world he liked a stranger full as well as a friend for a companion, perhaps rather the better; but he was naturally silent, and seldom spoke much, save when strongly moved or much prepossessed by those whom he conversed with: then he would be eloquent enough, but that was rare.

"Thousands come to Paris this time of the year, but only to pass through it *en route*, as I dare say you are doing yourself, monsieur?" went on the Greek, if such he were, as Erceldoune judged him by the long almond eyes and the perfect features worthy of Phidias's chisel, rarely seen without some Athenian, Ionian, or Thessalian blood.

"For the season the city is tolerably full; travellers keep it so, as you say," answered Erceldoune, who was never to be entrapped into talking of himself.

"It is a great mistake for people to travel in flocks, like swallows and sheep," said his vivacious neighbour, whose manners were very careless, graceful, and thoroughly polished, if they had a dash of the Bohemian, the Adventurer, and the Free Lance. "A terrible mistake! Overcrowds the inns, the steamers, and the railway carriages; thins the soups, doubles the price of wines, and teaches guides to look on themselves as *de luxe*, to be paid for accordingly; makes a Nile sunset ridiculous by being witnessed by a mob; and turns Luxor and Jupiter Ammon into dust and prose by having a tribe of donkeys and dragomen rattled over their stones! A fearful mistake. If you are social and gregarious, stay in a city; but if you are speculative and Ishmaelesque, travel in solitude. Eh, monsieur?"

"If you can find it. But you have to travel far to get into solitudes

in these days. Have you seen this evening's *Times*?" answered Erceldoune.

"A thousand thanks!" said the other, as he looked down the telegrams. "Wonderful thing, your *Times*! Does the work in England that secret police do in Vienna, bayonets do here, and confetti to the populace, and gallies to the patriots, do in Rome."

"Scarcely! The *Times* would rather say it prevents England's having need of any of those continental arguments," said Erceldoune, with a smile, as he tossed the brandy into his coffee.

The Southern laughed, as from under his silky lashes he flashed a swift glance at the Queen's messenger. He would have preferred it if there had been less decision and command about the dark haughty *tête de soldat*, and less power in the length of limb, the superb sinew, and the supple wrist, as it lay resting on the marble slab of the café.

"Basta! Governments should give the people plenty to eat and plenty to laugh at; they would never be troubled with émeutes then, or hear anything more about 'liberty!' A sleek, well-fed, happy fellow never turned patriot yet; he who takes a dagger for his country only takes it because he has no loaf of bread to cut with it, or feels inclined to slit his own throat!"

"A sound policy, and a very simple one."

"All sound things are simple, monsieur! It is the sham and rotten ones that want an intricate scaffolding to keep them from falling; the perfect arch stands without girders. 'Panem et Circenses' will always be the first article of good governments; when the people are in good humour they never seethe into malcontents."

"Then I suppose you would hold that cheap provisions and low taxes would quiet this insurrectionary stir in Southern Europe, and let us hear no more of 'nationalities?'" said Erceldoune, as he drank off his demi-tasse. His companion was piquant in his discourse and polished in his style, but he did not particularly admire him; and when he did not admire people, he had a way of holding them at arm's length.

"'Nationalities?' Ridiculous prejudices! Myths that would die to-morrow, only ministers like to keep a handy reason on the shelf to make a raid on their neighbour, or steal an inch or two of frontier when the spirit moves them," laughed the other, and his laugh was a soft silvery chime, pleasant to the ear as a woman's. "Pooh! a man's nationalities are where he gets the best wage and the cheapest meat, specially in these prosaic profoundly-practical times, when there is no chivalry, no dash, no colour; when the common-place thrives; when we turn Egyptian mummies into railway fuel, and find Pharaoh's dust make a roaring fire; when we turn crocuses into veratrin for our sore-throats, and violets into *confitures* for our eating! A detestable age, truly! Fancy the barbarism of crystallising and crunching a violet! The flower of Clémence Isaure, and all the poets after her, condemned to the degradation of becoming a bonbon! Can anything be more typical of the prosaic atrocity of this age? Impossible!"

"With such acute feelings, you must find the *menu du diner* excessively restricted. With so much sympathy for a violet, what must be your philanthropy for a pheasant!" said Erceldoune, quietly, who was not

disposed to pursue the Monody of a Violet in the Café Minuit, though the man to a certain extent amused him.

At that moment the foreigner rose a little hastily, left his ice-cream unfinished, and, with a gay, graceful adieu, went out of the salon, which was now filling as the habitués flocked in from the Opéra. "A handsome fellow, and talks well," thought Erceldoune, wringing the rich amber Moselle from his long moustaches, when he was left alone at the marble table in the heat, and light, and movement of the glittering café. "I know the Fraternity well enough, and he is one of the best of the members, I dare say. He did not waste much of his science on me; he saw it would be profitless work. On my word, the wit and ability and good manners those fellows fritter away in their order would make them invaluable in a Chancellerie, and fit them for any State office in the world."

The First Secretary of the English Legation and a French diplomatist entered and claimed his attention at that instant, and he gave no more thought to the champion of the crystallised violets, whom, justly or wrongly as it might chance, he had classed with the renowned Legion of Chevaliers d'Industrie, and whose somewhat abrupt departure he had attributed either to his own lack of promise as a plausible subject for experimentalising upon, or to the appearance in the café of some *mouchard* of the Bureau Secret, whom the vivacious bewailer of the fate of sugared violets in this Age of Prose did not care to encounter.

Erceldoune thought no more of him then and thenceforward: he would have thought more had the mirrors of the Café Minuit been Paracelsus' or Agrippa's mirrors of Grammar, and he had seen foreshadowed in their gaslit glass, where they would again meet, how they would again part.

The long console-glass, with its curled gas-branches and its rose-hued draperies, and its reflex of the gilding, the glitter, the silver, the damask, the fruit, the wines, and the crowds of the Paris café, would have been darkened with night-shadows and deep forest foliage, and the tumult of close struggles for life or death, and the twilight hush of cloistered aisles, and the rich glow of Eastern waters, and the silent gloom of ancient God-forgotten cities; and, from out the waving, shadowy, changing darkness of all, there would have looked a woman's face with fathomless, luminous eyes, and lustrous hair with a golden light upon it, and a strange smile of sadness on the lips—the face of a Temptress or of an Angel?

But the mirror had no Magic of the Future; the glass reflected nothing save the gas-jets of the rusty sconces, and Fulke Erceldoune sat there in Paris that night, drinking his iced Rhine wines, and smoking his curled Arabian meerschaum, knowing nothing of what lay before him, like the rest of us, blind wanderers in the twilight, travellers in strange countries, as we are at best in life.

"Salaried to keep in saddle! Paid to post up and down Europe!" he had said, with a certain disdain, for Erceldoune at eight-and-thirty was nothing more or less than a Queen's messenger; a State courier, bound to serve at a State summons; holding himself in readiness for Russia or Teheran, for ice-fields or sun-scorching tropics, for the swamps of Mexico or the rose plains of Persia, at a second's notice. But he suited his life, and his life him, strikingly well for all that; for he was

a keen sportsman, and the first rider in Europe, was equally at his ease in an Arab camp and a Paris café, in a Polish snow-storm, with the wolves baying in wrath and famine about the sleigh, and in the chancellerie of a British plenipotentiary, with the wits, the bores, the *gaudins*, and the epigrammatists of its paid and unpaid Dips; and had an iron constitution, a frame steeled to all changes of climate or inroads of fatigue, and that coolness under close peril, and utter indifference to personal indulgence, which made him renowned in the messenger service, and as at home in the Desert as a Sheikh. Indeed, the Desert-life could not have been sterner, and freer, and simpler than that which Erceldoune had led from his boyhood, partly from nature, partly from habit; and his character had gained by it the inflexible strength of his physical sinew; he had as much of the Desert chief in him as he had of the man of the world.

His father—Regency Erceldoune, as he was called, from his alliance with “the mad Prince and Poynings”—had been a gambler, a *roué*, a *débauché*, and a drunkard, though a gentleman, confound him, with it all. Such orgies as George Rex had at the Cross Deep, his friend and favourite had at King’s Rest, mad, witty, riotous, and shameless as the worst days of lascivious Rome. Lands and money went in them till there were neither left; and his son, brought to them and taught them, while he was nothing but a child, had sickened of the vice in which he was steeped as thoroughly as, had he been brought up by precisians, he would have craved and loved it. He saw men levelled with brutes, and made far more bestial than the beasts; and his proud nature reared itself out of the slough, and refused the slavery of sensuality. If he were too early contaminated, he was all the earlier revolted. Nine out of ten it would have wrecked, Fulke Erceldoune it made haughtily and contemptuously ascetic.

When he was twenty-two his father died; and he was left the last Master of King’s Rest (by the old title long dropped in desuetude), with some miles of moorland and a beggared fortune, not a single relative, and not a chance of a career. A certain wild and witty peer, who had been prominent in the orgies of the *Chartreuse*—saying nothing to him, for the Erceldoune blood was famous for a lofty and stoical pride, which perished rather than bend—got him offered a messengership; and his first rencontre with officials at the Foreign Office was characteristic, and had not a little influence on his career. In the Board-room, at the hour he was being received by these sleepy and solemn personages the Heads of a department, there lounged in a certain minister, as celebrated for his cheery and facetious humour as for his successful and indomitable statesmanship; for his off-hand good nature as for his foreign policies. The Heads bowed submissive before my lord; my lord, with a bit of verbena in his mouth and a white hat stuck over his eyes, gave his rapid, lucid orders, and, as he was lounging out again, put up his eye-glass at Erceldoune.

“Messengership? We’ve too many messengers already,” he said, cutting in two the reply of the Board to his interrogation. “Only ride over one another’s way, and lose half the bags among them. Who are you, sir?”

“Fulke Erceldoune,” said the Border lord, with no birthright but some

barren acres of heather, returning the great Minister's stare as calmly and as haughtily; insolence he would not have brooked from an emperor.

"Erceldoune! God bless my soul, your father and I were like brothers once," said his lordship, breaking off his sharp autocratic cross-examination for his *sans façon* good-hearted familiarity of tone, most usual and congenial with him. "Not a very holy fraternity either! Monks of Medmenham! Who sent you up for a messengership? Lord Longbourn? Ah! very happy to appoint you. Go in for your examination as soon as you like."

"I thank you, my lord, no. You have said, 'You have too many messengers already.'"

The minister stared a minute, and then laughed.

"Pooh, pooh! Never mind what I said! If you're like what your father was, you won't complain of a sinecure."

The boy-master of King's Rest bowed to the cabinet councillor with a grand and high-bred courtesy, and a hauteur *de puissance à puissance*, though the one had not a sou, and the other had the Garter.

"I am *not* what he was, Lord Lessington; and I do not take money from the State, if the State do not need my services. I did not come here to seek a pension!"

The great statesman stared at him a second with a blank amazement; his condescension had never met with such a rebuff and such a scruple in all his length of years and of office. The grave and reverend Heads that bent to the earth in docility and servility before the First Lord of the Treasury, gazed at the offender with such horror of reprobation as the members of the Inquisition might have bestowed on a blasphemer who had reviled the Host and rebelled against the Holy See. The beggared Border chief stood his ground calmly and indifferently; he had said simply what he meant, and, in the pride of his youth and his ruin, he was grandly careless whether he had closed the door of every career upon himself, and condemned himself to starve for life on his profitless acres of tarn and gorge.

Lessington looked at him, with his bit of verbena in his teeth, and his keen blue eyes reading the boy through and through; then a rich humour lighted up their glittering azure light, and he laughed aloud—a mellow, ringing, Irish mirth, that startled all the drowsy echoes and pompous stillness of Downing-street.

"You hit hard and straight, my young Sir Fulke? Very dangerous habit, sir, and very expensive; get rid of it! Go before the commissioners to-morrow, and pass your examination. I'll give you an attaché-ship, if you like it better, but I don't think you'll do for diplomacy! I shall see you again. Good day to you."

The minister nodded, and left the Board-room with as much dash and lightness in his step when he ran down stairs, as if he were still a Harrow boy; and, in that two minutes' interview in the Foreign Office, Erceldoune had made a friend for life in one who—if he had a short political memory, and took up policies, or treaties, and dropped them again with a charming facility and inconstancy, as occasion needed—was the greatest leader the country owned, and was as loyal to his personal friendships as he was staunch to his personal promises.

True to his word, he gave Fulke Erceldoune his choice of an attaché-ship, a messengership, a commission in the Guards, or one of those fashionable and cozy appointments in Downing-street where younger sons and patrician protégés yawn, make their Ascot books, discuss the points of demi-reps and rosières, circulate the last mot going round the town, manufacture new and sublimated liqueur recipes, and play at baccarat or chicken hazard in the public service. Erceldoune took the messengership; from a motive which strongly coloured his character and career even then, a proud and ascetic honour.

His father, deep in a morass of embarrassments, had lived like a prince of the blood; his son had taken, in sheer revulsion, an utter abhorrence of all debt. He had been steeped in dissolute vices and lawless principles from his earliest years; he grew up in a Spartan's disdain of them, and the mere wildness of men of his own years looked childish, and was without charm, beside the orgies through which he had passed his novitiate while yet in his youngest boyhood. He had seen men of richest wit, highest powers, brightest talents, noblest blood, suddenly disappear into darkness and oblivion, to drag on an outlawed life in some wretched continental town, through that deadly curse of usury, which had given their heritage to the Hebrews, and let them glitter leaders of fashion for a decade, only to seize their lives more surely at the last; and he had sworn never to give his own life over to the keeping of that vampire which lulls us into an opium-like dream for one short hour, to drain our best blood drop by drop with its brute fangs and its insatiate thirst. Had he gone into the Guards, where his own wishes would have led him, or had he taken one of the diplomatic or civil service fashionable appointments offered him, the circles into which he would have been thrown must have flung him into debt, and into every temptation to it, however he might have resisted: he must have lived as those about him lived; the mere bare necessities of his position would have entailed embarrassments from which the haughty liberty of his nature revolted as from a galley-slave's fetters. In Erceldoune's creed a landless gentleman is worthy of his blood so long as he is free—no longer.

Therefore he entered the messenger service; and, on the whole, the life suited him as well as any, save a soldier's, could have done; the constant travel, the hard riding, the frequent peril, the life of cities alternating with the life of adventure—these were to his taste. And while in the capitals of Europe there was not a woman who could beguile, or a man who could fool, Fulke Erceldoune, the Arabs of the deserts welcomed as one of themselves the Frank, who rode as they rode, without heeding the scorch of the brazen skies and sands; who could bring down a vulture on the wing whirling right betwixt his sight and the burning sun, a black speck on the yellow glare; who could live like themselves, if needs be, on a draught of water and a handful of maize or of dates, and who cared for no better bed than their desert solitudes, with his saddle beneath his head, and the lustrous Eastern stars shining above.

Love of liberty, and an inflexible honour, were wrought into the very fibres of his nature; while the chief characteristic of both mind and body with him was essentially *strength*; strength braced, both morally and physically, by habit and discipline; strength that was singularly calm in repose and irresistible as a lion's in action, and that made him



somewhat too disdainful and impatient of weaker and less masculine natures which fell below his own standard. Thus he was always unswervingly just, but he was not often lenient; he was generous as the winds, but he was severe in judgment, both on himself and others; his passions were hot and vehement, but they had been held down under a curb of steel; his temper was serene, and his anger very slow to rise, but, once awoke, it was unappeasable if woke by treachery. Frankness and good faith were so wholly part and share of his own nature, that their defalcation was unpardonable in his creed. Be his open foe in all honour and honesty, and no one would meet you more frankly, forgive you more freely, aid you, if need be, more magnanimously; but wrong him by a fraud, attempt to cheat him with a lie, abuse his confidence, or dream to dupe him, and Fulke Ereseldoune never pardoned you, never would, though you had perished in your death-gasp at his feet.

Love—in any sense of tenderness—he had never known from his boyhood upward; no human life had ever become necessary to his, or ever obtained the slightest sway over, or hold upon, his own; in this he was exceptionally fortunate. His character, it might be naturally, lacked softness, or else the softer element in it had never been touched and called into play, and his career had been one to harden the bronze and burnish the steel. What were dear to him were those profitless, useless, grand moorland wastes of heath and heron-creeks, of yellow gorse, and brown still pools, the sole relics of his barren Border heritage, and which self-denial and renunciation had kept free from claim or burden by creditor or Hebrew. What alone lay near his heart was the ancientness and honour of his name; which he had said justly was “stainless” as he had stood on the moorland in the late summer day, with the golden light on sea and land, and the purple heather of his native heaths stretching around him, while the wild west wind blew strong and free from the Cheviot Hills and over the Northern Ocean.

To keep it stainless he was destined to lay down more than life. Was it possible that, despite all sacrifice and all struggle, even that last heritage of Honour might be wrested from him? The golden eagle had not had less courage, less strength, less royalty of right in the hour in which it was struck down—yet the traitorous unseen shot had pierced and felled it.

At the least it was well the mirrors of the Café Minuit were no mirrors of Grammarye, to show the days that were unborn;—had they been, even the Border blood might have quailed, even the Border strength have refused the contest that was to come.

## A GAME OF ROMPS—WITH MY BOYS.

BY CHARLES KENT.

For it is good to be children sometimes.—*The Christmas Carol.*

TROOPING to my study,  
In the fire-glow ruddy  
Rolling by the fender,  
Tumbling down my books:  
Scaring student-labours  
More than pipes and tabors,  
Punch or kettle-mender,  
Philosophic looks!

Come four urchins rattling,  
Seeing who by battling,  
With victorious laughter,  
First shall climb my knee:  
Raunting, roaring, scrambling,  
Dancing, prancing, ambling,  
As though each a rafter  
Strove to rend with glee!

Little roguish varlet  
Clad in shoes of scarlet,  
Socks and frock the whitest,  
Blue sash, curls of gold—  
Canter, perched a-straddle,  
Slipper for a saddle,  
Thro' dark eyes—the brightest!—  
Shining joy untold.

Hither, chubby Charley!  
For one moment's parley;  
Cease thy merry clatter,  
Though but for a while—  
Ruffling yellow tresses  
Back from fond caresses,  
Loth to stop thy chatter  
Even to share a smile.

Sweet-eyed, laughing Willie,  
Loitering willy-nilly  
Near my arm-chair captured  
By a furtive hand!  
Sage of seven full summers,  
Wiseest of boy-mummers—  
When by fun enraptured  
Wildest of the band!

Rosy-warm from coddling,  
Baby-Henry toddling  
O'er the hearth-rug slowly,  
Dimpling hands outspread:  
Hither wee, wee blue shoes!  
Hither tottering two shoes!  
Soft rings—*aureole* holy!—  
Crowning thy fair head.

Hold! you elvish rascal!  
Leave my peerless Pascal:  
If you want an anvil  
Here to play at smith,  
Take some earthlier writer—  
Farther from a mitre—  
Take Voltaire or Mand'ville  
Thus to trifle with.

Hist! there, Mark, or may be  
You'll be choking Baby—  
Giving him for coral  
Choice of amber tips,  
Meerschchaum brown as berry,  
Glossy tube of cherry—  
Worse than sourest sorrel  
To those sugary lips!

O the joyous clatter!  
When, with cushions' batter,  
Curtain-cord and tassel,  
Some the sofa climb:  
Than the fire for warming  
Better far the storming  
Of our mimic castle,  
Captured time on time.

Now! who'll play Jack Horner?  
Romping Puss in Corner?  
Skittish Hunt the Slipper?  
Blundering Blindman's Buff?  
Wheel away the table,  
Madcaps fresh from Babel!  
Let each elfin tripper  
Find there's room enough.

Till the fire-glow ruddy  
Chequers all my study,  
Bookcase, floor, and ceiling,  
With a Shadow Dance!  
Filling gloom with brightness,  
Heaviest hearts with lightness,  
Liveliest laughter pealing  
As our games advance.

When tired out and flustered,  
Round my arm-chair clustered,  
Romps, no longer wrestling,  
Claim old tales of mirth—  
Smiling at our folly,  
Marianne with her Dolly,  
Near my footstool nestling,  
Crowns the glowing hearth.

## COTTON POSSIBILITIES.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## XXII.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

It was not until the year 1855 that Australia seems to have awoke to the fact, often enunciated by Doctor Laing and others, that she was essentially a cotton-growing country. New South Wales, the oldest of her colonies, was the first to open her ears to the assurance that cotton *might* be produced on the north-eastern shores of the continent; but even then she was not clear upon the point. The *Sydney Morning Herald* went no further than to admit that, "as regards soil, and the length and heat of our summers, we are in as favourable a position for the production of cotton as any country perhaps in the world; and in some favoured localities, in free open soil, where a moist subsoil prevails, cotton may be produced in abundance;" but, after all, it was doubted whether it would ever become a staple product simply on consideration of the climate, the subject of labour not even being alluded to. Now, however, it has been proved that New South Wales can produce cotton of the very finest quality, and it behoves us to inquire how far she can stand the competition of countries nearer home, and possessed of cheaper labour. Australians set their faces against Coolie labour—can they profitably grow cotton without it? Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the employment of women and children in the cotton-fields, we very much doubt whether the cultivation of cotton can ever be carried on in New South Wales on any large scale without the assistance of Coolies, bound by an agreement for a specified time. The gold-fields will always draw off all superabundant white and entirely free labour. If the colonists could reconcile themselves to the undoubted annoyance of Coolie importations, we have no doubt but that cotton would, in many districts now subject to rust and blight, supersede maize, and even wheat. We shall have to speak of Queensland hereafter, but the districts at present embraced within the limits of the colony which appear the best adapted for the growth of cotton, are the Manning River, Hastings, the Nanbuera, the Clarence, the Richmond, and some parts of the Tweed. In 1860, the first cotton gins were received from England, and it is only from that year that the subject can be considered to have been practically taken up. The Peel River Land and Mineral Company of London in that year commenced experiments on their estate of 313,000 acres. It has been suggested that the entire tract of country between  $33\frac{1}{2}$  degrees latitude and 29 degrees (which is the boundary line between New South Wales and Queensland), running back inland fifty or sixty miles, and with a seaboard (following all indentations) of five hundred miles—a tract of country nearly as large as Scotland—is capable of being made one vast cotton-field, the parts approximating to the sea producing a fine long-stapled Sea Island kind, while the interior has yielded a shorter staple cotton, quite equal to American Uplands. Our friend, Mr. Sedgewick Cowper (brother of the then prime minister of the

colony), took great pains to show us, and *did* (so far as figures founded on probabilities must serve for practical results, which there has been small means of arriving at) convince us that the doubtful and precarious profits of maize cultivation in New South Wales must yield before the superior and more certain profits to be derived from cotton. The return per acre of the former he reckoned at 7*l.* 10*s.*, while the latter, of the medium Upland kind, valued at thirteenspence per pound, would, with the same amount of labour, return 21*l.* per acre, reckoning an acre to produce from four hundred to six hundred pounds' weight. Deducting for freight three-farthings per pound, for insurance two-and-a-half per cent., and for incidental expenses one pound per bale, Mr. Cowper arrives at a net result of sixteen pounds per acre profit as against the seven pounds ten shillings arising out of maize—a less reliable crop. Assuming Mr. Cowper's figures to be correct and his anticipations realised, there is no question but that cotton would soon supplant maize; but we must make some allowance for the enthusiasm with which he went into the subject, and which may have carried him away into too bright visions of the future—especially as there had been little of practical experiment to guide his calculations. Yet there still remains a wide margin of difference between the ascertained profits of the one species of product and the probable profits of the other. The real difficulty to be got over, we feel convinced, must be the labour question (for we think the weakest part of the calculation is that which puts down the cost of labour as the same in both cases). Three modes of meeting this, the stumbling-block of all free-labour countries in their efforts to compete with slave-grown cotton, have been suggested: the first, the introduction of Chinese or Coolie labour, only to be scouted, or, at all events, treated as highly objectionable, as it no doubt is; the second, the bringing over of the runaway black slaves from the Southern States of America, now sheltered, to the number of forty-five thousand, in Canada—a class who may be said to have been born in the cotton-field, and to be conversant with all its details; and the third (in some respects as auxiliary to the second), to import the boys and girls from our English and Scotch reformatories; but after the remarkable exhibition of the sensitiveness of the East Australian colonies on the subject of convicts, we can hardly think a scheme, possessing the very smallest scent of the same element, will be popular.

The position which the cotton exhibited by New South Wales took in the International Exhibition established the fact that the finest sorts can be produced there; the sample, which was valued by Mr. Wanklyn, the official reporter, at four shillings a pound—the highest price put upon any specimen from any country of the world—and which partook of all the best qualities and most valuable properties of Sea Island, being actually grown at a distance of fifty miles inland!

With this fact to stimulate them, we think that the active and enterprising inhabitants of New South Wales will devise some means of overcoming the labour difficulty. They have fought against it before, and it has not prevented their other fields of industry from assuming large proportions. Let them bear in mind that, in 1807, there were scarcely seven hundred bales of wool exported from the whole of Australia,

whilst now the export of New South Wales alone is upwards of fifteen millions of pounds; and place side by side with it the fact that, previously to 1792—only a few years before their own export of wool commenced—there was not a single bale of cotton exported from America, and that, in the year 1856, nine hundred millions of pounds' weight were sent to England alone, and that the total amount of raw cotton exported in the year from the United States was *one thousand three hundred and fifty-one millions, four hundred and thirty-one thousand, seven hundred pounds' weight!*

#### XXIII.—QUEENSLAND.

A strong personal prejudice long withheld from Doctor Laing the credit—which was certainly his due—of being among the first to propose the cultivation of cotton in the north-eastern districts of Australia, then known as Moreton Bay, and a part of the New South Wales territory, but since erected into the independent and flourishing colony of Queensland. Somewhere about the year 1840, Doctor Thompson, the government inspector of hospitals, made the experiment—successful as far as it was carried—of growing cotton of the Sea Island kind near Mount Flinders; and it was afterwards taken up by Doctor Ballow, the colonial surgeon, in his garden at Brisbane. In 1847, Doctor Laing, who was then in England, submitted a few samples of this cotton to some of the Manchester manufacturers, who thought very highly of it, but, as the doctor records in his excellent work upon Queensland, declined to assist practically in promoting the cultivation. On a subsequent visit to England in 1852, Doctor Laing brought with him nine samples of cotton, grown at Moreton Bay, Clarence River, Hunter's River, and Patterson's River, within a range of south latitude from  $27\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to  $32\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. Some of these samples were estimated by Mr. Bazley as being worth two shillings a pound; this, be it remembered, being in the year 1852, and are described as "good," "good and useful," "very good," "excellent," "very excellent," and "really beautiful." Such a satisfactory result under innumerable disadvantages would, one would have thought, stimulated the colonists to active operations, but the subject languished, and was lost sight of by all but a few speculative individuals, till the American civil war raised the price to a scale that would pay the free-labour cultivators of the staple. But the Queensland planters appear all along to have ignored the fact that this "very excellent" and "really beautiful" cotton is not the kind that is in extensive demand in European markets, and have gone on planting the Sea Island variety till they turn away from the subject altogether, disgusted on finding that there is, after all, but a limited call for it. Some New Orleans, grown by Doctor Laing's brother, was valued in the same year, and among the same lot, as low as fivepence-halfpenny. In 1858, a further experiment was made. The plants made their appearance in eight days after the sowing of the seed, in five months they began to bud, and in six months the pods began to burst. Each plant then produced eleven ounces of seed and four ounces of fibre; the aggregate return being 1871 lbs. 6 oz. of seed, 680 lbs. 8 oz. of fibre per acre. The value put upon the latter by the London brokers was two shillings to two shillings and threepence per pound.

The Rev. John Gibson, Presbyterian minister, who had been eleven years resident in Jamaica, gave it as his opinion that "about two-thirds of the area of the Clarence and Richmond districts are well adapted for cotton cultivation. Thousands of families could cultivate cotton on the Richmond plains." There are four splendid harbours contiguous to this country, where the largest ships could lie in safety, and take in their cargoes—Brisbane, Maryborough, Gladstone, and Rockhampton, communicating by navigable streams and creeks with the interior, for distances varying from fifteen to fifty miles. Mr. Wight, in his little work on Queensland, thus summarises the qualifications of the country as a cotton-field: "It is of vast extent, being six hundred miles long by fifty wide, besides containing nearly all the islands on the coast. The soil varies, but is all admirably adapted to the growth of cotton in its best varieties, especially Sea Island. The climate is most favourable to the plant, and *not* inimical to the European constitution. White men labour all the year over, with no more disease and no higher rate of mortality than at home. There are numerous navigable streams and creeks ready prepared to convey the bales of cotton to the harbours, with which the coast is largely provided, thence to be wafted along, with wool and other products, direct to the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow."

We are sorry to disfigure so pleasing a picture, but, in the interests of truth, we are compelled to qualify some of Mr. Wight's statements. In the first place, this "cotton-field" has yet to be cleared of its timber, a work of time, especially with the limited amount of labour at present available for the work; then the soil adapted "especially" to Sea Island cotton *may* not be (we merely put the case as *possible*) so well adapted for Orleans or the more useful varieties. The climate is in the main unquestionably favourable to the plant, but it is not *always* to be depended upon—and if the floods come (as they *have* come once or twice) before the cotton is ripe for picking, the crops will be destroyed, as Doctor Hobbs described in his evidence before the Select Committee of the Queensland Parliament on Immigration. The climate is *not* inimical "to the European constitution," but the "European constitution" might not be able to stand the work of the cotton-field at Port Curtis, under the tropic of Capricorn, or at Port Denison, two hundred miles farther north, in the height of summer; the question whether it would be worth the Europeans' while to work in the cotton fields at all for the wages that they could afford, is not touched upon. Lastly, the distance which the cotton has to be "wafted," as Mr. Wight lightly and pleasantly calls it, to its market, is not far short of twenty thousand miles, so that it is idle to suppose that, at anything but exceptionally high prices, the exportation of cotton from Queensland to Europe can ever be remunerative. But as there are great and increasing markets, not only on the Australian continent itself, but in India, China, &c., to which it may eventually be the purveyor, and as it may also secure the supplying of our home markets with the best and finest kinds of cotton, we think that this promising colony will at no very remote period become a cotton-producing country of great importance.

Mr. Sloman, an enthusiastic cotton planter at Gladstone, Port Curtis,

says that he picks from December to August—that is to say, that his harvest lasts *eight months*; in good seasons the produce is a ton per acre, with the seed in. “A good average crop,” he says, in a letter to the *Sydney Empire*, “is 1600 lbs. of seed cotton per acre, which will yield 500 lbs. of clear lint, or one bale, worth always not less than 30*l.* sterling. Now, one able-bodied and industrious man could do a great deal more than merely cultivate six acres of cotton. If he were a married man and had a family of four or five children to assist him, he could grow corn, potatoes, vegetables, as well as attend to many other things besides cultivating a cotton crop; so that no horticultural or agricultural pursuit could be more profitable than that of cotton planting.” Mr. James King, a practical cotton grower, wrote in 1859: “I am convinced that Queensland is destined shortly to become a very large cotton-producing district. I intend to devote a few years of my life to its success. I am morally certain, by that success, of inducing hundreds of others to follow my example.” The enthusiasm on the subject, however, waned about this time; failures, the result of negligence and inattention, disheartened those who had commenced, and discouraged those who were about to commence the cultivation. “Total neglect of the plants when they required pruning, great carelessness in gathering, and long-continued wet at the time the pods were full and blown, helped to bring about a miserable result.” Doctor Hobbs, whom we have already quoted, states, as the result of continued experiments, that September and early in October are the best times for sowing fresh seed—that the plants flower in the latter part of December—and that the cotton harvest begins in the last week of January (in the case of standard plants of a year or more’s growth), and continues up till June. During the first of these months the thermometer *sometimes* stands as high as 106°; but Doctor Hobbs says: “The climate for cotton growing is extremely propitious, the picking season extending over four of the coldest months. Insects do not injure the plant much, although the cotton-bug has been seen among the plants. With respect to the physical geography of the country, nature seems to have designed this portion of the world to be a cotton-field of most gigantic dimensions; for, from the Clarence River to Port Curtis, on the coast line, and to a parallel line of one hundred miles inland, cotton has been and can be grown. The number of streams navigable both for large and small craft, on the banks of which the land is of the most luxuriant description, is truly astonishing; between the Clarence River and the north bank of Moreton Bay, a distance of about three degrees of latitude, are the following rivers: the Richmond, Brunswick, Tweed, Parry, Barrow, Arrowsmith, Logan, Pine, Caboolture; besides innumerable creeks of considerable dimensions.” “With regard to the profits of cotton growing,” continues the doctor (whom we like to quote because he frankly admits all the difficulties in the way), “it is usually estimated that the cost of production of an acre of cotton will be about seven to ten pounds—the yield three hundred pounds of clean cotton, or one bale to the acre,\* at twenty pounds, leaving a profit of

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\* Mr. Sloman got 600 lbs. to the acre at Port Curtis; but this, no doubt, is exceptional. Mr. Panton got 400 lbs. in the neighbourhood of Ipewich, in 1862.

*ten pounds to the acre.*" Sir George Bowen, the first governor of Queensland, estimates the extent of the cotton region as still larger than Doctor Hobbs. In a despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, dated 16th of April, 1861, his Excellency says: "From the twenty-eighth parallel of south latitude to Cape York, the north-eastern extremity of Australia, there is probably the most extensive and magnificent field in the world. It lies for twelve hundred miles along the seaboard of the Pacific, near the banks of our rivers and the shores of our harbours, with easy access to water-carriage and to numerous ports of shipment, within fifty days' sail of England by steam navigation, in a healthy and a delightful climate, and under an English government, with English laws and institutions." But we need not multiply testimony which is so strong, so corroborative, and so conclusive, that there is a vast tract of country within the colony of Queensland capable of bearing the very finest descriptions of cotton, but will revert to the difficulties and impediments which have hitherto surrounded and checked the progress of its production. These are: the high price of land (1*l.* per acre), some occasional fluctuations in the climate, the distance from European markets, and, above all, the scarcity of labour. The first of these drawbacks was modified by the liberal policy of Sir George Bowen, who took a deep interest in the subject. In 1860, a Land Sales Bill passed the Legislature, which contained clauses authorising the government to issue land orders, by way of premium, to the extent of ten pounds for every bale (reckoned at 300 lbs.) of Sea Island cotton exported for the first three years, and to the extent of five pounds per bale for the succeeding term of two years; half that premium only to be given for common cotton exported. This would amount to eightpence per pound on cleaned Sea Island cotton for the first three years, and fourpence per pound for the next two years. Subsequent legislation has tended to the easier acquisition of land in connexion with the introduction of labour, so that we may dismiss the land question as a dissolving difficulty. Then comes the question of climate—how far it can be depended on, and whether the degree of temperature would admit of the employment of such labour as the colony already possesses—mainly European? The cotton-field of Queensland extends over so vast a tract of country that the conditions of climate vary with the situation. We have already seen what Doctor Hobbs had to say about the floods and the damage they did to the cotton crops in the southern parts; Mr. Marsh, M.P., in his remarks before the Cotton Conference, considered the northern parts free from all danger. "I have not the slightest doubt," he said, "that that part of the colony will be more favourable in every way for the tropical produce than the part at present settled. In the first place, there can be no doubt that there are regular rains and regular monsoons prevailing upon that part of the coast for six months in the year." That there is quite sufficient breadth of land under favourable climatic influences for the growth of a very large quantity of cotton all parties agree, though the *whole* of the territory marked out for a cotton-field may not be equally favoured in that respect; but that northern part which is the most suitable is the very part where European labour is least available. Mr. Gordon, of Port Denison, writing in 1862, lets out an important admission in advocating the claims of the north. "An-



other great advantage it possesses is, its adaptability for the introduction of Coolies, as there are here comparatively few of the working classes, and *those complain that they cannot well bear the heat*, so that several have left the place in consequence." It seems doubtful, therefore, whether the southern parts of Queensland are, in respect of climate, entirely favourable to the cultivation of cotton, while the climate of the northern part, about which, in the same respect, there can be no question, precludes the employment of any but Coolie labour. The third difficulty—the distance from European markets—can never be got over. The wildest enthusiast can hardly hope to compete successfully for their supply with countries nearer home. But we hold that this ought to be no discouragement; we have so strong a faith in the enterprise and energy of the Queenslanders, that we believe the *manufacture* of cotton for neighbouring markets would speedily follow its *production*. And here Queensland would turn the tables upon us; she could supply the Eastern markets with manufactured cotton goods so much cheaper, as far as freight affects prices, than we could, that we believe she would soon find it a profitable commerce. If England and France were shut out by the distance, she would be without a competitor, for India will not for years, if ever, be a manufacturing country to any extent. The sister from whom she has been so recently severed, New South Wales, is rapidly entering into manufacture of all kinds, not only for home use, but for exportation, and why should not Queensland do the same?

The last remaining difficulty to be met with is that which so often besets the cotton question—the supply of labour. The objection which Australians have to the introduction of Coolies among them is so strong, that although a Coolie immigration act has been passed by the legislature of Queensland, it is at present almost a dead letter; and he will be a bold man indeed who will face the strong prejudices of his fellow-colonists and land a cargo of the detested Asiatics on their shores. The argument in favour of this class of labour, which has been deduced from the prosperity of the Mauritius, dating from its introduction, is declared to be fallacious, and the parallel attempted to be set up, it is argued, is a false one; for the population of the Mauritius was already a mixed one, of which the largest element was French, to whose ways and manners of living the habits of the Coolies were not so repugnant as to those of Englishmen. Mr. Marsh has no hope for cotton-growing in Queensland without the aid of Coolies; Sir George Bowen thinks that, to some extent, the aborigines might be set to work in the picking season; Mr. Jordan relies on an extended scheme of European immigration; Mr. Brookes, in a paper read before the Queensland Philosophical Society, at Brisbane, in 1860, supports the latter view. "The difficulty most apparently formidable connected with a large cotton cultivation," he says, "is the picking; but there is no reason at all to conclude that it is insurmountable. As an annual operation, requiring for a time a concentration of labour, it much resembles shearing. Who would suppose that, with labour scarce and expensive, our squatters would so easily effect the shearing of 20,000, 30,000, 40,000, and 50,000 sheep? They *do* manage it, and always have managed it, even in the worst of times." The question, however, suggests itself to us here, whether cotton will

bear the expense of European labour so well as wool. Mr. Jordan, the emigration commissioner, in a series of calculations too elaborate to transfer to these pages, contends, and seems to show that it will. We, however, prefer the proposal of Sir George Bowen, contained in his despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, under date January 6, 1860: "It appears to me that the cultivation of cotton might be carried on with success in Queensland on two different plans. In the first place, in the tropical districts of the colony, when the climate is unfavourable to field-work, on large plantations and with Asiatic labour; and, in the second place, in the temperate districts, on small farms occupied by English emigrants and their families." This appears to us the best solution of the labour difficulty that has been proposed.

No one who saw the magnificent silky cotton shown in the Queensland court of the International Exhibition, can doubt that this most promising colony is capable of producing the very finest specimens in the world. We are scarcely satisfied that the more ordinary and useful kinds can be cultivated as profitably. We would advise the Queenslanders to turn their attention to this question, bearing in mind that the annual consumption of the best Sea Island, such as they can grow in such perfection, is only equal to about one week's consumption of the New Orleans variety.

#### XXIV.—VICTORIA.

Victoria—that young democrat of our numerous colonial family, destined one day, perhaps, to be a trouble to poor old Britannia, just in the way her first-born daughter, America, was in years gone by, always threatening, and at last throwing off her filial allegiance, showing already precocious symptoms of equalling, if not rivalling the said first-born in its rapid degeneracy from the sound old English stock, and in "fast" notions and loose principles—has put in a claim to be a cotton-growing country. Right or wrong, it would be but characteristic of Victoria to assert herself equal, if not superior, to her neighbours. It is, perhaps, a good foundation, this self-confidence, in a young colony (and truly Victoria has plenty of it); time and experience will tone it down, and trim its tall luxuriance. New South Wales and Queensland are nearer the tropics than Victoria, but that is not Victoria's fault; and Victoria cannot brook that New South Wales and Queensland should be the representatives of cotton cultivation in Australia. Let us hear, then, what she has to say on the subject. We are not aware that she has *shown* much at present, but that is no reason why we should refuse her a hearing—in fact, she always speaks so loudly that it would be next to impossible to do so. The only authority we have on the subject is Mr. William Storey's prize essay on "The Agriculture of Victoria." The author of this very elaborate essay goes into the history of cotton in many countries, and with regard to its prospects in his own, contends that the whole of the colony is capable of producing it. "Though I have arrived at the conclusion that cotton culture in Victoria will be best experimentally commenced on the *sixteen millions of acres* situate between the river Murray and the thirty-seventh parallel of south latitude, and shall, as a consequence of that conclusion, propound that cotton, as

well as cane-sugar, will be most profitably cultivated on plantations in northern Victoria, set apart especially for the purpose, and cropped in alternation with each other, I am nevertheless of opinion that much may be done as to both products in favourable locations, in other parts of the colony as parcel of domain culture." Victoria, however, is no more above the labour question than other countries—that question that starts up at the very sound of the word "cotton." Mr. Storey proposes to meet the difficulty by the importation of emancipated negroes with their families from the cotton states of America—a class of labourers already skilled in the work of the cotton-field. Coolie labour he repudiates altogether, and he assigns reasons beyond the usual prejudices.

The Hindoo, he argues, is so obstinately averse to any kind of innovation, that he will not follow the improved methods of cultivating and preparing the cotton—hence the depreciation in the quality of Indian cotton, which ultimately gave the American commodity the preference in the markets. We quote Mr. Storey's argument without endorsing it, believing, as we do, that there were other reasons for the ascendancy of the American cotton, among which its cheapness, effected by a saving both in land and sea carriage, and in the employment of slave labour, is the principal. Moreover, in India the Hindoo cultivator was his own master, and free to cling to his old ways; in Australia, he would have to follow the methods required by his employer. And we very much doubt whether the Hindoo, removed from his own soil, traditions, and surroundings, *would* hold fast by his own prejudices. Chinese and Irish emigrants leave their prejudices behind them, and fall into the improvements which they see adopted by others, averse as they are to them in their own countries. Yet, in the main, we are prepared to agree with Mr. Storey that the emancipated negroes, in addition to bringing a previous knowledge of the cultivation with them, are less offensive than Coolies in a mixed community, and more than half domesticated with the white man. The remainder of Mr. Storey's essay is a laborious effort to prove that Victoria is quite as well (if not better) adapted to cotton growing as Queensland—in which, with all deference, we do not think he is very successful. He, however, lowers his expectations at last down to an equality with Sicily, which, he says, much resembles Victoria both in climate and soil. Dr. Müller, the government botanist of Victoria, gives a more guarded opinion. "Whether in the cooler temperature of Victoria," he says, in his report to the Legislative Assembly, "the important commodity can be produced in such luxuriance as to render it available for factories, remains yet to be ascertained, judging from the fact that the mean annual temperature of the vicinity of Melbourne falls considerably short of that of most cotton-growing states, and relying on the somewhat isolated observations that a number of plants of the Sea Island cotton grown in the Botanic Garden of Melbourne failed to produce cotton, or ripened their seed vessels only exceptionally or imperfectly." Dr. Müller, however, believes that in the northern parts of the colony, "by the basaltic plains along the Murray, and by the diluvial banks of the lower Snowy River, the Genoa, and other eastern streams of Victoria," cotton might be raised. The prospect, however, appears to us very remote, and somewhat problematical.

## XXV.—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Although no part of the original colony of South Australia lies within the cotton zone, the tract of country lately acquired and running up towards the Gulf of Carpentaria would afford many conditions for cotton growing, unless, indeed, the climate of the semi-tropical portion, being so far removed from the sea, should prove too arid, and that of the northern part too hot, for field operations. As no experiments have yet been made, these are points that have to be ascertained.

## XXVI.—WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Sir James Stirling, Major Sanford, Mr. Mangles, and Mr. V. Fitzgerald have all been active in introducing cotton cultivation into Western Australia. There is no doubt that those portions of the colony lying northwards, being in the same degree of latitude as Queensland, would promise a large area of cotton-field, because the clouds, coming surcharged with moisture over a wide tract of ocean from the west, discharge their refreshing and regular rains before they get exhausted in passing over the interior to the eastern side of the continent. Governor Hampton points to Champion Bay as a part of the colony most favourable for experiments, and particularly dwells upon the cheapness of the land (ten shillings per acre being the government price) as compared with that of the other Australian colonies (where twenty shillings is the upset price). Other favourable features are, that the colony is three thousand miles nearer to England than the other colonies, and within fourteen days' sail of Calcutta, twelve from Ceylon, ten from Singapore, and twenty-one days of China, from whence Coolies could be carried down at a small cost. Nevertheless, nothing has been done beyond the barest experiment, which was sufficiently successful to call into existence a company, which, however, soon came to the melancholy ordeal known as "winding up." A quantity of seed which was sent from England was sown, and in due course came up luxuriantly, but the planter, observing its resemblance to young sunflowers, took it into his head that a mistake had been made or a hoax practised, and incontinently *ploughed it in again!* Nevertheless, some samples of cotton have been produced from Western Australia, which Mr. Clegg, of Manchester (a judge not to be despised), pronounced "the best cotton he had ever known." Under such favourable circumstances, it will be surprising (but only to those who are unaware of the lack of energy and enterprise among the settlers) that the subject lies at present in abeyance.

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## JOSEPH VERNET.\*

THE name of Vernet does not represent one of those powerful geniuses which arise isolated in the midst of an epoch. The Vernets are a whole race. With them the same talent was hereditary for upwards of two centuries. The history of art presents this phenomenon more frequently than that of literature. Like Italy, France has had its dynasties of artists, its Pugets, its De Troys, its Restouts, its Coypels, and its Vanloos; and, by a singular privilege, Avignon claims three to itself. Nicolas Mignard, who established himself there in the first half of the seventeenth century, legacied his glory to two sons, the one a painter, the other an architect. Some time afterwards, Louis Parrocel became the father there of a large family, almost all of whom were artists. Lastly, it was at Avignon that Joseph Vernet, the chief of a race three times illustrious, was born.

All the Vernets had been painters. It would appear as if the ancient law of Egypt, which prescribed to the son to follow the profession of his father, had been preserved in the family. André Vernet was a painter in 1669. Antoine Vernet, the father of our hero, was also a painter. His skill was, however, directed more particularly in a line characteristic of his time. The use of carriages had not then extended to the south; the nobility used sedan-chairs, the panels of which were decorated not only with coats of arms, but also with flowers and birds, and even landscapes and "mascarades." Two panels painted by Antoine Vernet are still preserved in the museum at Avignon.

Antoine had a very large family, no less than twenty-two children. It was a serious object with him to initiate as many as possible in his art, and four of the number responded to his hopes. Claude-Joseph, as he was christened, a second son, born on the 14th of August, 1714, soon gave proofs of great promise. He was cradled in an artist's study, and his playthings were pencils and brushes. At five years of age he began to copy heads, and at eight he began to colour. He would pass whole days in a garret where he had established himself, copying engravings or plaster casts. But the remarkable scenery of his native place, the junction of the Rhône and the Durance, beneath the rock crowned by the palace of the Popes, and the grey walls of the fortress of Villeneuve towering out of a forest of trees, left the most indelible impressions upon his mind. Joseph Vernet has painted as many landscapes as marine pictures, but most of his landscapes include a river, with poplars flanked by rocks, with rural habitations, or an ancient castle. Italy presented him in after-life with more picturesque sites, but he still returned to the reminiscences of his birthplace, as others do to the old melodies which they have heard in their youth.

At fifteen years of age, Joseph assisted his father in his professional labours. They were thus engaged together in decorating the interior of a cardinal's palace, when the son's work attracted so much attention, that

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\* Joseph Vernet et la Peinture au xviii<sup>e</sup> Siècle. Par Léon Lagrange. Avec le Texte des Livres de Raison et un grand nombre de Documents inédits.

the father dispensed with his further assistance. His eminence, divining the cause, went himself to the artist's home, and found Joseph solacing himself over a landscape. The sketch gave such evidences of innate genius, that the cardinal felt that it ought to be directed in a different path, and his education as a painter was confided to one Jacques Viali, who took him with him to Aix, the seat of parliament, and at that epoch a little centre for provincial artists. It was here, and in the school of La Rose, director of paintings at the arsenal of Toulon, that he first imbibed that taste for marine subjects which he afterwards carried to so great a perfection.

Introduced by the Marquis de Caumont to the Marchioness de Simiane, granddaughter of Madame de Sévigné, and that "Pauline" of whom she speaks so much in her letters, Joseph executed his first important works when assisting in the decoration of the hotel of that lady's deceased husband. It was at Aix also that the Count de Quinson took the young artist by the hand, and he and M. de Caumont, assisted by others, and to a small extent by the father, whose pride as a parent had overcome his jealousy as an artist, enabled him to go and pursue his studies at Rome. This was in 1734, and Joseph was at that time twenty years of age.

It was at Marseilles that Joseph first saw the sea. He was detained there a few days waiting for the packet to Civita Vecchia, and so great was his enthusiasm, that he devoted his whole time to painting a picture, which he was afterwards so ashamed of, that he said what would he not have given to have recovered it ten years afterwards, on his return from Rome! On the occasion of the sea-journey, the vessel encountered so heavy a gale, that the young artist, who would not lose an incident in the spectacle, was obliged to be tied to the mast. The two events, however, the *vista* at Marseilles and the storm in the Gulf of Lyons, had a permanent effect upon Joseph, and decided his future career.

His protectors, in sending him to Rome, intended to educate him as an historical painter. The Academy and the nobility patronised at that epoch no other kind of art. But Joseph Vernet, impressed with the magnificence of the scenes which he had contemplated, instinctively felt that what had hitherto been looked down upon as a mere decorative art could be raised to the dignity of history.

Once at Rome, he turned his back upon the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the masters; he did not even present himself before M. Wleughels, the director of the Academy, but he sought out the studies of Bernardino Fergioni and of Adrien Manglard, both marine painters, and it is from the latter especially that he is supposed to have imbibed his love of sunrise and sunset over ports crowded with edifices and animated by a moving population. The French school knew nothing of marine painting till a very late epoch. Nicolas de Platte-Montagne had introduced the Dutch school to the Academy, but he had no followers. It was not till the seventeenth century that, under the impulse of Colbert, the arsenal at Toulon became a real artists' studio, with Pierre Puget as director. At first this school, true to the predilections of the era of the "Grand Monarque," contented itself with decorating the interior of ships with Tritons and Nereides, but Claude Gellée is credited with having converted the naturalistic school of the Dutch into an ideal one. That is to say, he adorned his harbours with the most celebrated edifices

of ancient and modern Rome, and, regardless of quays, merchandise, and figures, he lit up the whole with the most brilliant effects of the sun. The principal elements which go to constitute marine painting existed, then, before the time of Vernet, but he was not at that epoch initiated in the naturalistic traditions of the Dutch school. His master, Manglard, had divorced himself from his own preceptor, Vandel Cabel, and followed, in his attempts to harmonise landscape and marine painting, the great Claude, the master of light, and whom Vernet himself was alone destined to rival. The Italian school was as deficient in marine painters as the French. Only one great artist—Salvator Rosa—had formulated that science of the infinitely luminous which Claude had inaugurated, and applied it to the glories of the Bay of Naples. Vernet naturally came, more or less, under the influence of the master who was at that epoch a kind of demi-god with the Italians, but Vernet had neither the temperament of Salvator, nor was his mind so tossed by stirring episodes; hence, that which with Salvator was a matter of feeling, became with Vernet a mere subject of studious imitation.

Vernet borrowed a little from Claude, from Manglard, from Fergioni, and from Salvator, but still Nature was his great master. To her he was always true, and, wearied with insipid copies, he sought her without the walls of Rome, at Tivoli and at Naples. His protector, M. de Caumont, had proposed for him, as a subject, "Bacchus struggling with a Centaur;" he sent him an eruption of Vesuvius and a Tempest. Two years had elapsed ere Father Fouque got him to execute his protector's order, and the result exists to the present day in the Museum Chiavamonti. It is in every respect a picture done to order, not an inspiration of the artist's own genius.

The charming scenery of Italy did much towards developing Vernet's taste for landscapes by the side of his maritime instincts, and it is easy to recognise in his works the lessons which he received from such sources. Water had for him a peculiar fascination. He loved it under all its aspects—sea, lake, river, cataracts, rivulet, even in the shape of fog and rain.

The liquid element plays, indeed, an important part in all his pictures. He has represented Tivoli under nearly a hundred different aspects. The Temple of the Sibyls was an equally favourite subject. He is said to have been the first to descend into the grotto of Neptune. The Isola Farnèse supplied him with foliage, Népi with aqueducts and grottos, Civita Castellana with ravines and fantastic structures, Terni with its fall, and Narni with contrasts. The lakes of Némi and Albano were the source of frequent inspiration. The Tiber did not please him as it did Poussin, by its wide curves and precipitous banks; he delighted in its calm waters, the mills they turned, and the bridges that spanned them. The coasts of Civita Vecchia and of Ostia also supplied him with materials for his earliest sea-scapes, till the time when the contemplation of the works of Salvator Rosa led him to Naples. On his way he saw Terracina, whose great rock occurs more than once in his compositions, as also the Mola di Gaeta. From Cape Misena to Sorrento there is not a gulf that Vernet did not sketch and reproduce. Baia, Lake Lucrin, and Avernus, the ruined dome of the Temple of Diana, the isle of Nisita, Pozzuoli, the rocks of Mergellina and of Pausilippa, not a detail but is

met with in his pictures. The island of Capri, the castle of Ischia, the cliffs of Castellamare and Sorrento, the convent of Amalfi, the road from Amalfi to Salerno, the vaulted arches tenanted by the fishermen of Minuri, the terraces of Ravello, were all explored by him, all sketched in their minutest details, or pictured forth in their varying aspects of light and shade. He was particularly taken with Vesuvius, and night at Naples also struck him forcibly. The beauty of the Neapolitan nights is proverbial. Rome reveals the splendour of sunset, Naples alone the voluptuousness of moonlight. Such was the education of Vernet in Italy. How many, now living, have followed in his footsteps?

His talents as an artist being unquestionable, what steps did he take to make them known, and to ensure his welfare as well as his reputation? On this point some amusing anecdotes are handed down. It is said, for example, that he one day went to a tailor's, ordered a suit of clothes, and left a picture. The picture was exhibited in the shop, and admired. The tailor accordingly took it in exchange for the suit. This picture, now in Paris, fetched three thousand francs at the sale of Jean de Julienne. He took two marine paintings to a cardinal, who gave him four louis more than he asked for them. The moneys which he received from his protectors was, it is to be observed, altogether inadequate for his expenses, and he was obliged to have recourse to such undignified steps in order to replenish his purse. His landlord, rare specimen of his class, is said to have admired his paintings so much that he exacted no rent, but let the amount increase till he could be paid in pictures. The anecdote rests, however, on the doubtful authenticity of M. Pitra.

In 1735, a year after his arriving at Rome, Vernet began to keep a list of pictures for which he received orders, and the list, under the name of "*Livres de Raison*," was kept up to 1788, a year before his decease. No artist had previously left an autobiographical document of equal value. Not only is the talent and industry of Vernet displayed in all the intimacy of his study, with his doubts, his troubles, and his perplexities, but we have also the history of his contemporaries. We meet in these lists with the names of princes by the side of those of citizens, of dukes and bankers, of English lords and German barons, of amateurs and dealers, of great ladies and little abbés.

Up to the year 1740 the works of Vernet were only of a secondary class. It could not be otherwise; he was still a mere copyist. One advantage resulted from this, that his figures in his landscapes were afterwards better drawn than those of any other landscape painter. In 1738, however, an Englishman had given him a hundred Roman crowns for three marines. The Duke of Saint Aignan was also among the most generous of his early patrons. His success after that became rapid, and the number of orders, after 1740, never for a moment tarried. He began with six pictures a year; these soon extended to ten, and then to fifteen. He began to paint *chefs-d'œuvres* at the same epoch; such were his views of Naples, which afterwards fetched nine thousand five hundred francs, and his "*Chasse aux Canards*," sold for twenty-five crowns, and in which the effect of a luminous or transparent fog over the sportsmen has never been surpassed. The Sacred College also began to notice the rising artist, and he had orders from several cardinals, one a "*Vue de Caprarola*" for the Queen of Spain. The artist introduced the cardinal who ordered it in the foreground, and himself making the sketch.



M. Léon Lagrange, the biographer of Vernet, attests that it is shown by the incontestable evidence of the "*Livres de Raison*" that neither the Sacred College nor the Italians were the first appreciators of Vernet's genius. The French, and especially the Provençals, had been undoubtedly his earliest protectors, but the English were, in reality, the first to appreciate the merits of the artist. The reason given for this is, unfortunately, made to reflect as much upon the artist's forte as upon English peculiarities. "The English taste," we are told, "does not seek in art that which elevates the soul and touches the heart by the expression of sublime thoughts and sentiments; it seeks distraction in the spectacle of natural beauties. To hearts that are deadened, and minds that are wearied out, exciting pleasures are necessary to shake off the spleen that devours them." This "English spleen" appears, however, unlike the eagle of Prometheus, not to be content with devouring one victim, but to involve two. If the beauties of nature are of such an inferior order; if Vernet's art, by which he sought, as is elsewhere acknowledged, to raise the landscape to the dignity of history, is so secondary as to be only adapted to gratify English taste, wherefore pen his biography at all? The artist falls with his admirers and patrons—the same splenetic eagle devours both. M. Léon Lagrange should have penned the history of one of the older masters, not that of Vernet—the marine and landscape painter, *par excellence*—if his art was not qualified either to elevate the feelings or to gratify the intellect.

Not an English traveller failed, we are told, to knock at Vernet's door! For M. Dania, (?) rocks and cascades—the banks of the Thames are so flat! For M. Lisson, a copy of Salvator Rosa, "that audacious artist who can stir the most phlegmatic." For M. Bouverie, views of Rome inundated by the sun. For M. d'Arquim, for M. Drake, the four periods of the day—that is to say, "the smiling morning fog on the banks of the Téverone, so different from the gloomy fogs of London." The patronage of the English had, at the same time, it is admitted, one good effect—it enabled Vernet to raise the price of his pictures. The French and the Italians had paid him in livres, or sometimes in Roman crowns—the English paid him in louis. Pictures that only fetched twenty-five crowns in 1741, were valued at fifty-five, years afterwards. It is probable that Vernet himself would not have written of the taste of the English in the same terms as his biographer does. The fact is, that Mr. Dania's name occurs *fourth* on the list in the "*Livre de Vérité*," and Mr. Smitz (Smith?) the sixteenth. Then, again, in the list of "receipts," we have Mr. Mathias (Anglois) fourth on the list for twenty-five crowns, and M. 'Amilton' (Anglois) for fifty crowns. In the "journal" which constitutes the third part of the "*Livres de Raison*," we find, at starting, numerous accounts of expenses incurred and of moneys due to him, but the first accounts of money received are one hundred and ten crowns from Cardinal Acquaviva, and one hundred crowns from Mr. Parker, on account of two pictures painted for Milord Montrapt. The fact is, that the English in great part supported Vernet throughout his career.

In 1743, Vernet was received as a member of the Academy of Saint Luc. The Italian school was at that time in a state of transition. "Italian taste," according to M. Lagrange, who has just so roundly

abused English amateurs for their spleen and absence of all heart and intelligence, "in imitation of French taste, was turning towards the *genres* designated as secondary in painting." People were pleased with landscapes, and went into ecstasies in the presence of an effective perspective. But if Guaspre and Claude Lorrain had interpreted the charms of natural beauty, still the school of Anesi, Lucatelli, Zucarelli, and Marchi, was more or less fantastic. The landscape wanted mind, and "that mind a Frenchman only could give it;" and that Frenchman was Vernet. Capefigue would say that the south was Gallo-Roman, not Frankish, and its genius both in poetry and painting essentially different.

Vernet had been ten years in Rome, and was, in 1744, thirty years of age. At this epoch he made the acquaintance of Captain Parker, who commanded the Pontifical fleet. The gallant captain had a fair daughter—Virginia by name—who won the affections of the artist, and they were married. His marriage was, indeed, all the more beneficial to him, as he had hitherto led a roving life in search of the picturesque, and it occurred precisely at an epoch when an increased number of orders rendered more sedentary application desirable. The young people made a first trip, however, to Naples; and it was on this occasion that Don Carlos, King of Naples, suggested the famous "*Chasse aux Canards*," of which a copy exists in the Museum of Versailles. The copy was, however, by Joseph Vernet himself. One of his brothers, Ignace Vernet, had also settled in Italy, and he was not only employed by Joseph to make copies of his pictures, but he also affixed the initials *J. Vernet* to many of his own compositions, a proceeding which was not in good faith with the public or with amateurs.

Vernet had to work hard on his return to Rome; requests for paintings came in on every side, but his industry and talent enabled him to meet them. He painted about forty pictures in 1745, and as many in 1746. His income from these amounted to about 9000 francs, or 375*l.* English.

In 1747, La Signora Virginia gave him a son, and in 1750 a second was born. Neither were destined to uphold their father's reputation. This good fortune was reserved for Carlo and Horace, who were born at a later period. Vernet dwelt in the *Via Delle Quattro Fontane*, a solitary street favourable to study, and still peopled with artists. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and took especial pleasure in accompanying his wife when she played on her piano the "*Stabat*" of Pergolèse, his intimate friend. Vernet was of medium height, but well made; his countenance was open, his mouth smiling, his eye dark and brilliant, his features, rather common, betrayed his plebeian origin; but the enthusiasm of his soul was depicted in his physiognomy. The vivacity of the south animated his face, and communicated itself to his gestures and motions. Roman society, from which the bourgeois element is carefully excluded, has always left strangers to live without its precincts. The artists of different nationalities hence, for the most part, grouped together, and the Vernets were not without numerous friends, who not only rendered their leisure hours agreeable, but for the most part very pleasant. A little pine-wood close by a convent, from whence they could contemplate the sun setting over a gorgeous landscape, was a favourite rendezvous; the hostelry of Ponte Molle, celebrated for its *vino d'Orviato*, was another.

At the time of the great heats they resided at Tivoli. In autumn, Vernet participated in the pleasures of "la chasse" with two or three friends. The sport was limited chiefly to shooting starlings, which abounded near the supposed tomb of Nero and the bridge of Salario, "c'est la petite chasse," his biographer intimates! Sometimes, however, "la chasse" was extended to the marshes at the mouth of the Tiber; and on these occasions they brought home some wild fowl, and sometimes even a wild boar. Such was Joseph Vernet's life in Rome—a continued scene of happiness. Poussin and Claude Lorrain had much to suffer before they attained the comforts that Joseph Vernet enjoyed at thirty-two years of age.

The birth of three children imposed, however, an increase of industry on Vernet. It was no longer a mere matter of reputation; he had a wife and children to provide for. The English came to his aid. Every one who came to Rome, we are told, insisted on two paintings—a calm and a tempest. Some would have the four periods of the day, others wanted half a dozen. The most illustrious names of England are to be found in the "*Livre de Vérité*." Robert Wood, on his way to Palmyra, left an order for four pictures. There are two Hamiltons. One "M. Amilton" is supposed to be the Scottish artist, Gavin Hamilton; the second, "Milord Milton," is no other than Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples. Mathias, an English artist, was, however, the great monopoliser of Vernet's art, which he disposed of, it is presumed, advantageously at home. "Who," says M. Lagrange, "does not recognise in his name, as well as in his mode of proceeding, the child of Israel, the inevitable Mardocheus?" Some English amateurs were exceedingly minute in their instructions as to the kind of landscapes which they desired. Their instructions are, indeed, amusing to read. The number of pictures painted for the English, during the six years between 1746-1752, amounted to about eighty. The sums paid are recorded in seventy-four instances, and constitute a total of 31,397 francs, or 1308*l*. "It was," says his biographer, notwithstanding his manifest repugnance even to the patronage extended by England to his countryman, "the best period of his existence."

He is not, however, much more considerate towards other nationalities. Expatiating upon the various people who competed for Vernet's pictures, he says, "Six paintings of Vernet's will reveal the sweets of a milder climate to Sweden dying of cold in the recesses of its forests." People do not die of cold where vegetation assumes the port and bearing of forest trees. Prussia acquired the *Bains de femmes*. "What a treat," M. Lagrange exclaims, "for the great Frederick!" France alone failed to recognise the genius of its offspring. Four of Vernet's pictures were exhibited in the "salon" of 1746, under the heading of "M. Vernet, of Rome!" *Hinc ille lachrymæ!* France was the last of all civilised countries to perceive the new constellation. A M. de Saint-Yenne alone spoke favourably of his pictures, as marines of the "Sieur Vernet, Provençal." At the next "salon" the Abbé Leblanc also wrote a favourable criticism, but he added that his landscapes were after Poussin. The third exhibition, the "salon" of 1748, however, did justice to the artist, and a M. de Saint-Jullien declared that his pictures were not only admirable, "they were divine, the *ne plus ultra* of art." "The name of

Vernet became after that," his biographer relates, "not less familiar to French amateurs than he already was to the English." The result was, however, more productive, apparently, of visits of congratulation than of orders, always excepting the Marquis de Villette and Peilhou, the latter "a countryman of Vernet's"—i.e. a Provençal—and the former the person to whom Vernet was indebted for the exhibition of his works at the "salons," and his introduction to Frenchmen. The instructions in respect to pictures to be painted for his French patrons are even longer and more minutely detailed than those of English amateurs. In 1750, La Bruère, director of *Le Mercure de France*, ordered a picture. *Le Mercure* had up to that time passed over Vernet's pictures without notice. M. Bruère's reports from Rome opened its eyes, and from that time forth it began to appreciate his talent. Rome was visited the same year by the Marquis de Marigny, brother to Madame de Pompadour, and M. Vernet received an order for two paintings, "pour le roy de France, ordonnez (*sic*) le 12 May, 1750, par Madame de Pompadour."

This was an order that decided the future of Vernet. The victories of the "Grand Monarque" had been immortalised on canvas. It was suggested to M. de Marigny, director of the royal edifices, that pictures of the ports of France—of the maritime cities which constituted the wealth of the kingdom—would be a worthy national treasure. Madame de Pompadour adopted the suggestion as calculated to amuse and flatter her royal lover. None but Vernet could undertake the task, and he went to Paris in 1753 in order to receive his definite instructions. Madame de Pompadour, herself an artist, took delight in gathering kindred spirits around her. She had already Vanloo, Vien, Boucher, and Bouchardou; to these she now added Vernet, whom, to use his biographer's expression, "she reconciliated with France."

The original project for the illustration of the ports of France comprised twenty pictures, eight for the Mediterranean, twelve for the Atlantic, but circumstances arose that shortened the labours of Vernet, and reduced the number to twelve. The artist began with Marseilles, his port of predilection. His itinerary and instructions prescribed two views, an interior and an exterior. His exterior, taken from the Tête de More, represents himself and all his family in the foreground enjoying a pic-nic. Vernet was essentially a family man, and with him pleasure was made subservient to art. This official journey appears, indeed, to have been converted by such happy dispositions as himself, his wife, and family, into one continuous fête. The itinerary prescribed a sketch of the tunny fishery. A grand piscatorial entertainment was got up for the purpose. At Toulon, those who had houses commanding good views of the harbour, opened them to the artist. He had three pictures to paint, and he was two years engaged in their elaboration. They are, in fact, full of portraits of the notabilities and of the hospitable hosts of the place. These pictures were engraved by Cochin, with the progress of their completion, and their historical value in the present day consists precisely in what they were most criticised for at the time, the number of people of all countries, and the variety of costumes that were depicted on the quays and foregrounds, at the expense of some portions of the land or sea-scape. The sojourn at Toulon comprised also an excursion to and a painting of Antibes. The artist did not, at the same time,

neglect his private orders, which were chiefly English, and came to him through Jenkins, artist and banker, at Rome, and Whately, consular agent at Marseilles. The orders from French amateurs comprised one in which the patron wished his professional pursuits to be depicted; another suggested a landscape as a kind of framework for the portrait of his wife! It would appear that, at Toulon, Vernet associated a young artist of the name of Jacques Volaire with himself to trace the perspective, and fill up architectural details. These were evidently not his forte. A brief visit was made to his native town before setting to work at Cette, the only port of Languedoc. This was natural. He had left Avignon poor, humble, unknown, he returned there an official painter of renown, fêted by all parties. Vernet was detained six months at Cette, a port only remarkable for its dulness.

Hence he proceeded to what the French call the "Ocean" *par excellence*, for does it not bathe the coasts of France? Criticism, however stern towards those who shrink from it, sometimes moulds itself to the pressure of those who boldly confront its edicts. M. Lagrange, unsparing towards the fogs of England and the ices of the north, suddenly discovers, as Vernet journeys towards Bordeaux, that "the Ocean has also its beauties, more tragical, more gloomy than the 'capricious' graces of the Mediterranean; and what splendid harbours open to the commerce of our colonies, Bayonne, Bordeaux, Rochefort, La Rochelle!" The mention of the first as a splendid harbour betrays ignorance on the part of the biographer. The Adour has frequently shifted its bed, the entrance to the port has always been narrow, and so dangerous a bar crosses it that it has never been much frequented by other than coasters and vessels of small tonnage.

It is admitted, at the same time, that Vernet, who had attained his meridian, did not conform himself to the differences presented by the severe aspect of the "Ocean" as compared with the "facile beauties of the Mediterranean." He still continued, whilst engaged on its shores, "to combine, according to the laws of his familiar poetry, the elements of Italian picturesqueness." One of the pictures of Bordeaux was to represent the tower of Cordouan at the entrance of the river; he devoted himself to the quays and their incessant bustle, with portraits of his new Bordeaux patrons and friends, and to the gardens of Château-Trompette. From Bordeaux, Vernet went to Bayonne. His instructions demanded one painting; he made two, in both of which the town and the people absorb nature. The particular circumstances of the place, the costumes of the inhabitants, Basques and others, chalantiers (boatmen), bondaines (butter-women), and alarribas (fish-wives), most occupied his attention; and justly so, for the sea is pretty nearly everywhere the same; man and his works differ, and best characterise a particular port, after its more striking natural features. Vernet was inimitable in these kind of details. His pictures were exhibited at Bayonne for eight days before being sent to Paris, and that was exposing them to a severer ordeal than what they could possibly expect in the metropolis.

For the ports north of the Gironde, Vernet took La Rochelle as his head-quarters. His instructions embraced Rochefort, La Rochelle, the roads of the island of Aix, with Rhé and Oleron, and the Sardine fishery off Belle-Isle. France was at that time at war with England, and the

"commander of the English squadron," we are told, hearing that Vernet was at Rochefort, invited him on board, and received him with the utmost courtesy. There still remained Lorient, Brest, Saint-Malo, Havre, Dieppe, Calais, Dunkerque, and others, but Vernet, whose family had kept increasing in numbers, did not find that six thousand francs, or two hundred and fifty pounds per picture, repaid his labour, the more especially as each picture took him about a year to complete. Even this miserable pittance was latterly paid in contracts on the States of Brittany or in taxes, the conversion of which into cash was accompanied by a considerable loss. The war was ruining the kingdom, and Vernet was ultimately obliged to leave his task to be completed in better times.

He returned finally to Paris on the 14th of July, 1762, and lodged until his death, in 1789, in the Louvre. The ill health of his wife, who became unfortunately the victim of a sad mental affliction, necessitated occasional removals to the country, and, what was worse, cast all the responsibilities of housekeeping on Vernet himself. But, amidst all these drawbacks, he was naturally of a cheerful disposition and fond of pleasure, so much so, indeed, that what between the expenses of a large family, the demands of relatives, and his own extravagances, he became a good deal embarrassed in his latter years. His career as an artist, however, almost came to an end in 1776. Wilson and Gainsborough, "more penetrated with the intimate poetry of nature," had at that epoch superseded Vernet in the estimation of the English, always his great patrons; and from that epoch until the period of his decease, thirteen years afterwards, only one English name appears in the "*Livre de Vérité*." That fatal year, according to his biographer, "closed the second brilliant period of Vernet's life, and inaugurated his decadence."

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#### AN UNPLEASANT TRUTH.

WE had our Poets' age of gold,  
'Tis now an age of iron:  
Tales such as Crabbe's no more are told,  
Nor lives a Moore or Byron.  
The Laureate's brow alone the Muse  
With laurel wreaths is crowning;  
She smiles on Aytoun; but she views  
With doubtful glances Browning.

On many more, in mingled throngs,  
She looks with frowns, or laughter,  
For few have ever read their songs,  
And few will read hereafter.  
How false the hopes they fondly nurse!  
How true—and hundreds show it—  
That one may write ambitious verse,  
And yet not be a Poet!

## TWO FANTASTIC TALES.\*

THE success which has attended the writings of M. Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrain induces us to give our readers two specimens of their pleasant fictions, which for some time past have delighted the Parisians.

## DOCTOR SELSAM.

This is an amusing and fantastic or whimsical story, relieved by characteristic descriptions of the elements of German society. The doctor is professor of general pathology, chef de clinique, and accoucheur de la grande-duchesse of some city where there is a Bergstrasse. Doctor Selsam is by no means an orthodox physician—like many other illustrious people, he has recourse to a crystal globe for cases of especial consultation. The Councillor Theodore Kilian had called upon him in reference to the health of his respectable aunt, Dame Annah Wunderlich, when a profound examination of the said globe enabled the gifted and learned physician to pronounce that the musical exaltations of that respectable lady, and her exaggerated expressions in regard to the Creation of Haydn, the oratorios of Handel, and the symphonies of Beethoven, prognosticated serious illness.

The diagnosis was not, however, complete, and to assist in its development Councillor Theodore was requested to play Mozart's "Enlèvement au Serail." This he did upon a choice Lévenhaupt, one of twelve manufactured expressly for Frederic II., and which rival the renowned Stradivarii, with such effect that his wig was on the floor, his knees were trembling, his frame agitated, and his whole soul absorbed in the sublime melody by the time that the spell had been woven.

The doctor rose with thanks on his lips. "Thank you, thank you a thousand times, dear and worthy friend; you have just rendered the greatest service to science."

"What I, merely playing a musical air, have rendered a service to science?" retorted the astonished councillor.

"Yes, dear Theodore, and I will not leave you in ignorance of the glorious part which you have taken in the solution of a great problem."

The doctor then conducted his visitor to his amphitheatre, as the French designate a dissecting-room, and there unfolded his theory. "Man is immortal in detail. Every molecule that enters into his composition is imperishable. They all live, think, suffer, but their lives are under the control of the soul, which dominates over them, and imposes its will on all these individual lives. The type of a perfect government has been long sought for. It has been found in a beehive and in an ant's-nest, but it only exists in the mortal frame. Every function has its particular organism, and every organism its particular living element. Thus the lungs have their 'douve,' the intestines their 'lumbri,' the heart its 'fungi,' and so on. A living man is an universe, subject to one will, which again is subject to the will of Him who does not permit of immortality here below, because He rules over all atoms, over the whole universe, just as man does over all the atoms that enter into his own composition—his own little universe. But each atom is imperishable, for He cannot perish in any one of his atoms."

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\* Contes des Bords du Rhin. Par Erckmann-Chatrain. Paris: J. Hetzel.

So far for the theory, which is more amusing than novel, the idea of the living molecular organism of the human frame being of very old standing; it is when we come to the application of the theory in a remedial point of view—just as in the relation of modern therapeutics to pathology—that we find the weakness of man's science. Had the story been written as a satire upon medical science it could not have been more telling.

Music was to be the cure. The vibrations of sound produce symmetrical figures, as seen in sand placed upon a drum or upon liquids. They act in the same way upon the human frame, generating hosts of organisms that produce all kinds of evil effects—epilepsy, catalepsy, and convulsions. The respectable aunt, Annah Wunderlich, was labouring under maladies brought about by excessive devotion to music. There were two theories to remedy this. One was that of Hippocrates, which says, "*Contraria contrarii curantur*;" the second that of the immortal Hahnemann, "*Similia similibus curantur*." As they happen to be as opposed as the two poles—no uncommon thing in medical science—the illustrious Doctor Selsam first propounded a theory by which the action of both could be brought into simultaneous play.

As to Councillor Theodore, he bowed to the depth of learning and wisdom brought to bear upon the subject.

"Although," he remarked, "I am her heir presumptive, it is a matter of conscience with me to do everything in my power to save her."

The experiment was put off till the morrow. In the mean time the councillor paid his aunt a visit, and the latter was much discomposed at the looks of compassionate interest with which her dear nephew favoured her.

"Why do you look at me so earnestly, Theodore?" the old lady inquired.

The councillor avoided the question, but being pressed, he said:

"You do not look well, aunt. You have had some new music."

"Indeed I have. I received yesterday a sublime work, the opera of the great Darius. What of that?"

"That you sat up the greater part of the night practising it, that you are ruining your nervous system, developing electricity, and giving life to millions of little insects—ferocious little creatures that are all at war in your interior!"

"Insects!" exclaimed the respectable Aunt Wunderlich as she rose as if impelled by a spring. "Insects! Wretch, do you mean to say there are insects on my person? Do you dare to insinuate? But it is infamous; go out of my presence, sir."

"But, aunt, I do not mean insects in the sense you speak of, I mean the myriads of little organisms generated by your excessive devotion to music, and that gnaw away at your vitals."

"Horrible! Louise! Katel! come hither. As to you, sir, go out. I disinheritor you for ever!"

The discomposed councillor went away to the doctor's, proclaiming a crisis. But what was his surprise on arriving there to find a complete orchestra of friends, and with such instruments, too! There was the distinguished conservator of the Archaeological Museum, Daniel Bremer, with great powdered wig and chesnut-coloured coat, a round flat face like that of a frog, with a gigantic horn constructed from a thigh-bone,



the busca-tibia of the Swiss mountaineers, and the sound of which rivals that of their native torrents. There was chapel-master Hoffer with his long legs reaching to the other side of the table, absorbed in lessons upon a colossal cow's-horn. Kasper Marbach, prosecutor at the Hospital St. Catherine, in black coat and white cravat, armed with a gong of enormous dimensions; and Rebstock, dean of the faculty of letters, with a drum from the Pacific Islands, covered with skins, the karabo of the Egyptians and the Abyssinians, and from which the illustrious doctor declared that he anticipated a magnificent effect, especially in the silence of the night. The plan of treatment adopted by the doctor was indeed heroic. The wild music of savages was to act as *contraria contrariis*, music itself as *similia similibus*, and the whole was to be administered in a potent, powerful, and unexpected dose.

To the nephew the idea appeared sublime.

"Illustrious Selsam!" he exclaimed, "you are a man of genius! Hippocrates proved the thesis, Hahnemann the antithesis of medicine, but you have found the synthesis: it is a magnificent discovery!"

"I know it," replied the doctor; "but let us away. I hasten to conclude the experiment."

All issued forth. It was eleven o'clock, a dark night, and nobody interrupted the progress of the learned party. Arrived at the house of Dame Annah Wunderlich, the councillor opened the door, and having lit a taper, they proceeded gently up-stairs. There, on the landing, each took up a position; matters had been conducted with so much precaution, that not a person knew they were in the house. Selsam opened the patient's door gently, and then gave the signal to commence operations.

The cow's-horn, the busca-tibia, the tam-tam, the karabo, and the gong, went off with such an effect that the ceiling threatened to descend upon the performers. True that a scream as of horror and distress made itself heard for a moment above the din, but every one was engrossed with his instrument; the motive was a good one, and enthusiasm in music was never wanting in a group of German professors. At last Selsam interfered; he wished to ascertain the effect produced by his heroic remedy. He pushed the door gently, and advanced cautiously into the patient's room. The party awaited his return with, impatience rather than anxiety. After the lapse of a few seconds he did return, but looking pale and disconcerted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let us go."

"But what of the experiment?" interrupted the nephew.

"She is dead!" was the lugubrious reply.

The midnight serenaders went forth pale with terror, and, once in the street, it is almost needless to say that each hastened to gain his own home without exchanging a word.

#### THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

This is a quaint story illustrative of what we can fancy Dutch artistic life to have been at the epoch when Ostade and Teniers the younger were following out with so much success the line of study opened to them by the elder David. It is, however, dated 1850.

One morning in the month of September, 1850, the old marine painter, Andreusse Cappelmans, my worthy master, and myself were

quietly smoking our pipes at the window of his study, situated on the top story of the old house which forms the corner of the street of the Brabançons, looking upon the bridge of Leyden, and we were emptying a mug of ale [ale in the original] to our respective healths.

I was at that epoch eighteen years of age and of a florid complexion; Cappelmans was at his fiftieth; his great red nose was assuming a purple tint, his temples were silvered, his face furrowed with deep wrinkles, and he had lately exchanged the cock's feather, in which he once took so much pride, for a simple crowquill that now adorned his felt.

It was a splendid evening. The old Rhine murmured by at our feet, the sails of vessels in the port hung listlessly in the calm, not a leaf moved. Nothing could be more soothing than the scene before us, but Cappelmans was thoughtful and gloomy.

"Master Andreusse," I said to him, "you seem to be out of spirits."

"True," he replied, "as melancholy as a beaten donkey."

"Why so? There is plenty of work, you have more orders than you can meet, and we shall have the Kermesse in a fortnight."

"I have had a bad dream."

"What, do you believe in dreams, Master Cappelmans?"

"I am not quite sure that it was a dream, Christian, for my eyes were wide open."

Then, emptying his pipe on the window-sill:

"You have heard of my old friend, Van Marius," he said; "Van Marius, the famous marine painter, who understood the sea, as Ruysdael did the country, Ostade the village, Rembrandt gloomy interiors, and Rubens temples or palaces. Ah! he was a great painter. Looking at one of his works, people did not say it is fine! they said it is great, it is terrible! Oh! genius, it is a sublime gift, Christian!"

Cappelmans stopped a moment to wipe a tear from out of a furrow. But, recovering himself, he continued:

"Van Marius and I prosecuted our studies together at Utrecht, at old Ryssens's; we loved the two sisters, and we passed the evenings together at the Frog like two brothers. We afterwards came to Leyden together arm in arm. Van Marius had only one fault—he liked hollands and scheidam better than ale and porter. You will do me the justice, Christian, to admit that I never got drunk except upon ale, and that is why my health is so good. Unfortunately, Van Marius got drunk upon hollands. He would not content himself with what he got at the tavern, but must have it also in his study. He never worked so well as when he had two or three glasses on his stomach. His enthusiasm would then arouse itself till he roared like the sea, he wielded his brush like an oar, and every touch eliminated a wave or a dark cloud, out of which one dash of vermillion brought down thunder and lightning. It was frightful! When Marius was engaged on calmer scenes, he made the old blind man Coppelius play upon his clarionet at two florins a day, he mixed ale with his hollands, and eat sausages to inspire him with rural feelings. You can understand, Christian, that such a system undermined his constitution. How many times have I said to him, 'Take care, Jan, hollands will play you a bad trick!'

"But they were words wasted. In the evening, at the tavern, he would sing bacchanalian songs that always ended with an imitation of a cock crowing. His greatest pride lay in his accurate imitation of chan-

ticlear. When his glass was empty, which was frequently the case, instead of calling for more, he would intone his ko-ko-ri-kos till it was filled again.

"Marius was engaged upon his greatest work, 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' when he suddenly disappeared from Leyden, and has never been heard of since."

At this point Cappelmans stopped to fill his pipe and light it, and then he continued between the puffs :

"Last night I was at the tavern of the Golden Mug, in company with Dr. Roëmer, Eisenlæffel, and five or six old friends. Roëmer was declaiming against potatoes. They were the curse of all countries in which they were eaten or in which spirits were distilled from them. This brought back Marius to my mind. 'Poor fellow,' I said to myself, 'he, too, was a victim. I wonder what has become of him and of his chef-d'œuvre?'"

"At this moment the watchman, Zelig, entered the tavern to announce that it was eleven o'clock, time to go. I withdrew to my home, and went to bed thinking of Marius. Before I could go to sleep, however, I heard a noise in my room. I looked out of bed, and could distinctly see a great black cock perched upon my easel right in the middle of the study. The moon's rays fell upon it from behind the turrets of the Hôtel de Ville, and I could see that it had great yellow eyes with red borders, and that it scratched its head with its claws. Whilst I was thus busy contemplating the bird, it said to me :

"What, Cappelmans, don't you know me? I am the soul of your friend, Van Marius!"

"The soul of Van Marius!" I exclaimed. "Is Van Marius dead, then?"

"Yes," he replied, in a melancholy tone. "I had undertaken a great drinking bout with Herode van Gambrinus; we drank two days and two nights without shrinking. On the morning of the third day, as old Judith was putting out the candles, I rolled under the table! Now, my body lies on the hill of Osterhaffen, facing the sea, and I am come to ask a favour of you."

"A favour! Ask whatever a man can do for you. I will do it."

"Good!" said he—"good! I knew you would not refuse me. Well, then, this is what I want. You must know, Andreusse, that I went to "Herring Creek" on purpose to finish the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." Unfortunately, death overtook me before I could put the final touches to that work. Gambrinus suspended it as a trophy in his tavern, and it is that which will not let me rest in my grave. I shall not be happy till it is completed, and you alone can do it. You promise me, don't you, Cappelmans?"

"Make yourself easy, Jan; it shall be done."

"Good-by, then!"

"And so saying, the cock waved its wings, and went out by the window without breaking a pane of glass."

After having concluded this strange story, Cappelmans put down his pipe and emptied his glass at one pull. We remained for some time in silence, looking at one another.

"And so," I said, "you really think that that black cock was the soul of Van Marius?"

"Think it!" said he. "I am sure of it!"

"Then what do you intend to do, Master Andreusse?"

"It is quite simple. I intend to go to Osterhaffen. An honest man has only his word. I have promised Van Marius to finish the 'Miraculous Draught,' and I will finish it at any cost. In an hour hence, the one-eyed Van Eyck is to be here with his chaise."

Then, looking at me a moment, he added:

"And you, Christian, shall go with me. It is a splendid opportunity for seeing the Herring Creek; and then, besides, one does not know what may happen, and I should like to have you near me."

"I should like it very well, Master Andreusse, but you know my Aunt Catherine, she will never consent."

"Your Aunt Catherine! I will persuade her that it is essential to your progress that you should see the sea."

So saying, the worthy man put on his red great-coat, and, taking me under his arm, he led me into my aunt's presence. It is unnecessary to detail the arguments that were used for and against. Master Andreusse finished by carrying the day, and, two hours later, we were rolling along on our way to Osterhaffen, or, as we should say, Oyster-haven.

Our carriage, drawn by a little Zuydersee horse, with a great head and short hairy legs, made but slow progress, and night was coming on apace long before we had got to the end of our journey. Cappelmans recommended plenty of warm wrappings, the feet to be well pushed under the straw, and the stomach to be fortified by a pull at the flask, to keep out, as he said, the salt fog. This done, we conversed regarding Osterhaffen. Cappelmans described Master Gambrinus's tavern, The Tobacco Pot, as being the most celebrated house in all Holland for the potency of its beer and the excellence of its spirits. The terrible Herode van Gambrinus, surnamed the Bacchus of the North, was, he said, always seated in the middle of its vast hall, behind a counter constructed in the shape of a barrel.

"That man," he continued, "consumes two pints of porter at one draught; triple ale passes into his stomach as if into a tin funnel; there is nothing but hollands that will beat him. Bad luck to the artist who places his foot over that threshold. Better that he had never seen the day!"

Having made this melancholy observation, Cappelmans lit his pipe and smoked away in silence. I also felt uncomfortable. It seemed as if I was approaching a gulf, from which it was difficult to escape without damage. I almost think that, if I could, I should have run away. But there was no help for it. I was in for the encounter, and must go through with it. We had both dropped into a broken slumber, when the carriage drew up, and the driver exclaimed:

"We are arrived!"

Cappelmans uttered an exclamation of surprise, whilst I shuddered from head to foot. The night was very dark. The sea was heard roaring only a few hundred paces distant; and as to The Tobacco Pot, should I live a thousand years I could never forget it, with its great heavy roof overhanging its bright little windows, behind which grotesque shapes seemed to be dancing to and fro.

We were about to step down, when from out of the darkness a tall man, with a great felt hat, a pointed beard, and a doublet of purple velvet, and his breast decorated with a triple chain of gold, after the fashion of the old Flemish masters, advanced towards us.

"Is it you, Cappelmans?" he inquired.

"Yes, master!" replied Andreusse, in evident astonishment.

"Take care!" continued the unknown, "take care: the destroyer of souls awaits you!"

"Fear nothing; Andreusse Cappelmans will do his duty."

"That is right, you are a man: the spirit of the old masters is with you!"

Thus saying, the stranger disappeared in the obscurity, while Cappelmans, pale, but with a firm and resolute expression, stepped down from the carriage. I followed him, much more terrified than I like to avow. Andreusse whispered in my ear:

"Attention, Christian!"

At the same moment he pushed open the door of the tavern, and beneath the hams, herrings, and sausages that hung from the ceiling, I saw nearly a hundred men, seated at long tables, some talking or singing, others drinking or casting clouds of smoke upwards; a few were leaning against the wall, their felts on one side, manifestly done for. A capacious fireplace, well filled with peat, cast its glare from one end of the room to the other, and old Judith, as long and as thin as a broom-handle, was busy by its side superintending a fry. But what riveted my attention more than all was Herode van Gambrinus himself, seated in his counter, just as Master Andreusse had described him to me, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, his red and swollen cheeks resting on his hands, his elbows leaning on the counter, with his long yellow beard between, reaching down almost to the tumblers beneath. He was looking with a thoughtful aspect at the "Miraculous Draught," which hung at the extremity of the hall, just above a little wooden clock.

At this moment the call of the watchman was heard, and old Judith, giving a vigorous shake to her frying-pan, said in an ironical tone:

"Midnight! It is now twelve days since the great painter, Van Marius, lies on the hill of Osterhaffen, and the avenger has not come."

"He is here!" exclaimed Cappelmans, as he advanced into the middle of the hall.

Every eye was at once turned upon the new comer, and Gambrinus, having looked round, his eyes confronted those of the new comer as he smilingly caressed his beard.

"Is it you, Cappelmans?" he said, in a jeering tone. "I was expecting you. You come to fetch the 'Miraculous Draught.'"

"Yes," replied Master Andreusse; "I promised Van Marius to finish his chef-d'œuvre. I intend to do so."

"You intend to do so?" retorted the other; "that is soon said, friend. Do you know that I won it mug in hand?"

"I know it; and it is mug in hand that I intend to regain it."

"What, do you intend to enter the lists against me?"

"Yes I do. May the God of the just be with me. I will keep my word or roll under the table."

The eyes of the fatal host sparkled.

"You have heard what he has said," addressing himself to the company. "It is he who defies me: let his will be done!" Then turning towards Master Andreusse, he said, "Who is your umpire?"

"My umpire is Christian Retstock," replied Cappelmans, as he made signs to me to come forward.

I was trembling in my shoes. Ignace van den Broek, burgomaster of Osterhaffen, then rose from amidst the crowd, and read from a slip of paper :

"The wögt (umpire) in a drinking bout has a right to a clean napkin, a clean glass, and a white candle; let him be served."

A great red-headed girl brought these things to my side.

"Who is your umpire?" inquired Master Andreusse.

"Adam van Rasimus," was the reply.

This Adam van Rasimus, with a purple nose, stooped back, and bleary eyes, came and took his place by my side. He was also served as I had been. This being done, Herode, holding forth his great fist across the counter to his adversary, said :

"You employ neither witchcraft nor sorcery?"

"Neither witchcraft nor sorcery," replied Cappelmanns.

"Are you without hatred towards me?"

"When I shall have avenged Fritz Coppelius, Tobie Vogel (the landscape painter), Roemer, Nickel Braur, Diderich Vinkelmann, Van Marius, all artists of merit, drowned by you in ale and porter, and spoiled of their works, then shall I be without hatred."

Herode burst into a loud laugh, with arms extended, and his broad shoulders cast back against the wall.

"I conquered them mug in hand," he exclaimed, "honourably and loyally, as I am about to conquer you. Their works have become my legitimate property, and as to your hatred, I laugh at it. Let us drink!"

Then, dear friends, commenced a struggle, such as two other like it are unknown to the memory of man in all Holland, and which will be spoken of for ages. White and black, good and evil, were opposed to one another—destiny was to have its way.

A barrel of ale was brought forward, and two pots, of a pint each, were filled to the brim. Herode and Master Andreusse emptied each his own at one pull. And so they went on from half-hour to half-hour, with the regularity of the tic-tac of the clock, till the barrel was empty.

After the ale they passed to porter.

It would be easy for me to place on record the number of barrels of beer that were emptied in this memorable contest; the burgomaster, Van den Broek, has recorded the exact number in the registers of Osterhaffen, for the benefit of future generations; but you would not believe me—my statement would appear to you to be fabulous.

Let it suffice, then, that the struggle lasted three days and three nights. The like of it had never been seen before!

For the first time in his life Herode found himself confronted by an adversary worthy of him; and the news of the contest having spread through the country, everybody hastened to the scene of the combat, on foot, on horseback, in carts and carriages: it became a perfect fair, and the hall of the tavern was crowded to suffocation.

All this time, Master Andreusse and Gambrinus continued to empty their mugs with marvellous regularity. At times my apprehensions, which I had never been able to fully lay aside, got the better of me, and Cappelmanns detected the evidences of my distress. He would then cheer me up, saying :

"Well, Christian, we are getting on! Drink a pint to refresh yourself."

I was thunderstruck at his capacity.

"The soul of Van Marius is in him," I said to myself; "that must support him!"

As to Gambrinus, his short pipe of old box between his lips, his elbow on the counter, and his cheeks in his hands, he smoked away quietly, like an honest citizen who is taking his evening pint, and thinking over the business of the day.

The scene was unparalleled. The most experienced drinkers were in ecstasies.

The morning of the third day, before putting out the candles, seeing that the bout threatened to have no conclusion, the burgomaster ordered Judith to bring the needle and thread for the first ordeal. The order created a great sensation, and every one struggled to be near enough to see.

According to the rules of a drinking-bout, the one of the two adversaries who issues triumphantly from this ordeal, has a right to choose whatever kind of drink he likes, and to make his adversary drink it also.

Herode had deposited his pipe on the counter. He took the needle and thread, presented to him by Van den Brock, in his hand, and raising himself, he made an attempt to thread the needle; but it was manifest that his sight was troubled; he was obliged to repeat the attempt twice over, and failed each time.

"It is your turn, Cappelmans," said the burgomaster.

Thus summoned, Master Andreusse rose up, took the thread and needle, and passed the thread without a tremor being visible in his hand.

The feat was hailed with a burst of applause. The hall rang with plaudits. I looked at Gambrinus: his great cheeks seemed to be puffed with blood, and hung tremulously over his jaws. No sooner had silence been restored, than the burgomaster struck three blows on the table, and exclaimed, with a solemn voice:

"Master Cappelmans, you are glorious in Bacchus! What drink do you select?"

"Schiedam!" replied Master Andreusse; "old schiedam! The oldest and the strongest in the house!"

These words produced a marked effect upon the tavern-keeper.

"No, no!" he exclaimed; "beer, let us go on with beer; no schiedam!"

"I am sorry," said the worthy burgomaster, "but the rules are formal; let what Cappelmans asks for be brought."

Gambrinus resumed his seat with much less confidence than he had manifested at first. Schiedam of the year XXII. was brought, and Van Rasimus and I tasted it first, to see that no deception was practised. The glasses were then filled, and the struggle recommenced. The whole population of Osterhaffen were at the windows. The candles had been put out. It was broad daylight. As the struggle kept getting nearer and nearer to a fatal termination, the silence became greater. The company within the hall had clambered up on chairs, benches, and tables, not to lose the dénouement.

Cappelmans had had a sausage served up, and was partaking of it as if it had been an every-day breakfast. Not so Gambrinus; he no longer resembled himself: it was evident that the schiedam was stupifying him. His great crimson face was bedewed with a cold perspiration, his ears were assuming a violet tint, his eyelids kept drooping—drooping. He would rouse himself for a moment, and take his glass with a hanging

lip, and would cast a dull stare at the assembled crowd, and he would then relax into a state of stupor. He was on the brink of what the French call "*une apoplexie foudroyante*"—an apoplectic stroke that strikes a man down without a hope!

I never saw anything so horrible in all my life. Every one saw that the defeat of Herode was certain.

"He is lost!" they whispered to one another. "He who thought himself invincible has found his master; two or three glasses more, and it is all over with him."

Some, however, thought differently, and affirmed that Gambrinus would hold out for three or four hours. Van Rasimus even offered to bet a barrel of ale that he would not roll under the table till sunset, when an incident of an apparently trivial character came to decide the contest.

It was now near noon. The cellarman, Nickel Spitz, was replenishing the decanters for the fourth time. The spare Judith, after having made a vain attempt to mix water with the schiedam, had gone out bathed in tears, and was heard mourning in an adjoining room.

Herode was in a state of semi-stupor.

Suddenly the old clock began to grind after an unknown fashion; it then struck twelve times in the midst of the deepest silence; which done, the little wooden cock perched over the frame beat its wings and ko-ko-ri-koed in the most triumphant manner possible. No cock on its own dunghill ever crowed more lustily.

Then, my friends, those who were in the hall witnessed a frightful scene. Van Gambrinus arose at the sound of the cock crowing, as if impelled by an irresistible impulse. I shall never forget his open mouth, his haggard eyes, his countenance livid with terror. I see him now before me, stretching forth his hands to repel the frightful spectre. I still hear him crying out with a strangled voice:

"The cock! oh, the cock!"

He wanted to run away, but his legs refused to perform their office, and the terrible Herode van Gambrinus fell like an ox beneath the club of the slayer, at the feet of Master Cappelmans.

Next morning, about six o'clock, Cappelmans and I quitted Osterhaffen, taking with us the "*Miraculous Draught of Fishes*."

Our return to Leyden was a complete ovation; the report of the contest had spread throughout the whole town, and the population awaited our arrival in the streets and in the squares, and cheered the victor of Van Gambrinus. He alone did not participate in the universal joy; his mind seemed to be full of thought, and no sooner had he reached his own house than he carefully closed the door.

"Christian," said my worthy master, as he took off his great-coat, "I want to be alone; go to your aunt's, and work there. When the picture is finished, I will send Kobus to inform you."

It was on a fine day, after the lapse of nigh six weeks, that Master Andreusse came himself to fetch me, and led me to his study. The "*Miraculous Draught of Fishes*" was suspended on the wall in front of the two windows.

"Heaven! what a sublime work! Is it possible that man could produce such things!" Cappelmans had thrown his whole heart and genius into it. The soul of Van Marius must have been satisfied!

*March*—VOL. CXXXIII. NO. DXXXI.

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## MINES AND MINING.\*

THE importance of a work of the kind now before us can be hardly over-estimated. To the mineral productions of Great Britain and Ireland must be mainly attributed, the author justly remarks, that high commercial position which the geographical extent and population of the two islands would scarcely have led us to expect. With her coal England has kept every part of the empire in vigorous operation, and is provided with the means of enhancing the domestic comforts of the people; with her iron she has promoted the arts, added to her material strength, and produced some of the finest pieces of mechanism the world has ever seen; and with her lead, tin, and copper, she has increased the security and supplied some of the most urgent necessities of the nation. Conjointly, these several productions have given her a commanding trade, rendered her pre-eminence the envy of other nations, and augmented the resources, stimulated the energies, and proved a blessing to the great mass of the community.

The law relating to mines is, therefore, of universal importance, but especially to those who are more immediately affected by it. To the prince, as a large landed proprietor and possessor of extensive mineral rights,—to the peer, as hereditary counsellor of the crown, and final arbiter of every litigated mineral question,—to the landowner, who may be called upon at any moment to establish his rights, resist obtrusion, abide by the acts of his agents, or to give compensation for injuries done by them or his workmen,—to the adventurer, who expends his capital in exploring the hidden treasure of the soil,—to the merchant, whose dealings must be conducted in accordance with the peculiar laws and customs which prevail in particular districts,—to the manufacturer, who must not commit a nuisance or suffer a dangerous vapour to continue when bringing the rude matter into due form,—and to the labourer and artisan who, on the one hand, are subjected to civil and criminal proceedings for acts of omission as well as commission wilfully incurred in the course of their employment, and, on the other, have a remedy for all grievances or injuries to which they may be subjected by the oppression, negligence, or commands of their employers,—to one and all the law relating to mines is shown to be of considerable importance.

If an acquaintance with multifarious branches of science—mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and metallurgy—are requisite for the successful miner, a mere reference to the index of this ponderous tome will surprise the unthinking person how many questions are involved in the law of mines, minerals, and quarries. There are not only the laws as relating to our own and to foreign states, laws of ownership, and of titles, alienation, leases, grants, sales, and exchanges, but there are also local laws and customs to be considered—easements and servitudes, rating, re-

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\* The Law relating to Mines, Minerals, and Quarries in Great Britain and Ireland; with a Summary of the Laws of Foreign States, and Practical Directions for obtaining Government Grants to work Foreign Mines. By ARUNDEL ROGERS, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. V. and R. Stevens, Sons, and Haynes.

gulation and inspection, the coal trade, the relation of masters and workmen, pleading in actions and criminal offences. The number of branch questions which again spring from these—accidents, bankruptcies, rights of way, canals, commons, barriers, compensations, fences, railways—are still more numerous.

Amid such a multitude of questions, we will select one, perhaps not the least important of all, as an example of the uncertainty which pervades many of these points. The author adopts Sir William Armstrong's opinion upon the subject of the proximate exhaustion of coal; he says that these views may be taken as substantially correct, and it is therefore of the greatest importance that the amount of waste now going on in the coal-fields should be ascertained and prevented.

Mr. Greenwell stated, a few years since, his opinion that the northern coal-field would continue 331 years. Mr. Hall agreed in the main with Mr. Greenwell, and taking the annual consumption of the Newcastle coal-field at fourteen millions of tons, he gives 365 years as the period at which this coal-field will be exhausted. Mr. Fordyce, in 1860, supposing the drain upon this coal-field to be twenty millions of tons annually, says that at this rate of demand the coal-field would be exhausted in the course of 256 years. (Trans. of the North of Eng. Instit. of Min. Eng.; Fordyce, Hist. of Coal, 1860.)

In the report presented by the coal trade at the meeting of the British Association (1863), the rate at which the reporters suppose the exhaustion of this coal-field to be going on in 1861, is given as at 21,777,570 tons. (Hist. of the Trade and Man. of the Tyne.) The quantity is above that which is given in Mr. Hunt's Mineral Statistics for 1862 (we there find 19,360,356 tons recorded as the quantity raised and sold).

Mr. Edward Hull has devoted much attention to this important subject, and he calculates that the total remaining supply of coal amounts to 79,843 millions of tons, and that in the whole of Great Britain the supply is sufficient to last for upwards of a thousand years with a production of seventy-two millions of tons annually. (The Coal-Fields of Great Britain, by Ed. Hull, B.A., and No. 1, Quarterly Jour. of Science.)

The increase of consumption has, however, been going on in recent times at a fearful rate, and Sir William Armstrong startled the world—and more especially the geological world—by his recent statement, which was to the effect that “by combining the known thickness of the various workable seams of coal, and computing the area of the surface under which they lie, it is easy to arrive at an estimate of the total quantity comprised in our coal-bearing strata. Assuming four thousand feet as the greatest depth at which it will ever be possible to carry on mining operations, and rejecting all seams of less than two feet in thickness, the entire available coal existing in these islands has been calculated to amount to about eighty thousand millions of tons, which, at the present rate of consumption, would be exhausted in 930 years; but with a continued yearly increase of two millions and three-quarters tons, would only last 212 years.”

It has, however, been justly remarked that it is not probable that there will be any long continuance of such a rapid increase. The progress of civilisation has ever been a system of undulations, the maximum of elevation is reached, and the still onward wave subsides, the momentum

acquired in its decline being the power by which it again rises to its highest level. It must not be inferred from this that it is to be supposed that our commerce and manufactures have reached their highest point. It is believed that a large extension is before us, but it is argued, from the history of the past, that our progress will not be a system of continuous rise in the future.

Whatever real foundations there may be for this deduction, its proponent has been led by the consideration of the subject to practical considerations—perhaps not novel, but of great importance to the community—in regard to the present mode of employing this precious fuel. He has shown that improved machinery, a better arrangement of the fire-grate, and an easy method of firing, would not only economise its consumption to an almost incredible degree, but that the inhabitants of cities would be spared the annoyance and inconvenience of a vitiated atmosphere. Even in our present fireplaces, he tells us, we consume five times as much coal as would be requisite in a properly constructed stove or improved open fireplaces.

While it is certain that striking improvements are being introduced into the construction of land and marine engines, which herald a constantly increasing diminution in the expenditure of fuel, and an increased economy in the private consumption of coal presents itself as a means of saving, if for no higher motive, it does not appear that the experience of practical geologists altogether bear out the gloomy anticipations of Sir William Armstrong.

A revolution will probably be soon effected in regard to coal-mining, as well also as in other mining operations, by the further introduction of machinery. At the present day, in nearly every division of human labour, some mechanical power has been introduced for the purpose of relieving the labourer from the constant strain made upon his muscular system. The coal-hewer has not, however, been in any way assisted; with the primitive pick and the ancient wedge he has been compelled, often under the most trying conditions, to “get” the coal. The question of supplanting this circumscribed hand-labour by machinery has not been, however, entirely neglected. So long since as 1789, a patent appears to have been granted for improved machinery to be used in getting coal, and since that time many plans have been proposed, and some of them patented, and have even been successfully applied. The first machine which has been found capable of taking its place in the regular business of coal cutting is one belonging to the West Ardsley Coal Company, Messrs. Firth, Donisthorpe, and Bower. This machine has been in regular work for now some time past, and it appears to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is contrived. The length of this coal-cutting machine has been thought by some to be a disadvantage. Difficulties are said to have arisen when it was required to be taken round the short elbows and the abrupt curves which often occur in a colliery. To obviate this, Messrs. Ridley and Jones have constructed a new machine, which is about half the length of the machine used by the Ardsley Company.

## MADAME DE FONTANGES.

## I.

In the autumn of 1677 there was a remarkable excitement at the château of the Marquis Sorcillac de Roussille, in Brittany. The "great king," Louis XIV., was hunting in the neighbourhood, and intended on the next day to return through the park. What an event! The news produced an astounding effect, for the poor old marquis, with his sister, the Dowager Marquise Fontenois, and his granddaughter, Angélique, had lived, since the death of his son and daughter-in-law, in such retirement from the court and the world that not the faintest gleam of the sun shining at Versailles penetrated to him.

The poor old man himself was not much affected by the news, for he had for many years lost all memory of the living, and only remembered things that were told him for a second. The marquise, however, was all the more excited, for the dignity of the family was entrusted to her. She regarded her brother as an imbecile fool, and her granddaughter as a child, who, in spite of her sixteen years, had as yet no idea of the importance of a lady of la belle France.

She bitterly complained daily that the little girl had inherited neither the grace nor the beauty of the women of her family, but was unhappily the image of a mother who had not the slightest right by birth to bring a Sorcillac de Roussille into the world. So the king intended to come. "The king!" the marquis repeated, with a flash of intelligence in his large melancholy eyes. "The king!" Angélique exclaimed, clapping her hands, when the old servant brought them these wonderful tidings.

These two had no idea of the feelings that agitated the Marquise Fontenois as she now paced up and down the sitting-room. They were aware that the château was as little suited to receive a royal visit as a magpie's nest would be. Of all the riches of the Sorcillacs de Roussille, only this pile of stones remained—as empty inside as a cheese occupied by mice. Of all the costly plate, nothing was left but two drinking-horns, a small number of silver spoons, a cup on the toilette-table of the marquise, a silver-framed hand-glass for Angélique, and a gold fruit-dish, which was never absent from the dinner-table, though it performed the most varied duties. There was also a silver plate, with the arms of the family, on which the marquise was accustomed to breakfast, and a small cup set with jewels, out of which the marquis always drank. But all these visible defects were as naught compared with the awful difficulty of collecting and clothing the number of servants requisite for the family of the Sorcillacs. The king only intended to ride through the park, hence there would be no eating and drinking, beyond filling the horns with spiced wine, which the marquise prided herself on preparing—that is to say, if there were the ghost of a bottle of wine in the cellar. A dish of fruit would also be piled up and presented by "the child." To this moment the ambitious dreams of the marquise clung. It was high time to think of the young lady's future, and the king's arrival was, perchance, a hint from Heaven. The old lady intended to ask his majesty for the post of maid of honour to the queen for her grand-niece. Angélique

had only a choice between this post and a convent, so the old lady thought. She carefully avoided revealing her thoughts, however, and they were really thrust back by the anxiety about the servants. The hall and the flight of steps must be thronged with valets and couriers in the livery of the house. Ere long a saving thought occurred to the old lady: she would dress the village lads and girls in the remaining liveries, and any defects could be concealed by clever arrangement of the groups. The large chests were carried by the steward, cook, valet, and porter in one, old Etienne, aided by his wife, Jeanne, who was lady's maid, into the grand hall, and their contents spread out. While this was going on, the marquise walked up and down in deep thought as to how she could best employ her brother in the ceremony.

His entrance stopped the flow of her ideas. A rising thought of seating him as Neptune on the dolphin in the basin was dispelled by the sight of him—the old man looked remarkably pale and restless.

"Tell me, Angélique will not see the king. She must go to bed early, for children must not stay up," he said.

"Do not disturb me now, marquis," the lady replied, impatiently: "Angélique must see the king. If she neglect this chance of getting to court, she must be a nun."

"A nun! our merry girl! never!" the marquis cried, with every sign of terror, and fell into the nearest chair. "But she shall not go to court either," he added, with unusual energy. "I cannot tell you why I do not wish it, for you know my head is weak. I knew so many stories, but since Gaston's death I have forgotten them all. Angélique must remain with me."

"Do not be more foolish than usual," the marquise said, and gave her brother one of those looks which never missed its effect. "I cannot make any use of you to-morrow, so you must be ill, dangerously ill, and for that reason we cannot ask the great king to accept a supper—do you understand? So you are ill—very ill—even dying."

The marquis hung his head.

"All right. I understand," he muttered. "I am of no use to any one."

At this moment the door flew open, and a girl appeared on the threshold. With her, sunshine, air, and life entered the room, and even illumined those two withered forms. The marquis looked up, and smiled; the marquise pulled out the folds of her faded grey silk dress, and offered the girl her hand to kiss. The little creature bowed her curly head half solemnly, half roguishly, over the skinny fingers. She was the sole heiress of the marquise of the Soreillacs de Roussille: Marie Angélique.

The girl wore a white dress with a fluttering blue scarf, and her little feet were thrust into high-heeled shoes with red bows. Her light hair, untouched by powder, and nicely held by a silk ribbon, fell down her cheeks. Her face was enchantingly beautiful and fresh, and Adrienne de Fontenois alone could find her complexion too ruddy. Angélique gave her aunt a rather hurried bow, and then hastened to her grandfather, whom she addressed with such loving words as a mother is wont to use to her children.

"How are you to-day?" she at length asked. "You forgot to call

me for a walk. I was waiting impatiently, and at last ran to look for you. The sun shines so warm, that we will go down the great walk as slowly as you like, grandpapa. And you can go, Etienne," she continued, turning to the old valet, who had just thrust his head through the door, and exchanged a significant glance with his young mistress. "I can take care of grandpapa alone."

"You will stay, Etienne," the marquise ordered. "I have something to say to Mademoiselle Sorcillac de Roussille. Go, marquis; I shall soon send the child after you."

The old man rose, passed his hand once again over the girl's curls, and whispered to his sister, "Do not send her to court."

"Sit down, remove your hair from your forehead, keep upright, and listen to me," the old lady commenced, when the door shut after the two men. "I have opened the large coffer that stands in my bedroom, and we will select from the dresses I formerly wore at Versailles one for you, in which you will to-morrow welcome the great king, by my side."

The girl's eyes sparkled with pleasure. "I am going to wear a fine dress, like the court ladies! Oh, that will be delicious! Of what colour is it? Where is it?"

"A good deal will depend on your appearance and behaviour," the marquise continued, without heeding this question. "If you appear before the king as graceful and well bred as befits a daughter of our house, there is nothing to prevent your being appointed a maid of honour. Then you will see closely all the splendour I have so frequently described to you."

"A maid of honour! Shall I live in Versailles and Paris?" the girl asked with a flush, and her eyes sparkled.

The marquise nodded. "Of course, you little fool."

"No, aunt, that cannot be, for grandpapa will not go with me, and I shall never leave him as long as he lives. Who would sing him the merry songs at which he always laughs?—who would walk with him, play at cards, or tie the bow of his cravat? You see, I cannot leave home."

"That must be my business. Such follies must not prevent your happiness, should it come in your way. Do not think of that now, but of your dress and curtsies. My hands will dress your hair to-morrow à la Vallière. You have nothing to say, for I shall address the king; you will merely take the dish of fruit from Jeanne at a signal from me, and offer it to the king. But I am afraid I shall have a terrible difficulty in teaching you a reverence such as I used to make, for the graces of the Sorcillacs did not stand at your cradle, poor little thing."

Angélique made no answer. Her heart beat in expectation of what was about to happen—a crowd of unclear thoughts crossed her mind. He was really coming then, the great king, Louis XIV., the victor over the foe and—over women—as her aunt had so often told her. He was going to ride through the neglected park, past those rose-bushes in which she always tore her dress when she hid herself to throw flowers at grandpapa. And he would draw rein before the great grass-grown steps near the two stone lions, over whose manes creeping plants hung down, near the dried-up basin, into which she was so fond of climbing, in order to thrust flowers down the moss-covered throat of the dolphin.

She looked on dreamily while her aunt was taking all sorts of care-

fully garnered articles out of her chest. A mouldy smell issued from it, blended with the overpowering perfume of lavender. Sheets, yellow through age, were opened, and the splendours of a long past age were revealed. Faded dresses of heavy gold-worked stuffs, wondrous in shape and colour, fans and feathers, crumpled ribbons and costly laces, emerged. Marie Angélique awoke from her reverie. She sprang up eagerly to touch these marvels with her own hands. A slight cry of delight burst from her lips when her aunt spread out a pink dress, embroidered with silver flowers, before her astonished sight.

"Why, that is a dress for a queen!" she exclaimed.

"Such clothes, and even finer ones, you will wear daily as a maid of honour," the marquise said, solemnly.

"Oh, aunt, what pleasure! In the whole world I only love my grandfather and handsome dresses," the girl cried; "and you," she added, presently.

The old lady did not seem to heed this confession, for she was engaged in unpacking a still more splendid dress of white silk, covered with flowers and butterflies.

"I shall wear this dress to receive the king—I wore it on my wedding-day. But now to see whether the pink dress fits you, for we have no time to lose."

Blushing and trembling with delight, Marie Angélique took off her simple dress. But a shudder ran over her when the cold silk touched her warm neck—it was something like a mortal terror, a longing to cast off the rustling garment. But this strange feeling passed over, and the girl saw in the mirror a strange form, at which she did not know whether to laugh or be startled. She did not please herself at all at first.

The marquise abused her "rustic growth"—the waist intended for her own spectral form was too tight—and yet nothing could be more charming than this neck, these arms and hands, which emerged so dazlingly from the broad lace trimming. The train rustled on the ground a long way behind.

"You cannot see my feet and the red heels," the girl complained.

"The feet of the Sorcillacs de Roussille were never seen at court fêtes," was the reply, "and yet every cavalier would have vowed that they were the smallest in the world. But Jeanne must really let out the dress a little here at the sleeves, for I should sink into the ground if a Roussille appeared before the king with red arms."

And in truth the sleeve did press the beautiful arm till a slight flush tinged the skin.

"Now try to walk; take this fan, and when you come near me, think I am the king, and make a deep reverence," the old lady commanded.

She sat down in a chair, and Angélique tried her first paces in the rustling train-dress. Oh dear! how quick and hurried! how easily her feet were entangled in the wretched train! and how the tight corsage impeded her breathing, and how hot the thought made her of curtsying to her aunt! She would really not have felt half so frightened in the presence of the king. She had all but reached the marquise, when she suddenly stopped, burst into a hearty laugh, and cried, "Aunt, supposing the king looked like you!"

"Foolish girl, what would there be to laugh at? Draw yourself up and curtsy. But can you really be my niece, and bow with the awkwardness of a farmer's wife! Must I live to see such things! I said to your grandfather a thousand times, you have nothing of a Roussille about you. You cannot make your fortune at court. Your mother was of mean birth, and you have, unfortunately, inherited her style. But now you must carefully watch what I show you, and imitate me as well as you can. Sit down here and look at me!"

And up the tall old lady stalked, as upright as a poker, with her fan in her hand and her head slightly thrown back, though the eyes drooped. And when the moment for the reverence arrived, she took hold of her dress with both hands and dived into a cloud of rising skirt, deeper and deeper, so that the frightened girl believed the ground had opened under her aunt's feet, and that she had sunk in up to her waist. "Such was the well known curtsy of the Sorcillacs de Roussille," said the marquise, as she slowly rose again.

"No, no, I cannot learn it—will not learn it," said Marie Angélique, half crying. "And the king will not expect such a fashionable reverence from a little country girl. I shall manage with him. I am not half so much afraid of him as I am of you. I am not half so awkward as you make me out, I feel assured. And now I will go to grandpapa. He has been waiting a long time for me." And she went towards the door, forgetting the train and her sorrow.

"Are you mad? By all the saints! do you mean to run down into the garden in that dress? You must not speak to the marquis about all this, remember, for it will only excite him. All we have to do is to persuade him to be very ill when the king comes."

The girl silently took off the silk dress. In a few minutes she was attired once more in white. "Send Jeanne and Etienne to me," the marquise ordered. She hardly heard it, as she flew away down the steps and through the long walk. The green, silver-laced velvet coat of the marquis, though so shabby and faded close by, glinted bravely in the distance. She flew up to him glowing and breathless. "Go in, Etienne," she said; "I will remain with him—for ever, if he does not send me away," she added, in a whisper, as she put her hand round the marquis's neck and drew his head down on her bosom. She looked down at him earnestly and thoughtfully, but was startled at the expression of his features. He looked to her so ill and worn. The king, the gay clothes, everything was forgotten. He was her all—father and mother, whom she hardly recollected, she loved in the old man. "Be at your ease, I shall not leave you," she said, gently. "I cannot be a maid of honour, for I am much too awkward, and too ruddy and stout. And no one can make any use of me but you. Is it not so?"

He made no reply. He merely pressed her closely to his heart and laid his cheek on her shoulder. "I must die if they take you from me," he murmured.

## II.

THE family of the Sorcillacs de Roussille was one of the oldest in the country, but had been gradually decaying for many years past. The young and old nobility of this renowned race had led a merry life at



court, and always selected the most beautiful and frivolous wives. Enormous sums had been squandered, but in return for them the bearers of the name of Roussille had acquired the reputation of irreproachable cavaliers, liberal friends, brave heroes, irresistible conquerors on every field; and their wives always played graceful and influential parts at court. Gradually, however, the Roussilles were compelled to withdraw from court life—the fine estates passed into other hands, and the wealth melted away like snow in a spring sun. Gaston, the last of the family, was probably the wildest of all, and when a sincere love for a beautiful but poor girl brought him to his senses, it was too late. Nothing was left him but the ruined château in Brittany, and just sufficient means to save him from starvation. In spite of the anger of his aunt, the Dowager-Marquise de Fontenois, he married the girl he loved, and she followed him to this solitary abode, as if it were the most splendid palace in the world. How cheerfully and proudly she walked through the deserted rooms, and how cleverly she made her nest in these ruins! It was said of her that she was not ashamed of menial work for the man she loved, and as long as she lived want would never have found its way into the château.

She managed the household with the sole help of Etienne and an old maid-servant, and presided over it like a plain citizen's wife. The ancestral hall was closed, and Gaston never asked to have it opened, for in his heart he was afraid of all the frowning faces which seemed to ask him, "What have you done with the wealth of the Sorcillacs de Roussille?"

He adored his wife; for her sake alone he regretted his extravagance, and if he found her charming in her plain dress, he would at times have liked to see her in those costumes, and feathers, pearls, and jewels, which became a Sorcillac. When Marie wished to grant him a specially gay hour, she appeared in a wide light-blue satin dress, the sole relic of past splendour, with an artistic medley of feathers and flowers in her powdered curls, and walked with solemn dignity up and down. His eyes then followed her movements in delight, ardently admired her beautiful shoulders, the royal bend of her neck, and her sweet, childish face.

"You would still be the loveliest woman at court," he sighed; and the old longing for display—even of the dearest and most sacred thing he possessed—that unfortunate propensity of the Sorcillacs, was aroused. But it grew fainter and fainter by the side of his pure, simple wife, and when a child was born he almost forgot it.

Without a sigh he allowed the costly dress to be cut up for coverlets and curtains for the little cradle, and considered it quite natural that the lace should edge the cushions on which the prettiest child's face in the world lay. The marquis certainly grieved a little at the birth of a daughter, and that no son would inherit the chivalrous virtues of his ancestors, but little Marie Angélique soon grew so close to his heart, that he would not have exchanged her for anything in the world. And the young mother was like all mothers—she fancied herself the happiest and most blessed creature in the world.

The little cradle became her altar, the place of her prayers, and, at the same time, of her sweetest joys. She called on all the angels to protect her darling, and yet she felt in her maternal love alone the strength to defend the child against the world. Oh! how the little Marie Angélique

was watched and beloved! The father and aunt of the marquis were invited to the christening; the former arrived at the appointed hour, and henceforth remained at the château, but the marquise did not appear. She could not bear the idea of seeing the woman who had dared, without her permission, to become a Sorcillac de Roussille.

The old man was more tolerant and gentle, and was at once and for ever enchained by the lovely eyes of his daughter-in-law. His little granddaughter became his divinity, and the quiet felicity of his son the sunshine of his later years. Afterwards a son was born, but the joy of the parents only endured a short while, for the boy died before the expiration of the first year, and with this death grief fell on the old château in Brittany. What abundant hopes and proud plans were attached to this baby, which was laid on the pillow of its coffin amid a thousand tears.

Oh, to be forced to lose the sweet, helpless creature from her maternal arms!—oh, the thought of knowing it to be alone in that enormous heaven above, among all the strange saints and angels! the mother's heart was fairly broken. Gaston, too, was almost desperate, and the poor mother checked her own unspeakable grief in order to console her husband. But she could not endure such agony for long without giving way. Her health was broken. Her cheeks grew pale, her foot became heavy, her voice wearied. With the gigantic strength of true love she concealed all her sufferings from her husband, and it was not till she had apparently comforted him again that she broke down. She passed away like a rose when her time arrived—without a murmur, with a loving look at her husband and daughter. The child—the little dead babe—it could not do without its mother in heaven; she must go to it—it summoned her day and night!

Gaston was stunned by the awful blow. He roamed about like a dreaming man, a most affecting image of despair. In vain were his father's efforts to restore him, in vain did little smiling Angélique cast her arms round his neck—his sun had set with his wife. Some time after her death he began hunting again furiously, and remained abroad for days. One evening he was brought home dead: he had been thrown from his horse. "She drew him after her," people said, and crossed themselves.

From that time the memory of the old marquis suffered terribly. He was attacked by a species of hot fever. In moments of semi-consciousness, when he opened his eyes, he saw a long stiff form in a faded dress, and with a fan in its hand, sitting by his bedside—it was the Marquise Adrienne de Fontenois. She came, on hearing of the misfortune, to nurse her brother. But on the evening of her arrival she had the great hall reopened, and Gaston's portrait removed from the sitting-room. No wonder Angélique gazed at her with such fear and amazement.

When the marquis recovered, the trees in the park were beginning to grow green, and—Adrienne remained. Her brother still needed society and nursing. She stayed all the summer to watch his walks—and the child; she stayed the autumn, because the château then began to look miserable and desolate; and the winter, because her brother could not always be playing cards with the chaplain; at last she stayed for good, because she loved the little girl. It was different from that celestially

pure maternal love which had formerly prayed at the child's cradle. Adrienne de Fontenois was vain of the lovely child, and dreamed all sorts of proud dreams at the sight of those eyes and golden curls. The most ardent wish of her heart, the greatest ambition of her soul, was to see the family of the Sorcillacs de Roussille flourish again.

Marie Angélique must make a distinguished woman—she must draw the name of her house out of oblivion by her beauty, and, like all the female Sorcillacs, fill a character at court as the graceful manager of countless small intrigues. How carefully she watched the child, how anxiously she guarded her slumbers!—not with a mother's care, but solely with a thought of the future. The marquise thought very little of the existence of a soul in the exquisite body of little Angélique, and the child learned exactly as much as her aunt had learned—that is to say, a little reading and writing, embroidery, and playing the lute and cards. On the other hand, she fed the fancy of the child from an early age with the liveliest description of those days, which she could never herself forget.

She spoke of the life at the French court, she mentioned the names of the celebrated men and women of long past times, she described the festivals and splendour of the processions at Versailles in the liveliest hues. She told about the stiff, serious queen, and the king's merry, charming female friends, who exerted themselves to make him forget for a season the cares and difficulties of government. The splendour of the dresses, the enchantment of the ladies, the beauty and amiability of the cavaliers—it was all glory and sunshine in the eyes of the Marquise de Fontenois.

The older Angélique grew, the more warm became the sketches, and more detailed the description of the old lady. Love gradually played a great part in her stories, and then she always found a most attentive hearer. The girl forgot her meals in order to listen. And all the brilliant forms were grouped in the aunt's pictures round one man, who surpassed all in beauty, bravery, and dazzling qualities—around the king. And with all this he was condemned to live with a cross, unkind queen—oh, how Marie Angélique pitied him on that account. Of course she never sang her husband a cheerful song, never chattered pleasantly with him, never went walking with him, when he returned to her fatigued and exhausted after all his royal labours, as Angélique was wont to do with her grandpapa, who had no work to do. When she thought about it, she felt she would do anything for him, if she could in that way convert the unkind queen into a cheerful, loving friend. She would have learned Latin prayers by heart, and even played at cards with her aunt for weeks.

How much did she occupy herself with the king—she even dreamed of him at night, and in the morning conscientiously told her aunt of her dreams. But in them she always addressed him without awe, and the splendid clothes she wore were beyond all description. One person, however, was dissatisfied at this talk between aunt and niece, and in his presence the king was ere long not mentioned, and this was the old marquis.

“Why all these foolish stories—she shall never go to court,” he was accustomed to say, and his face at such times assumed an almost angry

expression. He often tried to weaken the effect of the marquise's stories, by speaking against court life and the King of France. But in the midst of the story his memory deserted him: he laid his hand on his forehead, and sighed, "The fog is coming again and covering everything." Alas! the cloud constantly grew denser, and at length not only veiled the past, but also the present and future, and a sunbeam but rarely dispersed it.

At the same time he continually grew more helpless, and yielded more readily to his sister's despotic rule. One thought, however, always remained unchanged: his remembrance of the dead, of his son and his sweet wife, and his love for the rose of the ruined château in Brittany—the fair-haired Marie Angélique.

At times he had attacks of faintness, which disturbed his sister; and now and then he displayed an unusual state of excitement—as, for instance, at the news of the king's coming, when he attempted flight in the company of his granddaughter, in which he was only foiled by the watchfulness of the marquise. The girl, however, soon appeased him, as she had done before.

It was very affecting to see these two together. They were attached to each other by the tenderest love. What all the aunt's scolding and threatening could not effect with Marie Angélique, a single sad look from the old man's wearied eyes produced. She listened patiently to his childish chatter, she patiently led him step by step, when she would sooner have run across country, and sang ever and ever again those old songs, the only ones he cared to hear. But, when all had retired to rest, she would sit for hours at her window, looking out at the dark park, and listening to the rustling of the leaves.

After all this preparation, was it surprising that Marie Angélique awaited, with all the glowing and impatience of her young heart, the day on which a miracle would be performed, and the great king appear before her?

And the day had arrived. The old marquis, almost to his sister's comfort, was taken really ill. Still, Etienne could not pay much attention to him, and hence he sat nearly always alone at the window that led down to the garden and the stone steps. Marie Angélique, too, was terribly busy. She went in now and then, but had only time to kiss her grandfather, and tell him that in the evening, before the king arrived, she would run in to him and show herself in her new dress. This she was determined on, in spite of her aunt's prohibition.

At the same time, she whispered to him all sorts of funny remarks about the strange appearance of the peasants in the liveries of the valets, and how nothing would go right. There was really a confusion in the château. Everybody was running about and quarrelling. No one cared for the other, and was only occupied with himself, just as in a lunatic asylum, when the patients go about alone, without attending to the others. The marquise, however, did not lose her head for an instant, in spite of the heavy weight of responsibility she felt on her shoulders. Her arrangement of the groups was a masterpiece of skill, but it occupied her for several hours, as there were so many defects to be concealed. There were hearty pushes and buffets, which the hard hand of the great lady distributed with extreme precision.

The sun had set ere all were arranged, some holding torches, others with flowers and branches, and on the uppermost step the two tallest men, Andrée and Pierre, in powdered perukes and velvet coats, holding the silver beakers, now the last remains of brilliant times. It is true that the groups took advantage of their mistress's retiring to dress, and broke up a little, but they could not be blamed, for they had grown hungry and thirsty, and Etienne had enough to do in satisfying everybody. As regards Angélique, she sat from noon, powdered and in her tight court dress, in her aunt's room, "so that she might not disturb the sick marquis." The hour of release arrived for the girl, however, when the marquise arrived to arrange her own toilette. She forgot her niece in the contemplation of her finery, and the girl slipped away.

The old marquis was seated in his modest chamber. The window was partly open, and the murmur of voices reached him. No one had thought of bringing him a light, and the grey shadows of autumn twilight filled the room to the farthest corners. Strange thoughts flitted through the old man's head—a strange yearning for death, and at the same time a restless fear of it. Suddenly there was a gleam of light from the door. He turned his head. What was it? Marie Angélique floated in like a fairy, with a silver candlestick in her hand. Was it really his little wild Angélique? With inimitable grace she approached the old man, and gave him a deep curtsy. The rosy face with the wondrous brown eyes smiled on him, and he felt her sweet kisses on his cheeks. What a fascinating creature the innocent child had grown!

"Do I please M. le Marquis?" she asked, with enchanting roguishness.

How like she was now to her dead mother! The same black eyelids, the same gazelle eyes, though more conscious and provocative, the same wondrously beautiful mouth; but the aquiline nose and the pride expressed in the forehead belonged to the *Sorcillacs de Roussille*.

"If your mother were to see you so!" the old man suddenly said, as if in a dream.

At this moment trumpets were heard in the distance; the people down below grew excited, and torches were lit. There was strange confusion of voices and footsteps, and then the cry of the old marquise, in the tone of the highest passion, "Marie Angélique!"

"The king!" Angélique stammered, with pale lips, and turned to the door.

"What about the king?" the aged man suddenly shouted, in a powerful voice, and drew himself up. "He does not want to see you; you shall not become a maid of honour; I will not have it; you will stay with me, Angélique. I command you, in the name of your dead mother."

And ere the girl had recovered from her surprise, her grandfather's trembling hands tore out the roses from the artistic head-dress, and the pins out of the curls. A cloud of powder arose—in a second there was not a sign of the marquise's labours: the beautiful hair hung down, with its golden hues gleaming in patches through the powder. A scream burst from the girl's lips—it was one of grief. It was mingled with a fresh peal of trumpets. She started, hesitated for a moment, but then pressed a kiss on the old man's forehead, rushed down the flight of steps, and entered the court-yard.

Snorting horses, trumpet-blasts, and a busy hum of voices, already filled the park and court-yard. The outriders dashed past, with torches in their hands. Nearer and nearer came the fantastic procession. A strange medley of brilliant forms appeared before the girl's eyes. She saw her aunt standing on the lowest step, and she walked towards her mechanically, like a somnambulist. But, as she passed the stone balustrade, she tore down one of the red branches of the wild vine that grew over it, and wound it round her head. As the branch was too long, she twisted it into a light knot of leaves on her forehead. Oh, Marquis de Roussille, what have you done! Your granddaughter is now a thousand times more tempting and beautiful than before!

And a few minutes later the flashing eyes of the great king rested upon her. Louis XIV., in a splendid hunting-garb, stopped at the steps. Near him, in a purple litter, lay the Marquise de Montespan, in a green velvet riding-dress, with her plumed hat coquettishly drawn over her left temple. A faintness was spread over the haughty features, the fire of her dark eyes seemed overcast, and an ironical smile played round her bold lips at the sight of the Marquise de Fontenois. The brilliant band of maids of honour urged their horses nearer to their mistress with much laughter and whispering; the gentlemen, in their gold-laced coats, surrounded them: it was a splendid picture, indeed, of which the king's form was the magnificent centre. With all the chivalry of his manner he had dismounted when he noticed a lady on the steps. The marquise, too, had successfully ended her speech, and it was only when she mentioned her niece that she looked round to Angélique. She was almost turned to stone, her trembling lips opened for a shriek of horror at the sight of this destruction, but no sound was audible. The girl now timidly met the glance from the royal eyes, but at the sight of her aunt's confusion a roguish smile played round her lips.

"Sire, pardon," the marquise at length stammered; "my niece—she is still so young—an accident—her head-dress——"

"Is the most beautiful I ever saw," the king answered, as he seized the girl's hand, and gazed with admiration on the young fresh beauty.

And Marie Angélique heard the words with a blush, and, releasing her fingers, turned, with her enchanting grace, to take the dish of fruit from trembling Jeanne. She answered him with childish confidence when he spoke to her, but when she met his irresistible eyes she drooped her own, and a sweet timidity made her heart beat higher. This long interview was such an unexpected event, that the groups, arranged with such trouble, broke up, and pressed nearer, reckless of defects in their costume, in order to catch a word from the royal lips. The formidable mistress of the château did not see this, however: her eyes were fixed on the ruined head-dress of her niece. Anger and grief contended in her breast; all her hopes lay crushed at her feet. The long-desired moment must be neglected—how could a creature be elevated to the rank of a maid of honour who wore such a deranged head-dress?

Her senses were confused. She fancied that the king would make her responsible for this unheard-of defiance of etiquette. She could scarce keep on her feet. But the king suddenly stood before her again in a mist, and she heard his voice, apparently a long way off, saying to her, "From this day Mademoiselle Sorcillac de Roussille is a maid of honour

to the queen-mother. The first lady will receive instructions to provide her equipment, and it is my royal wish to see the ladies at Versailles at the beginning of next month. Will you come, mademoiselle?" Louis XIV. asked, turning to Marie Angélique.

"I will ask grandpapa—he is ill—if he permit——"

The king smiled. "As a true Soreillac de Roussille, he will accompany you to my court," he said.

Then a bow here and there—a flash from the eyes of the Montespan—a whisper—a deep reverence from the ladies and gentlemen in waiting to the new star—a renewed confusion of music and voices—a blaze of light—and the brilliant procession flew past like a dream.

### III.

It was long, very long after, when Angélique crept up the stairs to look after her grandfather. In spite of the overpowering impressions which she had received, she was yet the first to remember him. But her young heart was so full, her head so confused, there was so much joy and yet so much fear in her, that she trembled from excitement, and it was long ere she had ascended the stairs. Gently she opened the door, gently she approached the chair.

The old marquis still sat in the same position in which she had left him. His head alone had fallen back. Perhaps he was asleep? he did not stir. The girl drew nearer and called him tenderly. No answer. A ray of moonlight fell on his face, and she leant down over him. All saints in heaven! they were glazed eyes that stared at her; the Marquis François Soreillac de Roussille was dead, and with a heart-rending shriek the new maid of honour threw herself at his feet.

Scarce a year later, Marie Angélique appeared at the court of Versailles under the name of the Duchesse de Fontanges. When she appeared for the first time in her new dignity at a court ball, she wore her beautiful hair hanging down, and only lightly dusted with powder. Over her forehead a wreath of leaves was fastened, exactly resembling the red ones she had plucked once at the portal of the château in Brittany. But they were now expensive, as each leaf was formed of rubies, with diamonds sprinkled over it for dewdrops.

This head-dress was accepted by the fashionable world under the name of coiffure à la Fontanges, and all the ladies who wished to please the king, appeared for a long time à la Fontanges.

The duchess herself had many fine dresses—everything that could tempt her heart and her senses was laid at her feet, as the beautiful and beloved friend of the king; but not one became her so well as that white gown with the blue sash, which her grandfather liked so much. And never again did she look so happy as in those days when she ran to meet him and take him for a walk. The marquise survived her grand-niece, who died in her twenty-first year; but the old lady never forgave the coiffure destroyed on the day of the king's memorable visit. She, too, was the only lady who never appeared at the court of Versailles à la Fontanges.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## A PROJECTED SETTLEMENT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.\*

THERE is no doubt that there is something peculiarly attractive in the Arctic Regions. To the stay-at-home, the intense cold, the boundless ices, the scant population, the dreary wastes, the dangers and the difficulties, the mysterious and the unknown, all combine to invest realms certainly not of a naturally alluring aspect, with that mixed wonder, awe, and admiration, which impart to them more than beauty—a positive sublimity. To the Arctic explorer, these very mysteries, dangers, and difficulties, are what constitute the charm of travel. They create those very incentives to exertion which meet with their reward in the consciousness of the manliness, hardihood, and skill, to overcome and to triumph over them. The unending summer days, and the unending winter nights, have each, in their turn, their claims; in the one, man is battling against nature in motion; in the other, he has to confront the same stern elements in anxious quietude. All the phenomena by which he is surrounded, in the sky or on the land, on the ice or below it, have their peculiarities, which it is his province to watch, for his safety is often involved in the slightest changes.

There are many, no doubt, who are totally insensible to the charms of peril and adventure. It is needless to address ourselves to such. They are not of the stuff which constitutes that which true Englishmen most glory in—the men who quaintly inquired of Sherard Osborn if he was going up there again? They can have no sympathy with the American Hall when he says: “Everything relating to the Arctic zones is deeply interesting to me. I love the snows, the ices, icebergs, the fauna, and the flora of the north! I love the circling sun, the long day, the Arctic night, when the soul can commune with God in silent and reverential awe! I am on a mission of love. I feel to be in the performance of a duty I owe to mankind—myself—God! Thus feeling, I am strong at heart, full of faith, ready to do or die in the cause I have espoused.”

Mr. Hall had imbibed the idea that there are, or were, survivors of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition. White men, he believed, can live where Esquimaux can, and frequently where and when they cannot; he believed that some of the one hundred and five members of that expedition, whose fate is as yet unaccounted for, might yet be found habitants among the Esquimaux of Boothia, of Victoria, or Prince Albert Lands;

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\* Life with the Esquimaux. The Narrative of Captain Charles Francis Hall, of the whaling barque *George Henry*. Two Vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.



he believed that further records of the expedition, and many important relics, might be found in King William's Land, if search be made there in the months of July, August, and September, and he went forth on his brave and humane expedition with the spirit which is most likely to ensure success.

The Arctic Regions are as obstinate, however, as those of Central Africa and Australia in yielding up their secrets. With the small and totally inadequate means at his disposal, Mr. Hall's expedition was, in as far as its primary object was concerned, an utter failure, but he had the unexpected good fortune to discover relics of old Martin Frobisher; he has considerably enlarged our knowledge of the character, dispositions, and modes of life of the Esquimaux; and if he failed to extend our acquaintance with the geography of these wild regions, all the various and interesting information which he obtained may be considered as in every way tending to enhance the hopes and possibilities of farther successful exploration.

Mr. Hall was, it is to be observed, not himself a mariner—he was literally an amateur explorer—and he suffered so severely from sea-sickness at the outset, that had there been a back door to the whaler in which he took his passage out, we should probably have heard nothing of Frobisher Bay, of Grinnell Glacier, and of the simple-minded, hospitable, and amiable Innuits. The journey, indeed, never extended beyond the outer barrier of those fearful regions in which Parry, Beecher, M'Climack, M'Clure, Collinson, and a host of others of our gallant countrymen, have been involved, and in which Franklin and his comrades, Crozier and Fitzjames, were lost; but still it contains much valuable and important information, more especially regarding those dwellers in icy regions, of whom there is supposed to be one family—Arctic Highlanders, as they have been picturesquely termed—dwelling high up in Smith's Sound.

The expedition was composed of the barque *George Henry* and the tender *Amarat* schooner, formerly the far-famed *Rescue* of Arctic celebrity. The officers and crews of these two vessels numbered in all twenty-nine persons. "My expedition," says Mr. Hall, "consisted of Kudlago and myself;" and as poor Kudlago died before reaching the Arctic Regions, it was soon reduced to "myself." Mr. Hall had, it is to be observed, a boat and sledge, and his own outfit, of which "Cincinnati cracklings"—i.e. pork scraps—constituted no unimportant item.

The onward voyage was cheered by the blowing of whales and the rolling of porpoises. Sterry, one of the most spirited of the sailors, took up his position by the martingale to harpoon one of the latter, and as they would not come near enough, he whistled to them.

"But," said I, "please to tell me, Mr. Sterry, what do you do when you see a whale?"

"Oh, then we always holler," was his quaint reply.

Mr. Hall was a genuine enthusiast; when he first got among the icebergs he must fain mount one, but in getting down he unfortunately trod on his boat-hook, and inflicted a bad wound upon himself, which confined him to his couch for some days. The poor Esquimaux, Kudlago, having perished of a cold contracted when crossing the banks of Newfoundland, his remains were committed to the deep with every mark of respect. "The Sabbath morning, a cloudless sky, the sun shining in all its glory;

the cold, dark-blue ocean, its heaving bosom whitened over, here and there, with high pinnacled bergs; the lofty peaks of 'Greenland's icy mountains' peering down from a distance in the east—these were some of the impressive features in the scene attending the burial of Kudlago at sea. An hour after the *George Henry* had been given to the leading wind, I turned my eyes back to the ocean grave of Kudlago—a snow-white monument of mountain size, and of God's own fashioning, was over it!"

This was an iceberg, and it constitutes, with its beautiful pinnacled elevation, one of the many pretty little illustrations which help us on with the text in a work which at times indulges too much in the literary *aurora borealis* style to suit English tastes.

The expedition had left New London on the 29th of May, 1860, and it reached the coast of Greenland in the first days of July. They had such good fishing here that in one hour a ton weight of codfish and halibut was taken by the use of only three lines. On the 7th of July they came to anchor in the Danish harbour of Holsteinborg. The expedition was kindly entertained here; a first acquaintance was made with the Esquimaux, who are here carefully tended and educated by the Danes, and dogs were purchased for the sledges. A curious feat is mentioned of the Greenlanders, that they can turn summersets in the water seated in their kyacks. They will go over and over, and that with only wetting their hands and face. It is, however, a feat only performed by few. The affinity of this word kyack to the *kaik*, or, as it is generally written after the French fashion, *caïque*, of the Bosphorus, leads us to point out here a remarkable affinity in the names of persons, which, strange to say, rarely extends to the names of places, or to the ordinary language of the Innuits, to the languages of Central Asia—Kok-kong, Oo-soo-kong, Kou-nung, Kun-ni-u, Pun-nie, Nik-u-jar, Menun, Melak, Kood-loo-toon, are cases in point.

On the 24th of July the expedition left the coast of Greenland for the opposite side of Davis's Straits. On the 7th of August they were still trying to make for a harbour, when they discerned a whale-boat. On coming up, it proved to contain nine runaways from American whalers. The immediate wants of these desperate characters were humanely relieved, after which they continued their perilous voyage. It appears from the testimony of one of the survivors, that, after leaving the *George Henry*, they crossed Hudson's Straits, waiting four days on Resolution Island for a fair wind, and thence making the coast of Labrador. Here two of the party ran away, after robbing the others. All alike were perishing with cold and hunger. Still they held on for dear life. One of the party died of starvation. His body was cut up and eaten. They then began to murder one another. According to Sullivan's narrative, they first attempted to kill him, but he having stabbed one of his opponents, it fell to the lot of the latter to be eaten instead of Sullivan. They also ate their boots, belts, and sheaths, and a number of bear-skin and seal-skin articles they had with them. At length they were picked up by a boat's crew of Esquimaux and taken to Okoke, and thence to Nain—a missionary settlement on the coast of Labrador. One of the two who had run away was likewise picked up, but he could not give any satisfactory information regarding his companion! Instead of feel-

- ing grateful for the hospitality the survivors received at the missionary establishment, they are said to have conducted themselves shamefully, and ultimately to have shipped under assumed names, feeling ashamed to return to their native country.

On the 8th of August, 1860, the expedition reached its anchorage secure in the harbour they had been long seeking. This was on the west side of Davis's Straits, and in what appears to be part of Cumberland Strait, down which we afterwards find Captain Parker and his son sailing, but which Mr. Hall calls "Cornelius Grinnell Bay." The land to which this bay and Field Bay belong, constitutes part of the "Meta Incognita" of Frobisher, the portion which lies between these bays and Frobisher Bay being the seat of the old navigator's settlement in Countess of Warwick Sound, and the more barren portion which lies between Frobisher Bay and Hudson's Straits is called Kingaite by the natives. The whole of the territory, however, essentially constitutes "Frobisher's Land."

The strip of land that lies between Grinnell and Field Bays and Frobisher's Bay is so narrow, that the journey from Field Bay to Frobisher's Countess of Warwick Sound was merely a few miles in extent. Between Lok's Land, or rather island, and the extremities of the same strip, called "Blunt's" and "Bache" Peninsula, was Lupton's Channel.

It is necessary to understand these few preliminary points, for the whole interest of the narrative depends upon them. The portion called Kingaite by the natives was only explored at a few points, and it appears to be composed of an iron-bound coast crowned by a prodigious glacier, which yearly contributes its icebergs to the ocean; but the strip between Grinnell Bay and Frobisher Bay is very broken and rocky, and deeply indented with bays, full of rocks and islands. There were more than enough to enable Mr. Hall to pay a compliment by naming one or another of them after every one of his individual friends, as also after Arctic celebrities and public personages. The three bays in Frobisher's Countess of Warwick Sound were, for example, called Lincoln Bay, Victoria Bay, and Napoleon Bay, in the order of precedence as given by our Arctic King of Arms or Bays.

Mr. Hall laboured hard to establish friendly relations with the Esquimaux in Grinnell Bay, and he succeeded perfectly. This was of all the more importance, as the same parties were always turning up in different portions of the peninsula, on both sides, and it was by their aid, especially that of the females, that he was enabled to explore Frobisher's Bay. His first impressions were that they were a kind-hearted, hospitable, and well-disposed race of beings, and these impressions, with the exception of occasional bad treatment of their wives, he appears to have had no reason to alter. We are introduced individually to these Innuits, and the history of themselves and their families is succinctly narrated. There was one old lady supposed to be upwards of a hundred years old. Consumption, said to have been brought into the country by Europeans, now, however, makes sad havoc among them. There was one blind man, "Blind George" as he was called, who, with his pretty daughter, often figures in the narrative. There was one Ugarnq, who had been to the States. His reminiscences of New York were: "Too much horse—too

much house—too much white people. Women? Ah! women great many—good!” There were also the relatives of poor Kudlago, who were much grieved when they heard of his decease. Mr. Hall’s two great friends, however, were Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, who had both been to England, had been presented to Queen Victoria, and who, with a child afterwards born to them, returned with him to the States.

On the 16th of August they sailed for Nu-gum-mi-uke, the intended winter-quarters of the *George Henry* and *Rescue*. The bay they left was, we have seen, named, by Mr. Hall, Cornelius Grinnell Bay, and Nu-gum-mi-uke was named Cyrus Field Bay; but as both are much frequented by whalers (there were several there when they arrived), their owners probably know the said bays by other names, which may lead to some confusion. The remainder of the summer was spent in fishing and shooting, and in pleasant intercourse with the natives. Ugarg’s wives are described as being really good looking, and capital workers, chewing more seal, reindeer, and walrus skins for boots and mittens than any other women in the country. This chewing process is one of their principal modes of making the skins pliable, and changing them into any desired form. It is a labour always performed by females, never by men. The Innuït women were also admirable tailors and bootmakers when working in skins, and they washed clothes to perfection.

On the 27th of September there broke upon them a fearful gale, which entailed the loss of Captain Hall’s expedition-boat and of the far-famed *Rescue*, and came near proving the destruction of the *George Henry* and all on board—thus putting an end to all projects of ever reaching King William Land. This destructive storm was followed by wondrous displays of aurora lights, which Mr. Hall describes in his own peculiar way:

“I had gone on deck several times to look at the beauteous scene, and at nine o’clock was below in my cabin, going to bed, when the captain hailed me with the words, ‘Come above, Hall, at once! The world is on fire!’

“I knew his meaning, and, quick as thought, I re-dressed myself, scrambled over several sleeping Innuïts close to my berth, and rushed to the companion stairs. In another moment I reached the deck, and, as the cabin door swung open, a dazzling, overpowering light, as if the world was really ablaze under the agency of some gorgeously-coloured fires, burst upon my startled senses! How can I describe it? Again I say, no mortal hand can truthfully do so. Let me, however, in feeble, broken words, put down my thoughts at the time, and try to give some faint idea of what I saw.

“My first thought was, ‘Among the gods, there is none like unto Thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto Thy works!’ Then I tried to picture the scene before me. Piles of golden light and rainbow light, scattered along the azure vault, extended from behind the western horizon to the zenith; thence down to the eastern, within a belt of space 20 deg. in width, were the fountain of beams, like fire-threads, that shot with the rapidity of lightning hither and thither, upward and athwart the great pathway indicated. No sun, no moon, yet the heavens were a glorious sight, flooded with light. Even ordinary print could have been easily read on deck.

"Flooded with rivers of light. Yes, flooded with light; and such light! Light all but inconceivable. The golden hues predominated, but, in rapid succession, prismatic colours leaped forth.

"We looked, we saw, and trembled; for, even as we gazed, the whole belt of aurora began to be alive with flashes."

No noise accompanied this wondrous display. All was silence. Yet the beams seemed as if descending, and about to burst upon them. As they retired to their cabins, Captain Buddington said he had seen nothing like it during eleven years' experience. "And to tell you the truth, friend Hall," he added, "I do not care to see the like ever again."

On the 13th of October they were joined by Captain Parker in the *True Love*, and his son in the steam-ship *Lady Celia*. The steamer had towed the sailing-ship from Niountelik, in Northumberland Inlet, to what Mr. Hall chooses to designate Grinnell Bay, but which must have been known to them as Cumberland Straits and Bay—the said straits being a channel one hundred and twenty-eight miles long.

The *George Henry* was closed in with ice on the 19th of November, but it was not until the 6th of December that they felt she was secure for the winter. On the 24th of November the first Polar bear was shot, and Mr. Hall says he liked it better than the best of beef-steaks.

On the 1st of January, Mr. Hall made his first discovery of a practice among the Innuits which did not help to raise them in his estimation. A poor woman, named Nukertou, had been some time sick, and Mr. Hall had been tending her, when, on going to see her on the above-mentioned day, he found them building a new igloo (snow-house) for her.

"Upon inquiry, I found that it was to be her living tomb! I was thunderstruck. A living tomb! And so Tookoolito said, according to custom, it must be; and so it was.

"On the 4th of January, Nukertou was removed to the new igloo. She was carried thither upon reindeer skins by four women, who took her in through an opening left for the purpose at the back, not by the usual entrance. Snow blocks were then procured, and the aperture well closed, while a woman stood by, and gave instructions what to do. An ordinary entrance was then made, and, as soon as completed, I went into the igloo.

"Nukertou was calm, resigned, and even thankful for the change. Of course she knew it was to be her tomb; but she was a child of her people, and as she had now become a helpless burden to them, with only a few days more to live, it seemed to me that she took it as a matter of right and justice, and no one could object. Therefore she was thankful that her last moments were being so carefully seen to.

"A new igloo of stainless snow, a well-made bed of the same material, where she could breathe her last, would make her few remaining hours happy. True, she would be alone—for such was the custom of her people—but she did not fear it. She was content, and appeared cheerfully resigned."

Mr. Hall, who was not precisely bound by the customs of the Innuits, although he could not interfere with their superstitions, did not leave the poor creature to be thus buried alive. He continued to visit her, and his

chief friend, Tookoolito, went with him; but she would not stay to the death. If they did so, the skin-dresses they had on, she said, would never do to put on again; and when at last the poor Innuited died, Mr. Hall had to lay the corpse out himself.

In order to try and do something in the way of exploring, and more particularly to accustom himself to actual life among the Innuits, Mr. Hall made an excursion in the same month of January, 1861, to Grinnell Bay by sledge and dogs. His companions were Ebierbing, Tookoolito, and Koodloo, the cousin of the deceased Nukertou, and when they started the thermometer was 62 deg. below freezing point!

"Over hill and mountain, through vale and valley," away they went. Mr. Hall, who "perspired profusely," was so happy, that he declares that no party should think of travelling in these regions without an Innuited man and his wife, for the latter, above everything, is, he declares, the "all in all," or at least "the better half." How much more sensible he must have become of this fact when he had to depend for his progress, and on some occasions for his life, upon female rowers? A heavy gale—which came on while encamped in a snow-hut on the floe in Davis's Straits, kept them for a day confined within, and finally, to their great terror, set the ice in motion—did much to dispel this temporary enjoyment. It was not without difficulty that they extricated themselves from their perilous position and gained the shore ice. Arrived at Rogers's Island, several seals were obtained, and excellent meals added to the cheerful light and genial warmth of the now well-fed lamp. Mr. Hall had, it is to be observed, learnt by this time to live à la Innuited. He enjoyed seal's blood, luxuriated on raw meat, chewed blubber with zest, and long before he had left the country, even relished the contents of reindeer-paunches, devoured the entrails of seals and walrus, and did his best with whale-skin and even tougher materials.

The absence of guile and the extreme simplicity of these children of nature, may be judged of by the following incident:

"That night I was alone with Tookoolito and Punnie, the latter Ugarn's third wife, she having come to our igloo to keep company with us until the husbands returned (they had gone out sealing). It was very cold—the thermometer down to 57 deg. below freezing point. Now my usual sleeping-place was between Ebierbing and Koodloo; but they being absent, I had to lay on the general bed, wrapped in my furs and blankets. During the early part of the night my feet were almost frozen. I tried all I could to keep them warm, but in vain. At last a smooth, low voice reached my ear:

"'Are you cold, Mr. Hall?'

"I answered, 'My feet are almost frozen. I cannot get them comfortable.'

"Quick as thought, Tookoolito, who was distant from me just the space occupied by little Punnie (that is, Punnie slept in the middle), got down to the foot of her bed; thence she made passage for her hands directly across my feet, seizing them and drawing them aslant to her side. My modesty, however, was quieted when she exclaimed:

"'Your feet are like ice, and must be warmed Innuited fashion!'

"Tookoolito then resumed her place beneath her tuktoo (reindeer) furs,

intermingling her hot feet with the *ice-cold ones of mine*. Soon the same musical voice said;

“Do your feet feel better?”

“I responded, ‘They do, and many thanks to you.’

“She then said, ‘Well, keep them where they are. Good-night again, sir.’

“My feet were now not only glowing warm, but hot through the remainder of the night. When I awoke in the morning, as near as I could guess there were no less than three pairs of warm feet all woven and interwoven, so that some difficulty was experienced to tell which were my own.”

Mr. Hall spent forty-two nights in snow-huts upon this occasion, and suffered at times severely for want of food. The men often failed in bringing in a seal, although they waited sometimes for two days and a night in the intense cold over their holes; but he obtained much insight into the means adopted to sustain and enjoy life by these singular people of the north, and recording his own experience of igloo life, he says he enjoyed it exceedingly. “I was as happy as circumstances permitted, even though with Innuits only for my companions. Life has charms everywhere, and I must confess that Inuit life possesses those charms to a great degree for me.” If the gallant traveller had had, however, to take his turn for two days and a night at the seal-hole, would he, we might be permitted to ask, have liked it so well? But we must give him every credit for a very rare amount of resignation and contentment under adverse circumstances.

On his return to the ship, the sudden change from the pure atmosphere of a snow-house to the warm, confined air of a small cabin, was not at all pleasant, and at first he could not sleep. Two or three cases of scurvy had, in the mean time, declared themselves on board, and two of the worst were sent to live with the Innuits on fresh meat, walrus and seal, for their recovery. One of these men, who appears to have been a Frenchman, although called John Brown, perished by a sad mishap. He had improved so much that he started on his way back to the ship, with only a young dog, instead of an old one, whose instincts would have been more unerring. He lost his way, and his tracks being afterwards followed up, he was found cold and rigid as the ice around him. “He died facing the heavens, the left hand by his side, the right extended, and his eyes directed upward, as if the last objects mirrored by them were the stars looking down upon him in his death-struggles.” The last must be accepted as a slip of the pen, for the poor man’s face, we are told, bore evidence that his death had been like sweet sleep. The struggles had been, poor fellow, when he was fighting to find his way and could not, and when he was endeavouring to rouse himself from the sleep of death. His tracks indicated feebleness—almost a blindness. Two rods before reaching the final spot of his death, the disturbed snow showed that he had fallen down, and that great effort had been made to regain his walking posture. The place where he was found also exhibited unmistakable signs of a terrible struggle to raise himself up again; but alas! a foe as irresistible as iron had been fastening his fingers upon him all the night long. The poor fellow was not above eighteen years of age. It would appear from

the map, judging from the position of "French Head," which was named after him, that he wandered far, far away from the ship, in a southerly direction. Indeed, the search for him was not effected without very great fatigue and exposure, and no small amount of danger.

The exceeding spirit and courage of the Esquimaux dogs may be judged of by an incident which occurred shortly before this melancholy event. One of Hall's dogs, yclept Barbekark, killed a reindeer unaided, by springing at its throat and severing the windpipe and jugular vein. It then returned to the ship, and would not rest contented till it had induced some of the men, by whining and other demonstrations, to follow him some miles off, where his valuable prey lay dead. It is mainly owing to the sagacity of these dogs that the Innuits are enabled to find the seal-holes. The dog, sniffing the air, finds it charged with seal odour, and then follows it to the windward till he leads his master to the spot where a seal has its hole. The man then proceeds prospecting, with his spear through one to three feet depth of snow—for the seal makes its hole through the ice, but not through the snow—until he finds the small opening in the ice which leads to the main seal-hole.

On Monday morning, April 22, 1861, Mr. Hall started on a first trip to Frobisher Bay. He had previously obtained from the natives traditions of the old Elizabethan navigator's visits and whereabouts. His attention was mainly directed to two islands in Countess of Warwick Sound—one of which is, indeed, known as "Kodlunarn," or "White Man's Island." The pass leading over the neck of land which separates Davis's Straits from Frobisher Bay at Countess of Warwick Sound, is much frequented by the natives, and, although it is at times steep and fatiguing, the scenery is described as grand and captivating. Mr. Hall called it "Bayard Taylor Pass." The view obtained of Frobisher Bay and of the opposite iron-bound coast of Kingaite, with its great glacier some hundred miles in length, and at times over a thousand feet in elevation, must have been peculiarly imposing.

The Innuits were encamped down in Warwick Sound, and they, as usual, received our explorer hospitably; but he had to make one of ten, men, women, and children, compacted and interwoven, into a snow-burrow of as many feet in diameter. The waters of Frobisher Bay were at this season open, and its surface was dotted over with broken ice, which was floating quietly about. Ducks were innumerable. "For miles and miles around," says Mr. Hall, "the waters were literally covered and black with them, making such a thundering, indescribable medley of sounds as quite startled me. Talk about 'absence of life' in these regions of ice and snow! Why, before my eyes were countless numbers of animated creatures, from the winged fowl of the sea to the seal and walrus! What do all these creatures live upon? Why are they here? The waters must be alive with other innumerable creatures! Soon 'great whales' will be here, and for what? Is there food for them, too?"

Naturalists have long ago been aware that the Arctic Seas are more prolific of life than any other portions of the ocean; and we merely adduce this as a further exemplification of the fact. Mr. Hall accomplished little that is worth recording on the occasion of this journey; but



he took his share in an Innuït feast, the description of which merits a page in the "Almanach des Gourmands."

"First came a portion of seal's liver, raw, and warm from its late existence in full life. This, with a slice of ooksook (blubber), was handed to each, and I made away with mine as quick as any of the old adepts. Then came the ribs enclosed in tender meat, dripping with blood. How ambrosial to my palate! Lastly came—what? Entrails, which the old lady drew through her fingers yards in length. This was served to every one but me in pieces of two or three feet long. I saw at once that it was supposed I would not eat this delicacy, but, having partaken of it before, I signified my wish to do so now; for, be it remembered, there is no part of a seal but is good. I drew the ribbon-like food through my teeth, Innuït fashion; finished it, and then asked for more. This immensely pleased the old dames. They were in ecstasies. It seemed as if they thought me the best of the group. They laughed—they bestowed upon me all the most pleasant epithets their language would permit. I was one of them—one of the honoured few!"

On the 1st of May, 1861, the *George Henry* was relieved from her ice-fetters, and Mr. Hall began to make preparations for a journey up Frobisher Bay, Captain Buddington supplying him with a boat for that purpose. The Innuïts who were to go with him, good as they were as guides, as companions, and as hunters and purveyors of food, would also have their own way; indeed, elsewhere he remarks, "We Americans talk about 'freedom and independence,' but we are far behind these Northerners. While we are pleased with shadows, the dusky sons of an Arctic clime enjoy the substance. They will do as they please, without any one having the acknowledged right or power to say to them, Why do you so?" This, it is to be observed, was written in 1861! Hence, it was not until the 27th of May that Mr. Hall was able to start on a trip to the waters of Frobisher Bay. At this season of the year, night was chosen for travelling. In the daytime the snow was slushy, and on land the fatigue was too great, and ultimately he had to give it up and return to the ship, and, after an excursion to Lok's Island, he again joined the *George Henry*, which, on the 17th of July, broke from her eight months' imprisonment, and swung to her chains in the tidal waters of "Rescue Harbour." The wreck of the *Rescue* was also set free at the same time, tossing about to and fro on the waves. The sailors did not relish this fact at all. They attributed the want of success attending the *George Henry* in whaling to the circumstance of bringing the *Rescue* with them as a tender. Some said she had never been anything but a drawback since first built, and that she had nearly caused the loss of numbers of lives; and now she seemed to hang about them as an omen of ill luck—as a ghost!

At length, on the 9th of August, 1861, Mr. Hall fairly started on his boating expedition to Frobisher Bay. His companions were Koojesse and his wife "Belle," "Charley" and his wife "Susy," Koodloo and the widow "Suzhi;" all Innuïts, it will be observed, and three out of the six—females. They made Lupton Channel, which separates Lok's Land from the main, the same day. A strong tide was running through towards Davis's Straits, "whirling, foaming, roaring, and boiling like a

caldron." By dint of hard pulling they got through and encamped in a small cove on the main, or what Mr. Hall calls "Bache's Peninsula." This channel forms the subject of one of the many pretty woodcuts. They had a glorious supper of seal, ducks, and coffee at this their first encampment. The Innuits catch ducks by drowning them. They pursue them so closely that they have not time to take breath on coming to the surface, and are thus easily exhausted and captured.

Lok's Land is tabooed to the Innuits by superstition. They have a tradition that a whole tribe was lost off the island by some sudden breaking up of the ice, or other more mysterious catastrophe, and hence it is to them a "dreaded land," where they will neither encamp, nor hunt, nor fish. The consequence is that walrus, seal, and birds abound there more than anywhere else, but the island is not frequented by reindeer, their favourite food being scarce.

Frobisher Bay had no ice upon its waters, except a few bergs, and not a ripple disturbed its surface as Mr. Hall and his Innuits navigated its north-eastern coast. As the said Innuits would never forego a chance when it presented itself of capturing bear, reindeer, or seal, and as they were, besides, exceedingly fond of duck-hunting after the fashion just described, progress on this journey was both slow and uncertain, and Mr. Hall, who had little influence with the men at first, lost all by the time the journey was nigh its termination, the Innuits showing; indeed, when he was laid up with boils—the result, probably, of change of diet—unmistakable signs that they were not to be treated as menials.

The second day's journey brought them, however, to the islands in Countess of Warwick Sound. They killed a fine bear on their way. Arrived at the islands, Mr. Hall got the women to row him to Niountelik, the most northerly of three—they being on the central one—and here he found sea-coal, which he believes to have been left there by Frobisher's expedition of 1578. Great was Mr. Hall's joy. "Great God! Thou hast rewarded me in my search!" is his recorded ejaculation; and one of the women said that he acted just like an *angeko* (one of their wizards or inspired men), for he danced, and laughed, and made a complete "summerset" on the coal! On their return they had an excellent supper on bear meat—"beef-like, bright red, and juicy." "Incomparable," says Mr. Hall, "is the relish with which I have partaken to-night of the Polar bear-meat, with its two-inch coating of fat, white as the driven snow." They obtained eight hundred pounds of fresh meat from "Ninoo," as the Innuits call a bear. Whenever they kill a ninoo, they inflate the bladder, and attach it, with several peculiar charms, to a staff, which must be kept in a prominent position—in the boat whilst travelling, or on the tunic, or skin tent, while encamped. In accordance with Innuït custom, it must be thus exposed for three days and three nights. The liver of the ninoo is not eaten, and is said to be poisonous.

While on the central island, where they delayed a day hunting tuktoo (reindeer), the sound of icebergs falling from Grinnell Glacier on Kin-gaite into the sea could be distinctly heard, although some thirty or forty miles distant. On the 13th of August they started again, and made Toong-wine, where is an excellent harbour surrounded by magnificent mountains, and where was also an Innuït encampment—chiefly

old friends. The number of Innuits, indeed, on all Frobisher Land, appears to be very small, and since consumption has broken out among them, is becoming yearly smaller. At this spot were some monuments of stone, one of which was very remarkable, being in the form of a cross, and about six feet high.

They had a difficult and tedious passage across the sound, consuming two and a half hours in making three miles, and shipping much water. The rise and fall of tide—some thirty feet—made progress, indeed, all along the coast, difficult, not to say dangerous. The land was low, with iron-looking mountains in the background. But some spots showed signs of verdure, and altogether our enthusiastic explorer declares that "the scene was charming."

On Sunday, the 18th, they reached another Inuit encampment on what Mr. Hall calls "Waddell Bay." There were both friends and relatives among them, so the meeting was additionally pleasant. Provisions were also abundant. Venison and seal meat were hung to dry on strings, and the women were busily occupied in sewing skins. Their next bivouac was at Cape Stevens, where the rocks being apparently of a more friable nature, as also fossiliferous, they had been worn into caverns and fantastic shapes, or had been tumbled down in strange chaotic confusion. "God built the mountains," exclaims Mr. Hall, "and He tumbleth them down again at His will! Overhead was hanging the whole side of a mountain, ready, as it seemed, at any moment, and by the snap of one's finger, to fall! I felt as if obliged to take light and gentle steps. I breathed softly; and, as I looked and looked again, I praised God for all His mighty works." This is the true spirit in which to visit the Arctic regions, with a heart to feel the wondrous works of nature, and an intellect to ascribe them to an omniscient ruler.

Crossing Ward's Inlet, which was explored on a subsequent sledge journey, they reached "Rae's Point" at the extremity of "Becher (Belcher?) Peninsula," where they met with more old friends. These Innuits were well off, having killed ookgook, the largest kind of seal, but one of their women, "Twerong," was dying of consumption, and an *angeko* was "ankooting" her, or performing various superstitious ceremonies. On the 22nd, Mr. Hall landed on an island which he called "Frobisher's Farthest," probably because the bay is not navigable to vessels of any size beyond that point, and also because Frobisher does not appear to have known it was a bay, whereas it terminates not far beyond.

Beyond this point, also, the coast on the north-east side lowered and became covered with verdure. Reindeer also now abounded. The waters were teeming with animal life. Seals were so plentiful, that nothing but their skins were kept. Ducks were also so numerous, that it was almost an incessant hunt—more from habit on the part of the natives, says Mr. Hall, than from necessity. Add to all this, they soon came to a great river abounding in salmon, as did likewise another river which they met with at the head of the bay. Mr. Hall called the first "Sylvia Grinnell River," the second "Jordan River," and the country in which they occurred "Greenwood's Land." This discovery constituted, in fact, the most important feature of the expedition—not so much in the sense of its determining the so-called "strait" to be a "bay," as in discovering so in-

viting and so promising a tract of country in such a region and in such a position. Considering, however, that Frobisher had visited the lands in which this pretty and secluded nook is situated within a century of the discovery of America, and that he had occupied the same in the name of Queen Elizabeth, it seems to have been a work of supererogation to have claimed the same lands for the United States in the nineteenth century. Mr. Hall, however, did not think so, for, when at the head of the bay, he says:

“How glad was my heart as I planted the flag of America upon that mountain-top, and beheld it fluttering to the breezes of heaven in the sun's light. The red, white, and blue—the argent stars—seemed gifted with a speaking spirit that said, ‘God hath ever blessed, and ever will bless, this emblem of freedom and power!’ ‘Yes,’ said I, mentally, ‘that banner now floats where white man never stood before. The American flag precedes all others in proclaiming that this is the inceptive moment when civilisation, with all its attendant virtues, makes hither its advance.’”

We are happy to say we have no such example of enthusiasm running riot in the pages of our Arctic navigators; yet the discovery effected by Mr. Hall, interesting as it is, is but that of a green field, as compared with what they (and even some of Mr. Hall's countrymen, as Kane and others) have effected.

As it was on “Silliman's Fossil Mount,” so it was at “Sylvia Grinnell River.” “Now beside a noble river. Its waters are pure as crystal. From this river I have taken a draught on eating on its banks American cheese and American bread. The American flag floats *flauntingly* over it, as music of its waters seems to be ‘Yankee Doodle.’”

The spot is decidedly one of exceeding interest. There seems no doubt that, at the head of Frobisher Bay, a milder climate prevails than in Cumberland Bay and elsewhere in Frobisher Land, or the luxuriant vegetation that is around here could not be. The green plain, the grass-clothed hills, are abundant proofs of this. Mr. Hall declares that he never saw in the States, unless the exception be the prairies of the West, more luxuriant grasses on uncultivated lands. Pasture-land for stock, he adds, could not be excelled anywhere! “In a little spot not over four feet square, one could count,” he adds elsewhere, “more than fifty kinds of vegetation. Mosses, grasses, berry-bushes, flowers, willows, and many other plants.” All these were, however, quite diminutive; the blue-berry bushes were only from an inch to two inches in height. The women were constantly bringing presents of ripe fruit to our explorer, who was laid up at this time with boils. Of animals and birds, there were reindeer, rabbits, lemmings (or Lapland marmots), seals, eider-duck, partridges, white owls, and small chirping birds, besides many others that would escape the notice of a sick man without any pretensions to a knowledge of natural history. Such abundant life unfortunately brought with it the disadvantages of bears, and apparently of numerous wolves. There are few doubts but that the head of Frobisher Bay would constitute an excellent site for a settlement from which to disseminate Christianity and the blessings of civilisation among the Esquimaux of Frobisher Land, just as the Danes are doing in Greenland. There are admirable har-

hours along the coast, including Countess of Warwick Sound, Peter Force Sound, Ward Inlet, and others. Although the crop of verdure would afford probably but a scant stock of hay for winter fodder, still it is possible that some sheep and goats might be reared; at all events, the colony would not be worse off in this respect than Greenland, where a few sheep are reared, and the natural resources in sea-fish, salmon, wild-duck, and game, appear to be, if anything, more promising. The great drawbacks, after climate and ice, are the tides, which leave extensive flats at low water, and render navigation difficult.

Mr. Hall is, however, very enthusiastic upon the subject. Writing of Tookoolito, he says: "To give this woman an education in the States, and subsequent employment in connexion with several of our missionaries, would serve to advance a noble and good work. And yet I must state that, unless a working colony, or several of them, were established, co-operating in this work, and laws were made by the fundamental power that should be as rigid relative to whalers visiting the coasts as those of Denmark to Greenland, all would be as nought. The working or trading colony would make its government school and church institutions self-supporting. Let the plan of Denmark for Greenland be followed. It is a good one, and works well."

The advantage of a settlement in Frobisher Bay would not apply merely to ameliorating the condition, and indeed preserving the handful of Innuits who dwell on Frobisher Land, but placed as it is in a central position between Davis's Strait and Hudson's Strait, it would be of incalculable importance to whalers frequenting those seas and more northerly latitudes, to which there are no openings, save by one or other of those two straits, to merchantmen visiting Hudson's Bay, and to all Polar expeditions. Notwithstanding the failure of Frobisher's expedition, which was foolishly bent on procuring gold, there is every reason to believe that the mineral resources of the mainland are various and promising. At all events, the interests of Great Britain and of British North America are much more deeply interested in instituting a settlement at an available point, where such would be of use, and in a central position for succour in case of disasters, than the United States. It is very desirable, in many respects, that this district should be examined by a competent mineralogist and naturalist. A settlement placed in such a position would constitute neither more nor less than the key to all the Arctic lands, and are we—after ages of toil and labour, after an amount of perseverance and endurance which have entailed as much real honour to our navy as our most glorious victories, after sacrifices which have made the Arctic regions and the long-sought-for north-west passage household words in every cottage in Great Britain—to quietly hand over that key to the keeping of another power? What names do the great Polar seas at present bear? Hudson's Bay and Straits, Davis's Straits, Baffin's Bay, Fox Channel, Wellington Channel, Lancaster Sound, Barrow Straits, Queen's Channel, Jones's Sound, Melville Sound, Banks's Strait, and Byam Martin Channel. What names do the most extensive Polar lands bear? Greenland (discovered by a Norwegian), Frobisher Land and Cockburn Land, Southampton Islands, North Somerset, Devon, Lincoln, and Cornwall, Melville Peninsula, Boothia, Victoria Land, Prince of Wales's

Land, Prince Albert Land, Prince Patrick Island, Wollaston Land, Melville Island, Cornwallis Island, King William Land, and Grinnell Land. All these, with the most trifling exceptions, are discoveries effected by the enterprise and endurance of Britons, and, with the exception of Grinnell Land, bear British names. Is it for a moment to be supposed that the discovery of a well-known inlet, terminating in a comparatively fertile bay, is to entitle another power to institute a colony in the very heart of those seas which are more frequented than any others by all the maritime nations of Europe and America in pursuit of whales, walruses, seals, and fish, and, by concentrating them, to reap, as it were, all the advantages of centuries of toil, travel, and expenditure, both of money and life? We hope not; and we feel certain that the mere fact of our calling attention to such a project will be sufficient.

Mr. Hall returned by the coast of Kingaite, reinforced by an additional boat of friendly Innuits; but they do not appear to have liked this portion of the undertaking. The coast is iron-bound, and the interior a glacier. Numerous islands and rocks render navigation very perilous, as Mr. Hall himself experienced, his life having been preserved by the courage and energy of Inuit female rowers; there was little or no animal life, and they were probably less intimate with the details of the coast, so at length rebellion broke out in the little party. "When Koojesse, who steered the boat, was directing our course away from the Kingaite side, and when I requested him to remain where I wished to make an examination, he curtly and even savagely replied, 'You stop; I go.' I was forced to smother my anger, and submit to the mortification of being obliged to yield before these untamed children of the icy north."

Leaving the inhospitable coast of Kingaite, then, for the time being, the Innuits crossed over to Becher (or Belcher) Peninsula, and they hailed their return to their own land with shouts, firing of guns, and other demonstrations of joy. A fair wind enabled them to speed their way rapidly along the coast. At one spot where they landed the Innuits thought there was gold, but Mr. Hall says it was only "fool's gold," by which, we suppose, he means mica. Visiting the islands in Countess Warwick Sound, he made further discoveries of relics of Frobisher—an excavation, which he supposed to be the commencement of a mine, a ship's trench, the ruins of houses, fragments of tile, glass, and pottery, a large piece of iron, and other relics. All this on Kodlunarn, or "White Man's Island." Further coal deposits were also found on Niountelik Island, and at a point called Ek-ke-le-zhun. At length, after a fifty days' journey, solely in the company of Esquimaux, Mr. Hall re-joined the *George Henry* in Field Bay. As usual, he felt the change from the free cold air of the tupics or (tents) to that of the stove-heated ship very much. "For many days," he says, "before getting back to the ship the mountain-streams had been fast bound in chains of ice, yet as a general rule, and excepting the time during my recent sickness, I had always slept well. Now, however, I could not sleep, and was restless and disturbed."

On his return to the ship, Mr. Hall was surprised to find that his protégée, Tookoolito, had given birth to a first and only child, a very interesting little girl, who, having been born within ten months of their ac-

quaintance, may be said to have belonged to the expedition, and was, with its parents, brought to the United States, where it most unfortunately died.

So intense was Mr. Hall's anxiety to extend his researches—the main interest of which lay with him in proving how lasting traditions are among the Esquimaux, and that detailed information concerning the fate of the Franklin expedition could be obtained in a similar manner—that he started upon another boat trip on the 7th of October, but, encountering a severe hurricane, he was obliged to return to the ship.

Just when preparations were making for the latter to make its way home, the pack-ice came down Davis's Straits, and in a moment, as it were, the fate of the ship was sealed, and she was imprisoned in Field Bay for another winter. This was on the 17th of October—the ship had intended to leave on the 20th!

The results of this detention were, however, several interesting additions to general knowledge. A further intimacy was obtained with regard to the customs of the Esquimaux. Further instances of the heartless system of leaving dying females to their fate, abandoning them, and, in fact, burying them alive, presented themselves. On one occasion an attempt was made to rescue a poor woman thus cruelly deserted, but she was found dead in her ice tomb. We have already observed upon the traces of Asiatic origin preserved among these people in their names of persons; the same are occasionally to be met with also in the names of places, as Tikkoon, Ooksoon, Annawa, Keloun, and others. The system of Angekos is also a precise counterpart of the Shamanism of the Tunguzians on the Amur, and there are many other points of resemblance. There is, indeed, every reason to suppose that Arctic America was peopled *via* Behring's Straits. Twice, however, Mr. Hall repeats the same statement, that he believes that the race, at all events on Frobisher Land, is fast disappearing. "It seems to me," he says at page 50, vol. ii., "that the days of the Innuits are numbered. There are very few of them now. Fifty years may find them all passed away, without leaving one to tell that such a people ever lived." Again, at page 314, he says: "The race is fast dying out. Not many years more, and the 'Innuît' will be extinct."

The accidental detention of the ship in the ice was also turned to good account by Mr. Hall in performing further sledge journeys. One of these was undertaken to the islands in Countess of Warwick Sound in search of an anvil, of the existence of which there was tradition current among the natives, but which appeared, somehow or other, to have got down to the line of low tides. The dogs, on this occasion, got so ravenous that they sprang upon the pack on the sledge, and it was with great difficulty that they were prevented devouring everything. Mr. Hall's old friend Tweroong was found to have perished. Being unable to walk, an igloo had been, as usual, built for her; she was placed in it without any food, and with no means of making a fire-light, and then abandoned to die alone!

On the 1st of May, 1862, Mr. Hall made his way across Frobisher Bay to Kingaite coast. In crossing the bay they found abundance of hummocky ice, and the snow-wreaths were numerous, abrupt, and high.

Turning up a narrow bay, the face of an abutting glacier was seen, proving the truth of his previous anticipations, that there were iceberg discharges on Kingaita side. The glacier itself was then ascended by following the footsteps of a Polar bear. After a toilsome ascent of two miles a sea of ice was reached, at this season in part covered with snow, but the crystal blue ice cropped out here and there, giving relief to the view of an apparently illimitable sea of white around. The height of the glacier was estimated to be at this point, which was close to the loftiest group of mountains on the Kingaita coast, called by Mr. Hall "President's Seat," three thousand five hundred feet, and its extent at least one hundred miles, for it reached over to Hudson's Straits. Fifty miles of it was in view. Mr. Hall returned from this interesting excursion to the ship on the 21st of the same month.

After various minor sledge exploring trips made in the month of June, Mr. Hall got together another party of natives at Cape True to go with him by boat once more to Countess of Warwick Sound. His object was to search again for the anvil, and he became convinced that the thick-ribbed ice had embraced it, and had carried it away from the land in its grasp. He was rewarded for his trouble, however, by finding several more relics of Frobisher's expedition. The "dreaded land"—Lok's Island—was also explored on this occasion.

Mr. Hall was finally summoned from a last trip to the same remarkable locality of Countess of Warwick Sound by Captain Buddington, who announced that the ship was nearly free of ice. This was on the 8th of August. On the 9th the ice had cleared away, the ship was swinging lazily to her anchors, and all now required was to weigh them and spread sail. This was soon effected, and the good ship *George Henry* was off St. John's, Newfoundland, by the 21st of the same month, arriving at New London on the 13th of September.

Mr. Hall has, we believe, taken his departure on a second expedition of research, accompanied by Ebierbing and Tookoolito, and we heartily wish him safety and success on his most praiseworthy mission. He has certainly, by his familiarity with InnuIt habits and manners, done much towards ensuring success—the more especially as he has learnt to live like them—but we doubt if he has means enough at his disposal to effect a journey so far as King William's Land—at least, without imminent danger—notwithstanding his reliance on the resources and friendly feelings of the Esquimaux.

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## WOODBURY.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

## PART THE EIGHTH.

## I.

## THE DEPARTURE OF O'FLYNN.

THERE was a dinner-party at Sir Robert and Lady Joliffe's, to which Mr. and Mrs. Percival and Miss Stuart were invited. Captain St. George, who was a cousin of Lady Joliffe's, took Madeleine down to dinner, and endeavoured to make himself as agreeable as possible during the repast. He spoke of her dear Paris, and all its brilliant and refined gaiety, and he paid her several compliments, not such coarse and vulgar speeches as she was accustomed to hear from Daniel O'Flynn, but delicately and gracefully turned. Madeleine was enchanted, was full of animation, and looked extremely beautiful; Mrs. Percival looked lovely, and was, as usual, pleasing and amiable; but Alfred was gloomy, cold, and silent. The lady who sat by him tried in vain to drag him into conversation, till finding that she could get nothing but "yes" or "no" from him, and not caring to sit like a dummy, she addressed herself to her other neighbour, a very deaf old gentleman, who was willing enough to talk, though he heard nothing that she said, and was quite at cross purposes with her.

In the evening, after the dinner guests had gone, Captain St. George fell into raptures about Madeleine.

"I declare, Amy," he said to Lady Joliffe, "she is such a bewitching little creature, that I would not mind marrying her—that is, if she has any money; I can't take a pauper, however charming she may be."

"I do not suppose she can be rich," said his cousin. "I have heard that both Colonel and Mrs. Stuart were very extravagant. But, Fred, you really must not be rushing headlong into any folly about this girl. Pray remember it is easy to get into a matrimonial scrape, but not so easy to get out of one. And remember, too, that you are engaged, or *almost* engaged, to Lady Alice."

"I am not at all compromised in that quarter, Amy; if I were to marry to-morrow, Lady Alice could not bring an action of breach of promise, *et cætera*, against me. And if this captivating little Madeleine had only ten thousand pounds, I would take her rather than Lady Alice, with her two thousand a year."

"You would be a great donkey, then, my good cousin. Lady Alice is not so pretty as that little French girl, but she has been much better brought up, and would make a better wife. You surely know that Miss Stuart's mother ran off with Lord Darlington, after having made herself notorious with a Russian prince?"

"Well, the daughter is not to blame for that."

"There is a saying, 'Like father, like son,' and it may be, 'like mother, like daughter,' Fred."

"But no one says a syllable against Mrs. Percival; she seems to be thought quite a pattern of perfection in this neighbourhood."

"Oh, *she* lived with her father's relations formerly; she never even saw her mother from her earliest childhood, and is quite a stranger to her."

"Mrs. Percival is a nice person, but what a disagreeable fellow that Percival is!" exclaimed Captain St. George. "Did you observe how bearish he was at dinner to-day, and how sullen he looked, because Miss Stuart and I contrived to get up a little flirtation?"

"There is some excuse for this looking sharply after his young sister-in-law, Fred; her dying father committed her to Mr. and Mrs. Percival's guardianship, and Mr. Percival probably perceives that the girl is flighty, and rather light-headed. He is in a responsible position in regard to her."

"But if I am willing to take her guardianship upon myself?"

"He cannot know your thoughts; flirtation means nothing; but I do hope, Fred, that you will not get seriously entangled with that little Miss Stuart, and throw off your allegiance to Lady Alice."

Lady Joliffe bade her cousin good-night, and he betook himself to a cigar, and to think over the respective *merits* of the two young ladies mentioned in the preceding discussion.

Alfred Percival's and Daniel O'Flynn's private interviews still continued, but at length a change seemed to have come over the spirit of these communings. O'Flynn's broad, florid, pursy face exhibited marks of disquietude and anxiety unusual to it, his arrogant self-sufficiency seemed somewhat checked, and there was a restlessness about him very different from his usual dull composure. From these confidential meetings Alfred now came forth with ill-suppressed joy—joy which he seemed anxious, however, to conceal from his lately beloved friend, who, on the contrary, looked dispirited and dismayed.

Mrs. Percival was at a loss to account for the change in O'Flynn, but she was soon put in possession of the truth, namely, that some past transactions, not very honourable to him, had been discovered by parties who had been injured by them, and who now threatened exposure and punishment.

Agnes, always kind-hearted and amiable, was sorry for him in his distress, yet she could not but rejoice that he had determined on leaving England to avoid the impending prosecution. She did not like his familiarity with her sister; she did not like his mysterious meetings with her husband, or the strange influence he seemed to exercise over him; and she felt his presence an incubus on the family.

"We have nothing in common with him," she could not help saying to Alfred, "and it is hard to be annoyed with the presence of a vulgar and disagreeable stranger. He will suit the low Irish whom he will meet in New York much better."

Alfred liberally assisted his friend with his time and his purse; all due preparations were made at Woodbury to

Speed the parting guest.

And O'Flynn at length took his departure from Britain for the United States, carrying with him neither the esteem of the rich nor the benedic-

tions of the poor. Unloved, unpitied, and unregretted, for not even Madeleine appeared to miss him.

He was gone, and Alfred seemed to breathe more freely; a weight seemed removed from his mind; and the clouds that had been long gathering on his brow were suddenly cleared away. In the hilarity of his spirits he even proposed an excursion to one among the most frequented watering-places.

Madeleine was delighted, and Agnes much pleased at the idea of this agreeable excursion; but just then a letter was received by Alfred from his cousin, Edgar Howard, announcing that he was about to return to England, and saying that he would be very happy to go to Woodbury as soon as the ship was paid off, and was delighted at the prospect of meeting his dear cousin again, and of becoming acquainted with his wife, of whom their late uncle, Mr. Montague, had written him in the highest terms.

"This will prevent our leaving home, Alfred," said Agnes, when she had read the letter, "or, at least, make it necessary for us to put off going for some time; we cannot possibly be absent when your cousin arrives. How glad you will be to see him; so shall I. It is very fortunate that Mr. O'Flynn is gone; I don't suppose that Edgar would have liked associating with him."

"Yes, it is indeed *most* fortunate," replied Alfred. "I am sure I am infinitely obliged to the people who threatened to prosecute him; he was becoming very troublesome, and I did not exactly know how to get rid of him. I hope he may never come back to be a millstone round my neck again."

"If he even does return from America, you must keep him at a greater distance, dear Alfred, and not allow him to take up his quarters here anew. You will, of course, go to Portsmouth or Plymouth, at whichever port he may arrive, to receive your cousin on his return to England, and give him a cordial invitation to Woodbury?"

"Why no, Agnes, I think it would be better for us to be off before he arrives. It would be very awkward to receive him here, at Woodbury. Remember, Aggy, this place was to have been his—he expected to have had it, at least. I wonder that you, who are so considerate of everybody's feelings, cannot perceive that it will be rather trying to Edgar to come here only as a guest, when he looked forward to being a master."

"True, true; you are right, Alfred, it might cause him some pain; at any rate, on his first arrival. I was only thinking that we would do all we possibly could, by marked kindness, to make up to him for his loss."

"It is not likely that any amount of kindness from anybody could make up for the loss of a valuable property, and some thousands per annum."

"I should place sincere affection before money," said Agnes.

"Would you? Then I believe you are the only living individual in the civilised world who entertains such an idea."

"Oh, no, Alfred! Do not say that—do not accuse civilisation of being so inimical to kindly feeling. Let me remind you," she added, smiling sweetly, and leaning her hand on his shoulder, "that a certain Mr. Alfred Percival married Agnes Stuart from affection, well knowing that she had not a penny, and that her family were poor. Has he ever regretted it?"

"No—never, Aggy dear—never! I think we had better get away as soon as we can, so as not to seem to avoid Edgar. And, moreover, instead of only going to Cheltenham, or Harrogate, or Tunbridge Wells, we had better cross to the Continent. They say Spa is a delightful place."

"Spa? That is in Belgium. I should be frightened of falling in with my unfortunate mother there, and that horrible Lord Darlington. You know they went to Brussels."

"Many people go to Brussels that don't go to Spa. But set your mind at ease about meeting your mother. She and her friend have gone to Italy. I happened to hear so the other day from an old college chum of mine, who mentioned having met them at Naples."

"Then that removes my only objection, and Madeleine, I am sure, will be enchanted to go to Spa."

## II.

### A FAREWELL MEETING.

THERE were two individuals to whom the report of the approaching departure of the Percivals to the Continent caused great vexation, and these were—Captain St. George and Rose Ashford.

Captain St. George had just prevailed upon his cousin, Lady Joliffe, to invite Madeleine Stuart to spend eight or ten days with her at Coningsby House—Sir Robert's seat near Woodbury. He had counted upon at least a week's flirtation with the young beauty, without any annoyance from her guardian, Alfred Percival, and much provoked he was to find that she was going to Spa with her sister and brother-in-law, and could not accept Lady Joliffe's invitation.

"I do believe that fellow, Percival, is carrying the girl off to avoid me!" he exclaimed to his cousin.

"Nonsense, Fred—you are too conceited. Why should Mr. Percival take her all the way to Spa to avoid *you*?"

Nevertheless, there was more truth in the assertion than Lady Joliffe supposed. Alfred Percival did not at all like St. George's attention to Madeleine, and he told Agnes that such a *vaut rien* would be a miserable match for her sister, even supposing that he had any serious intentions.

Agnes took the alarm immediately; she informed Alfred that Madeleine seemed charmed with the handsome young officer, and added that, if he, Alfred, had a bad opinion of Captain St. George, the sooner they took her sister out of his way the better.

Rose heard with grief, which she could confide to no one, that Mr. Percival was going abroad. To her this seemed a sentence of eternal separation. And the deep sea was to roll between her and him! And she was no more to see him galloping along the road, no more to meet him on the sunny hill-side, or in the shady wood, or to smuggle him into her own little sanctum, when evening had spread her veil of darkness around, and only the bright stars, the stars that tell no tales, were looking on!

"Oh! I shall die—I shall die if *he* goes!" exclaimed Rose, in despair. "How shall I ever get through the weary hours—the weary, weary weeks and months! And that Mrs. Percival, *his wife*, will be with him—and I! what will become of me? Will he forget me?"

Poor Rose was beginning to feel that if sin has its allurements it has also its miseries.

There was a tempest in her soul  
She struggled vainly to control;  
There, sinful love—fruitless regret—  
And wishes wild in tumult met,  
And passion, like a whirlwind, raged,  
By reason nor by hope assuaged.

Yes, all was chaos in the wretched girl's mind, where thoughts of the past, the present, and the future, came surging over each other, like the foaming waves of a troubled sea.

"If he goes I shall die," she repeated to herself. But did she really think of death—of the passage from this world to another—of the judgment that might await her there? No. It was only of the desolation which would fall upon her when the partner of her guilt was gone, upon which her thoughts were centred. "I must see him!" she said; and she went by turns to all their usual haunts, but at none of them did she find him. She could never meet him except when riding with Miss Stuart, or driving her in a low phaeton he had. At such times it was impossible to speak to him, therefore she at length determined to write to him, having her note conveyed through his favourite groom, begging him to meet her at the accustomed place in the wood.

Alfred Percival went to the appointed rendezvous, and Rose arrived soon after him; she was in a state of evident excitement, though trying to be calm.

"Is it true that you are going away, Mr. Alfred?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Only for a short time, Rose dear," he replied.

"Oh! what will become of me if *you* desert me? If you go to these foreign parts, you will forget me. I know you will. Oh! Mr. Alfred, have pity on me!"

And she threw herself on her knees, and held up her clasped hands to him.

"Nay, Rose love, this is nonsense," he said, as he raised her from the ground, placed her on a mossy bank, and sat down by her. "You did not grieve so when I went to London after my father's death, and yet I was three weeks away. I shall not be *much* longer this time. I have promised Mrs. Percival and her sister to take them abroad for a short time; I can't take *you* too, you know, or I would."

Rose was only too willing to be deceived, and believe him. She smiled through her tears, laid her head on his shoulder, and asked, timidly,

"Will you be glad to come back to me?"

"You cannot doubt it, darling," said the unscrupulous Mr. Percival. "What shall I care for Spa when *you* are not there? But I want to speak to you very seriously about your future life, my Rose. My cousin writes me that he expects to return to England almost immediately. The ship is to be paid off. Of course your brother will hurry home, and if he should find out what has been going on, Rose, it will be very unfortunate. It would be better that he found you a married woman."

Rose raised her head from his supporting shoulder, and gazed at him with a bewildered look.

"There is young Charlton—he would marry you to-morrow, Rose, if you would have him, and why not take him, darling?"

"And give you up for ever—leave you for one for whom I do not care a straw!" exclaimed Rose.

"No, no; that need not follow. Our intimacy might go on just the same. Charlton would have to attend to the business of his farm, he could not be keeping guard over you always, and we might meet, as we do now, my own Rose."

The girl started up, and, stepping a little way back, she said:

"Mr. Percival, I will not bring disgrace upon an honest man's home. It was only the other day that Robert Charlton offered to marry me, but I refused him. I——"

"I am very sorry you did so, Rose," interrupted Alfred Percival; "it was short-sighted and foolish on your part to refuse so good an offer. To what are you looking forward? I can't marry you—I can't take you to live in the house with Mrs. Percival—what will you do by-and-by, when, in the course of nature, your father dies?"

Rose only sighed.

"You should think a little of realities, Rose. I have just told you that the *Vigorous* may be expected very soon. Now, it is probable that your brother will be more wide awake than your father and your grandmother, who seldom or ever stir ten yards from their own doors. Remember that woman Mrs. Percy's tongue was let loose upon you long ago, and she will begin again, and set all the village gossips talking, when your brother arrives. Nobody could say anything if you were married; you should look ahead, Rose—you really should."

"Ah! Look ahead! You never gave me such advice formerly, Mr. Alfred—never!" murmured poor Rose, suppressing with difficulty her tears. "My brother Richard is not coming home in the *Vigorous*. He was ill when it left, and his captain kindly promised to get him transferred to another ship. He has been promoted, and is now warrant-officer. It is not likely that he will return to England for another year at least, maybe longer."

"I am glad to hear it on your account, and I hope, before he comes back, that you will have got over your scruples, Rose, dear, and be settled in a comfortable house of your own."

Rose shook her head, her heart was too full to allow her to speak.

Alfred felt tired and bored, but he was obliged to show some kindness to the poor young woman, and to cheer her a little before bidding her good-by. Rose clung to him as if her very existence depended upon him, but he managed at last to get rid of her, and, as he galloped homewards, he mentally exclaimed,

"Confound the girl! What cursed folly not to accept that young man, Charlton. I suppose, now, she will be a burden on me for the rest of my life. When I come back from the Continent I must try to get her shipped off to Australia. If O'Flynn had been here, he could have managed this for me, as he sticks at nothing, and, I verily believe, would commit a murder for a tolerably handsome reward."

## III.

## GOING TO SPA.

MRS. BARWELL had offered to take charge of her little girls, Cecil and Sophia Frances, who, by Alfred's wish, had been called after his mother and his late aunt, Mrs. Howard, but Agnes would not consent to leave them behind. The party, then, that started for Belgium, were Mr. and Mrs. Percival, their two children, Madeleine Stuart, Mrs. Percival's maid, a nurse, and a courier, who had agreed to act as valet to Mr. Percival.

Agnes had never been to sea in her life, not even for the shortest voyage, except across to Fifeshire by the ferry-boat, when she resided in Edinburgh, therefore she was soon put hors de combat, and obliged to retire to her berth; while Madeleine, who was quite well, sat laughing and talking with Alfred Percival on deck, joined by one or two pleasant passengers, until a late hour. They were going to Antwerp, and having slowly passed up the "lazy Scheldt," the passengers, all dressed and ready to land, assembled on deck at the unearthly hour of half-past five in the morning; at six o'clock, as an old gentleman observed, "the morning seemed over before the usual hour for anybody to dream of getting up."

The douaniers came on board, and Agnes, who was new to the scene, was amused by it; they accosted her, as usual, with, "*Madame, vos clefs,*" but she did not answer as the cockney dame in a certain little poem did:

"Sir, that is not my name,  
'Tis—Mrs. Toby Snooks. La! what a shame  
To search *that* bag—that's but a drop of brandy,  
I brought it 'cause I thought it would be handy."

And now the time had come  
The luggage to secure.  
Few people can endure  
With patience to perform this task,  
And cross papas were heard to ask  
How, in the devil's name they were to find  
The endless baggage of their womenkind.  
If there's a thing on earth that gentlemen detest  
More than another, north, south, east, and west,  
It is a bandbox! Trunks, portmanteaus, cases,  
Elicit from the male sex but wry faces;  
Whilst every tiny bandbox brings a curse.

Agnes was not allowed much time to see

Antwerp, with all its quaint old buildings, and its store  
Of churches, pulpits, altars, reliques, and the like,  
And paintings, said to be, by Rubens and Vandyke—

for Alfred and Madeleine were both anxious to push on to Brussels, where they anticipated more amusement; where there are theatres, splendid shops, and gay promenades—places more in accordance with Madeleine's taste than gloomy churches or galleries of paintings. Not that Brussels is deficient in these, but it is more of a gay French town

than a sombre Dutch one. Though Alfred was never very willing to part with his money, Madeleine managed to coax him into buying for her some of the pretty light jewellery to be found in the Rue Montagne de la Cour; and Agnes was delighted at his kindness in thus gratifying her sister's "girlish fancy," as she called it, for these showy baubles.

At length they reached Spa—a place, as Murray truly says, "almost made up of inns and lodging-houses"—and they soon settled themselves at the best hotel. Two pretty young women, like Mrs. Percival and Madeleine, were speedily observed, and as acquaintances are quickly made in such resorts of the gay world, the party from Woodbury were before long immersed in society. Madeleine was rejoiced to find here some people she had known formerly in Paris, especially her cousin Octavie, the widow of the French préfet, who had laid aside her mourning, and had come to Spa, pour s'égayer.

Madeleine was not in the least abashed at meeting those who were well aware of her mother's shameful escapade; while Agnes, could she have been guided by her own feelings, would have left Spa immediately, and gone anywhere to avoid the inquisitive and, as she imagined, sneering looks of those who were cognisant of Mrs. Stuart's guilt and Colonel Stuart's fate.

Alfred Percival seemed to be furnished with the hide of a rhinoceros; nothing appeared to make an impression upon him; while Madeleine was like an ephemera, living for its little moment utterly devoid of reflection; like a bright shadow, like a sunbeam, like a rainbow, vivid and beautiful, but without an atom of solidity.

The tastefully-dressed, the somewhat coquettish, but certainly pretty and pleasing French widow seemed anxious to establish her connexion to the English party, who lived at the most fashionable hotel, and had every appearance of wealth.

It is astonishing what magic there is even in the semblance of riches. Wonderful how the multitude bow down to the golden calf! The greatest donkey that ever brayed in human voice, if a millionaire, would be much more courted, thought much more of, than the patriot, the hero, the philosopher, the man of genius, the wit, the wisest, the cleverest, or the best. Of a surety Mammon rules the world, though it is equally certain that we brought nothing into the world, and can take nothing away from it when we leave it.

Three or four mornings after their arrival at Spa, Octavie joined the Percivals and Madeleine during the early promenade, the "Promenade de Sept Heures," when the people drench themselves with mineral water from the "*Pommes*," and she invited herself to breakfast with them in order that she might, as she said, "*causer un peu*" with Madeleine. Neither Alfred nor Agnes spoke French with any fluency though they both understood it, therefore Octavie's attempts to strike up a flirtation with Alfred were not responded to with the avidity that might have been expected from that gentleman's accustomed gallant attention to all pretty women.

Mr. Percival took himself off to the reading-room "to look through the English papers;" Mrs. Percival amused herself in painting some charming wild flowers she had gathered the evening before amidst the winding sunny walks which lead up to the heights overlooking the little town, which, as every one who has been at Spa knows, is situated in the



midst of hills, forming a part of the chain of the Ardennes. Octavie had thrown herself on a sofa, and was trifling with some petty fancy work, while Madeleine, who certainly was a votary of the goddess Vacuna, and who passed much of her time in total idleness, was sitting on a low stool near her cousin's sofa, half teasing, half petting Octavie's lapdog.

"Do tell me, cousin," she said, "what the duchess, papa's duchess, did without him when poor papa was killed?"

Agnes started, and laid down her pencil.

"Why, my dear," replied Octavie, "she was *au désespoir* for some time, and even talked of giving up society and retiring into a convent, and a Carmelite convent of all places, where they are so strict. She took counsel from a priest who is quite devoted to that order; an exceedingly handsome young man he is, an immense favourite among the pious dames of Paris; yes, both among the juvenile and the ancient saints. So he got hold of the bereaved duchess—he certainly has magnificent eyes—and had nearly managed to consign her and her fortune to a nunnery, when there arrived in Paris a Spanish grandee, Count Munos Oliveres; he was handsomer and more charming than even the apostle of the Carmelites. The duchess met him first at a quiet little soirée at the house of the Spanish ambassador. The Spanish stranger admired her very much, and paid her great attention; the duchess began to dry her tears for your poor papa, and it ended in her giving up the Carmelites, disappointing her confessor, and being persuaded to resume her throne as the queen of beauty, and a leader of the fashionable world."

"I should not like to go into a convent," said Madeleine, shuddering.

"Of course not; the fasts and the vigils would not suit you; besides, it would be a thousand pities to cut off your beautiful hair," replied Octavie.

The two Parisian friends then went on to discuss people and past events of whom and of which Agnes knew nothing, and she left them gladly to spend the rest of her morning with her dear children, whose society was more congenial to her.

"Alas!" she exclaimed to herself, as she passed slowly along the upper corridor to the cheerful apartments engaged as day and night nurseries for the children, "how painful it is to observe that poor Madeleine's levity; it was shocking to hear her speak with so much indifference of our unfortunate father's death, and without the slightest hesitation of the disreputable woman, duchess though she is, who had lured him from his home ties. Ah! how fortunate for my darling little girls that they will be brought up in a quiet, well-conducted English circle! How doubly fortunate that they have such an excellent father—one so thoroughly moral, so exemplary in every respect!"

She opened the nursery door, and found little Cecil, with the gravity and importance of a schoolmistress, endeavouring to drum into the still smaller Sophy's memory Watts's hymn,

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each passing hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

"Mamma!" cried Cecil, "should Sophy not learn to be a busy bee? She says she can't be a bee."

Agnes laughed:

"Sophy is right there; she can't turn herself into the insect called a bee, but she may imitate its good habit of being always busy. I see she is very busy just now tearing out the pretty curls from her poor wax doll's yellow wig."

"That's mischief," said the little moralist, Cecil, "and nurse says it is better to do nothing than to do mischief."

"But those who do nothing generally end in doing mischief, darling," replied Mrs. Percival.

"Then Aunt Leina will end in doing—oh, so much mischief—for she is not like the busy bee; she never does anything at all."

"Hush, Cecil dear! you must not make such ill-natured remarks; you will be a naughty little girl, if you do."

The child, who was evidently intent on telling something, continued:

"Papa need not have bought that pretty workbox for Aunt Leina yesterday, for she never sews like you, or nurse. We were in the shop, and I begged him to buy something for Sophy and me, but he would not. So nurse bought us these two little baskets. See how pretty they are," she said, bringing forward from a table in the corner of the room two articles of the beautiful painted wooden-work such as is sold at Spa.

"It was extremely kind of you indeed, nurse, to give the children these charming little baskets," said Mrs. Percival. "But do not accuse them to ask for things which strike their fancy—it will make them greedy."

"I don't want to be greedy like Aunt Leina," cried Cecil. "Papa bought her such a number of pretty things at Brussels, and he did not buy any for you."

The nurse coughed, and walked towards the window.

"Because your papa knew, dear, that *I* do not care for ornaments, and that I should be much more obliged to him for giving them to my sister. Would you not be very glad if any one gave a pretty toy to darling Sophy?"

The child thought a moment, and then answered.

"Yes—but I would be very glad to get one too."

There spoke human nature.

#### IV.

##### NEW ARRIVALS.

Not long after the Percivals had come to Spa, two Scotch gentlemen arrived there; they seemed nearly of the same age, but evidently were not brothers. They were both fine looking men—said the gossiping ladies who spoke of them to Mrs. Percival and Madeleine; one of them, the taller of the two, had very dark hair and eyes, and seemed to have been bronzed in some warm climate. The other was fair, with blue eyes, and, though graceful in figure, was less athletic than his friend.

Who were they? Who could they be? Madeleine was most anxious to ascertain. She and her party had been absent from Spa for nearly two days, on an excursion to the cave and village of Remouchamps. Although this interesting place is only about nine miles from Spa, the road to it is stony and bad, and up steep hills, across rugged heaths, and down into wild ravines. It takes, therefore, no inconsiderable time to reach the little inn at Remouchamps, and some hours to visit, in not too hurried

and scrambling a manner, the grotto, the path to which is slippery and wet. Lights and a guide are required for descending into this cave, which is watered by a subterranean stream.

Agnes was delighted with the cave and its surrounding scenery, and would willingly have lingered longer among these strange displays of wild nature, but Madeleine was in a fever to return to Spa, with its Redoute, its promenades, and its gay re-unions. On reaching their hotel they heard of the recent arrivals, and on Mr. Percival sending for the list of names, they saw "Lord Eskdale and Mr. John Lawson, from Scotland."

"Lord Eskdale!" cried Agnes; "why, he must be the son of my good great-grandmother's and Aunt Meenie's friend, Lady Eskdale; and Mr. John Lawson, can he be my old Edinburgh acquaintance, Johnnie Lawson?"

Mrs. Percival's face flushed, and her eyes sparkled as she exclaimed this.

Johnnie Lawson, with his black eyes, stood vividly before her, while she reverted in thought to the bygone days of her cheerless childhood.

"Lady Eskdale!" said Madeleine; "I am sure I have heard poor papa speak of her, and a daughter of hers, Lady Janet, who wanted to marry him. Mamma used sometimes to tell papa that he had better have married that Scotch giantess, Lady Janet Dundas; and then papa used to say he wished he had done so, just to tease mamma."

The Scotch new comers made their appearance at the table d'hôte dinner, which Mr. Percival and his party frequently joined, but no conversation passed between them; however, Lord Eskdale seemed to admire Madeleine, who made very good use of her eyes, and was full of smiles and animation as she spoke to Alfred and to others near her, by turns in French, English, and Italian. Agnes was more quiet in her manners, but Mr. Lawson thought that she was more beautiful than the lively Madeleine, and was charmed with her deep blue, thoughtful, mild eyes, and her exceedingly sweet smile.

"I have surely seen that lovely face before, and those dreamy eyes!" he exclaimed to the earl, whose whole attention was directed to the coquettish-looking little linguist.

"Perhaps in Hindostan," said his companion, scarcely glancing at Mrs. Percival.

"No, it seems to me to be a vision from the still further past. Something connects that lady in my mind with my Scottish home of early years."

"That is surely Johnnie Lawson," thought Agnes, "and I almost fancy that he recognises me; but, after all, it is vain and silly to think that he can remember me."

There was a ball at the rooms that night, and the Percivals and the Scotch gentlemen were all at it. Lawson had looked over the visitors' book, and had seen the name of "Miss Stuart."

"Ah, then I am right!" he exclaimed. "It must be Agnes Stuart herself. How lovely she is!"

"A beautiful creature, certainly," replied Lord Eskdale; "we must try to be introduced."

Among the company at the ball was a Colonel Murray, who had been several weeks at Spa, and knew all the élite of the visitors.

Lawson seized upon him.

"Are you acquainted with that very pretty Miss Stuart, Murray, who is staying at the same hotel with us? and can you tell me if she is connected to the old Scotch family, the Stuarts of Glen Alpine?"

"Yes, she is; her father, Colonel Stuart, was the last of the race. He was killed in a duel; it was a sad affair."

"You will tell it to me another time, but now I want to be introduced to Miss Stuart; will you present me?"

"Certainly," said Colonel Murray, turning towards a group of ladies and gentlemen at a little distance.

"Holloa!" cried Lord Eskdale. "Are you stealing a march on me, Lawson? That won't do; Murray must introduce me also."

"I shall be happy to do your bidding, Eskdale," said Colonel Murray. "But for once the commoner must take precedence of the earl, for I promised Lawson first."

They went up to the above-mentioned group, and Colonel Murray was about to present Mr. Lawson to Madeleine, who had just been dancing, when he suddenly drew back a step.

"This is not *the* Miss Stuart I meant; not *my*—not Agnes Stuart."

He uttered these words in a low voice to Colonel Murray, but Madeleine heard them, and took upon herself to reply to them.

"No, I am not Agnes; she is my old sister, and my chaperone."

"Oh!" exclaimed Colonel Murray. "But, Miss Stuart, the term *old* does not apply to Mrs. Percival."

"Did you ever learn your namesake's English grammar, Colonel Murray?" asked Madeleine, saucily. "It used to be the horror of my childhood, and I have some faint idea of what was called comparative degrees being mentioned in it. Now, speaking according to the rules of grammar, Agnes is old compared to me."

John Lawson did not listen to her nonsense; the "Mrs. Percival" fell harshly on his ear. Then Agnes Stuart—the pretty, bashful girl whom he had remembered from his boyhood, the lovely creature whom he had so often, amidst the burning sands of India, pictured to himself meeting again in his dear native Scotland—was a married woman, lost to him for ever!

The castles in the air he had been so busily building since the dinner at the table d'hôte were in a moment demolished, like "the baseless fabric of a dream," and his countenance lost its eager expression, yet after Colonel Murray had introduced Lord Eskdale to Madeleine, Mr. Lawson went with him to be presented to Mrs. Percival.

"I have not the presumption," he said, "to suppose for a moment that you can recollect *me*, but I remember you at Mr. Rossignol's dancing-school in my juvenile days."

Agnes frankly and simply held out her hand to him as she replied:

"But I *do* recollect you; I should have been very ungrateful had I forgotten my High School *preux chevalier*. Ah! those childish days seem like a dream to me." And Agnes sighed.

Mr. Lawson was not so conceited as to take the sigh to himself. But he sighed also, while he said:

"These bright, yet too fleeting days, have been more than a dream to me. You cannot imagine how I, who have so long been an exile from my early home, have clung to the dear recollections of the past."

The sets were just forming for a quadrille, and John Lawson thought it incumbent on him to ask Mrs. Percival to dance it.

"Thank you, no," she said; "I seldom dance, but I will get you a partner, if you will allow me."

He declined the offer, and remained standing by her side.

Presently Madeleine tripped by, leaning on Lord Eskdale's arm, while two or three gentlemen were following her, crying :

"Mais, Mademoiselle!"

"Ma, Signorina!"

But she only laughed and shook her fan at them. Madeleine had a habit of engaging herself to three or four partners for the same dance, and she always chose the one she liked best, or threw them all overboard if another gentleman asked her to dance whom she preferred to the rest. This bad habit might have occasioned some mischief in Germany, but the French and Italians, though of unquestionable bravery, and knowing the rules of etiquette, are not so much given to brawls as are the blustering Germans.

"Lord Eskdale, I presume, is the son of the Countess of Eskdale who used to live in Queen-street, in Edinburgh?" asked Agnes of Mr. Lawson.

"Yes, her only son; but she is well provided in daughters."

"Is, you say; then she is still living? I remember thinking her a very handsome old lady in my childhood."

"She is a fine-looking old lady still, and wonderfully active for her age. She is most anxious for her son to marry, but the earl has not yet found any one to make an impression on his flinty heart. His mother tried hard to bring about a match between him and the daughter of a Highland laird—a baronet. She thought she had carried the day; but no, Eskdale urged that there was one objection, and that was fatal—she had large, ugly feet! It is a pity the damsel had not possessed the fairy feet of your sister."

John Lawson did not say *your* fairy feet, though he admired Agnes's own pretty little feet, which now and then peeped from under her tasteful half-mourning dress.

The two sat down, and for a few minutes watched the dancers in silence. Madeleine seemed to glide through the quadrille, with her graceful little figure and light airy steps. Her *vis-à-vis* was her cousin, Octavie, whose partner was Colonel Murray, a more agreeable companion than she had found Alfred, to whom she had been condemned for ten minutes. Colonel Murray spoke French well, and had no objection to a flirtation with the lively French widow. Near the dancers in that quadrille stood a gentleman with folded arms, and a countenance expressive of sullenness or annoyance.

"Pray," said Lawson to Agnes, "who is that gentleman—he sat near you at dinner to-day—the one with folded arms, who looks so sternly at your sister? Her gaiety, one would think, should elicit smiles rather than frowns."

"That is Mr. Percival, my husband," replied Agnes, somewhat coldly.

"He is my sister's guardian."

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said John Lawson, who perceived in a moment that his remark on Mr. Percival had not been very palatable to Agnes. "That must be rather an anxious office when the ward is so

young and beautiful. Do you like quadrilles?" he hurried on to say. "I retain a weak predilection for the old-fashioned country-dances."

"I should like reels better than either," replied Agnes, whose face was again lighted up with smiles; "but these are only patronised at the annual Caledonian balls in London. Speaking of country-dances, reminds me of Mr. Rossignol's dancing-school. Have you ever heard of any of his pupils—those who were *our* contemporaries, I mean?"

The little word "our" from her lips drew another sigh from Johnnie Lawson. He did not at once answer Agnes; his eye had wandered towards Alfred Percival, and, with his quick perception, he observed in an instant the sinister expression of his countenance.

"A bad man!" Lawson ejaculated to himself. "The features are handsome, but I do not like his look. *She* is thrown away on him, I feel certain."

He then turned to Mrs. Percival and said:

"Excuse me, I have a shocking habit of falling into reveries. You were speaking of *our*"—he put an emphasis on the word—"bygone days in Edinburgh, and some of our dancing-school friends, or rather foes. Poor Bob Scott fell at Waterloo; though little more than a boy, he died a hero's death, and was much regretted in his regiment. That virago, Miss Bab Beatty, ran off with a penniless ensign, to the great disgust of all her family, who had expected that her beauty would have obtained a brilliant match for her. They had quite settled that she was to turn Lord Eskdale's head when she came out. Poor Bab! she has had an unfortunate career."

"How?" asked Agnes, with much interest.

"Why, she ran away from the ensign because she was soon tired of his poverty. It was the old song borne out:

For lack of gold she's left me—oh!

She took up her quarters with a Major Mostyn, at Madras. The ensign was too poor to pay for a divorce, but death did that job for him; he died of cholera in the East Indies, and his widow expected the major to marry her. However, her temper was too imperious, so Major Mostyn got rid of her, and married a very nice quiet girl. But Barbara, who, as you may remember, was not easily put down, contrived to become the wife of an unlucky Irishman, and went with him to Canada. They settled somewhere in the backwoods; but whether she has left him, or remains with him, I have not heard."

"And her dear friend, Miss Carry Cumming?" asked Agnes. She was going to say, "whom you selected to replace me." But she stopped herself.

"She is still Carry Cumming. I saw her in Edinburgh the other day. She has become extremely devout, and is quite wrapped up in the Free Kirk."

"She has chosen a much better path than her former friend, then," said Agnes.

"Yes; but she is a very disagreeable person, always snubbing people, and on the *qui vive* to fish out everybody's sins—in fact, an inveterate scandal-monger."

"It is odd," remarked Agnes, "that very religious people, or at least

people who assume to be extremely religious, are sometimes so censorious, really so uncharitable in their judgment of their fellow-creatures."

"But these people, Miss Stuart"—he corrected himself—"Mrs. Percival, these people cannot be *really* religious; they may pore over the Bible all day, but they do not take in its meaning."

"No; they may be full of religion in words and forms, but they have not the religion of the heart."

"They have no hearts, probably, at all. And, in some respects, this is happy for them," added Mr. Lawson, somewhat bitterly.

Agnes looked at him with surprise, while she exclaimed:

"Happy to be heartless?"

"Yes; for if in the heart lie the sources of joy, in it also lie the sources of sorrow."

Johnnie Lawson looked sad as he said this, and Agnes felt convinced that he had met with some disappointment, probably in love. His eyes were fixed on her sympathising countenance, and neither of them spoke for a minute or two, until Agnes, thinking it would be better to bring her old Edinburgh friend back to some common-place subject, asked if any of Lord Eskdale's sisters were married.

"Yes. Lady Campbell and Lady Flora, and the youngest one, Dorothea."

"Not Lady Janet?"

Lawson laughed. "No, not Lady Janet; though she has made most desperate efforts, they say, to become a matron. Perseverance such as hers, however, deserves success; and it is not impossible that now, when she is nearly half a century in age, she may accomplish her long cherished and often defeated wish; for an old nabob, with liver complaint, gout, dyspepsia, sciatica, and a whole host of complaints, appears inclined to take her for—his nurse and wife. When were you last in Edinburgh?" he asked.

"I left it when I was about fifteen to go to a London boarding-school, and I have never been there since. I married at seventeen, and Alfred and I have been living ever since very quietly in the south of England. I must introduce you to Alfred," she added.

Mr. Lawson bowed rather stiffly.

In the mean time, Lord Eskdale had been pouring all manner of compliments and flattering speeches into the ear of the delighted Madeleine, whose face was glowing with pleasure in spite of the frowns of her brother-in-law, whose brow was becoming darker and darker.

"Do you know, Lord Eskdale," said Madeleine, laughing, "that I had nearly been your niece?"

"My niece! How so?"

"Why, your sister, Lady Janet Dundas, and my papa had nearly married in Edinburgh; but mamma came in the way——"

"Are you like your mother?" asked Lord Eskdale.

"Yes, I am thought very like her," replied Madeleine.

"Then I forgive your father for preferring her to my sister Janet, and I am only too glad that you are *not* my niece."

"What is the matter with *ce monsieur*, your cousin's husband?" asked Colonel Murray of Octavie, in one of the pauses towards the end of the quadrille.

"Mais, vraiment, je n'en sais rien. I cannot imagine," she continued,

in French, "what is the matter with him. He looks at your friend, *ce milord*, as if he would like, as you English say, to have a boxing-match with him. I find Mr. Percival very stupid."

"Is he a great tyrant in his own family?"

"Not at all. His wife adores him, and Madeleine is also very fond of him."

"He seems to look more sharply after his wife's sister than after his wife," said Colonel Murray, glancing towards the sofa, where Mr. Lawson and Mrs. Percival were sitting, talking, apparently, with much earnestness to each other.

"Oh, that is quite natural," replied Octavie. "He knows that his wife is like an iceberg to everybody but him. He can trust *her* entirely. But poor little Madeleine, you see, is like a straw blown about by the wind. She has not been brought up either like a French girl or an English girl. A French girl knows nothing of the world until she marries; an English girl is accustomed to the world almost from the time she leaves her nursery, and therefore is not so impressible as if she had been a recluse until she grew up. Madeleine's mother took her into society when she was quite a child, and, having made a precocious child of her, she tried to keep her back when she began to feel and act like a young woman. She requires to be a little looked after at her age, especially as, to say the truth, she is rather giddy."

The dancing was not kept up until a late hour at Spa, and the time for departure seemed to arrive, therefore, very soon to Agnes as well as to Madeleine, both of them having spent the evening agreeably.

"Must I go!" cried Madeleine, when Alfred came to summon her.

"Yes, unless you choose to be locked up here in the dark alone all night," he answered, crossly.

"Oh! as to that, *you* would come to the rescue, Lord Eskdale, would not you? And Colonel Murray would come, and *il marchese*, and the Dutch baron, who is broad enough to be made a battering-ram of."

"A whole regiment of volunteers would come to release you," said Lord Eskdale, gallantly.

Madeleine made him a graceful curtsy, and went with her brother-in-law to be equipped for walking home. The Rooms were so near the various hotels, that it was the custom for the frequenters of the soirées to walk home.

Lord Eskdale followed them, and managed to put on Madeleine's shawl, though Alfred insisted on placing the lace veil over her head, and tying it under her pretty little chin. John Lawson had been left, without the slightest interference from Alfred, to help Mrs. Percival in putting on her cloak, and had drawn its hood carefully over her head, that she might not catch cold during the short walk homewards. He hesitated for a moment whether to offer her his arm, but seeing Mr. Percival walk out with Madeleine, Lord Eskdale guarding her on the other side, and Colonel Murray escorting Octavie, who resided at a different hotel from the Percival party, he took courage, and begged leave to walk home with Agnes.

Arrived at their hotel, Alfred Percival hurried the ladies up-stairs, paying no attention to Agnes's whispered request that he would ask Lord Eskdale and Mr. Lawson to partake of the little supper they had ordered in their salon. He only bowed coldly to the gentlemen, and Agnes did



not like, without his permission, to ask them up. On sitting down to supper, Madeleine exclaimed :

"You deserve to have your ears boxed, Alfred, for being so inhospitable. I am sure there is plenty of cold chicken and cold tongue here both for these poor fellows and us. They will have to go starving to bed."

"Not at all, Madeleine ; they can get refreshments down stairs if they choose. I am too tired to be worried with strangers. I should not so much have minded that man Lawson, for he is a quiet sort of person ; but Lord Eskdale is a forward puppy, and I don't like him."

"But I do," said Madeleine, "and I won't allow you to be rude to him ; do you hear?"

"I hear," said Alfred, with one of his blindest smiles ; "and—to hear is to obey."

"Very well. You see I keep him in better order than you do, Agnes," she added, turning to her sister.

Agnes laughed, and looked benevolently on the gay girl.

"What a curmudgeon that fellow is!" exclaimed Lord Eskdale to Mr. Lawson, when the ladies had ascended the first flight of stairs and disappeared. "Did you not hear Mrs. Percival whisper to him to ask us to supper?"

The two gentlemen had some refreshments in one of the smaller rooms adjoining the large salon in which the table d'hôte was served, and then retired to their apartments. These opened into each other, and the friends went into the nearest, Mr. Lawson's bedchamber.

"I never met such a delightful, fascinating little creature as that Miss Stuart is!" said Lord Eskdale. "I am more than half in love with her already."

"She is very pretty, and very lively," replied Lawson. "But I admire her sister more. She is charming."

"It won't do to fall in love with *her*, Lawson ; forbidden fruit, you know."

"I can't fall in love with her, Eskdale, for I did that long ago. I fell in love with her when she was a little girl in Edinburgh, some time before I went to India."

"What a marvel of constancy you are ! It is a pity she had not waited for you ; you would have made her a better husband than the one she has got. He does not seem to care a straw for her."

"He seems very indifferent indeed," said Lawson.

"He is a most disagreeable animal. But never mind, my good fellow, he may break his neck some of these days in hunting, and then you can marry the widow."

"He takes too good care of himself, depend on it, for any such happy catastrophe to occur."

"Oh ! there are many chances and changes in this mortal life, as we are informed somewhere in the English Prayer-book. But now good-night ; we must turn in, as we have to rise at dawn of day, to be ready for that villanously early promenade de sept heures. I go to dream of what *may* take place," he added, gaily.

"And I to dream of what *never* can take place," said John Lawson, with a rueful look.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow ! Who knows what will take place ?

*Nil desperandum est."*

## ABOUT INFERRING THE MAN FROM THE BOOK.

A CASE OF NON SEQUITUR.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

ONE of those essays which the author of "The Caxtons" collected into a volume, a quarter of a century at least before he devoted his practised pen to the everyway riper series entitled "Caxtoniana," takes for its theme the difference between Authors and the impression conveyed of them by their works.

Sir E. B. Lytton, in that essay, expresses his belief that there is much less difference between the author and his works than is currently supposed; and that it is usually in the "physical appearance" of the writer—his manners, his mien, his exterior, that he falls short of the ideal a reasonable man forms of him—rarely in his mind. The feeling of disappointment is accordingly treated as usually a sign of the weak mind of him who experiences it,—“a foolish, apprentice-sort of disposition, that judges of everything great by the criterion of a puppet-show, and expects as much out of the common way in a celebrated author as in the lord mayor's coach.”\*

That shrewd and sensible people are apt, nevertheless, to utterly mis-calculate the man in the author, is an every-day truism in practical life. "Had any one formerly brought me to Erasmus," writes Montaigne, "I should hardly have believed but that all was adage and apophthegm he spoke to his man or his hostess."† Whereas Erasmus, depend upon it, cast no such pearls as epigram or rhetorical flourish before any such swine as the body-man that ran his errands, or the crone that did his chares. But Montaigne's impression was one common in all ages, and to, and about, all sorts of men.

Izaak Walton tells us that many and many turned out of their road purposely to see Richard Hooker, in his parsonage at Borne, whose life and learning were so much admired. But what went they out for to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? a man of stately presence and enthralling gifts of speech? "No, indeed; but an obscure harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; . . . of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor Parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time."‡ Pilgrims had to pause and take breath before they could identify that threadbare, blushing parson with him that penned Ecclesiastical Polity.

Kant's style of conversation was so popular and unscholastic, that any stranger acquainted with his works, would have found it difficult to believe that in this delightful and genial companion he saw the profound author of the Transcendental Philosophy.§

\* See, *passim*, the opening pages (3-14) of "The Student."

† *Essais de Montaigne*, l. iii. c. ii.

‡ Walton's *Life of Hooker*.

§ De Quincey, *The Last Days of Kant*.

Almost all the tragic and gloomy writers, it has been remarked, have been, in social life, mirthful persons. The author of the *Night Thoughts*, says Moore,\* was a fellow of infinite jest; and of the pathetic Rowe, Pope says, "He! why, he would laugh all day long—he would do nothing else but laugh." Of La Fontaine, the *larmoyant* German novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime, as Mr. Carlyle has it, what fair eye has not wept? we are told that Varnhagen von Ense† found him a man jovial as Boniface, swollen out on booksellers' profits, church preferments and fat things, "to the size of a hog'shead;" and not allowing his pretty niece to read a word of his romance-stuff, but "keeping it locked from her like poison."—As Mr. Thackeray says of the tragical paintings of Alexander M'Collop, "No one would suppose, from the gloomy character of his works, that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive."‡ And among the variety of painters whom Clive Newcome associated with at Rome, there were some, we read,§ with the strongest natural taste for low humour, comic singing, and Cyder-Cellar jollification, who would imitate nothing but Michael Angelo, and whose canvases teemed with tremendous allegories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle.

Describing his first introduction, by Wordsworth in 1808, to "Mr. Wilson of Ellera," De Quincey says that, "(as usually happens in such cases,) I felt a shock of surprise on seeing a person so little corresponding to the one I had half unconsciously prefigured."|| Christopher North's own daughter and biographer comments on the probable disappointment so many people must feel at Raeburn's beautiful portrait of her father in his fervid youth—"so tidily dressed in his top-boots and well-fitting coat, with face so placid, and blue eyes so mild, looking as if he never could do or say anything *outré* or startling,—can that be a good picture of him we have seen and heard of as the long-maned and mighty, whose eyes were as the lightnings of fiery flame,"¶ &c. &c. Very unlike Christopher of the Crutch, indeed. But very like the author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

Washington Irving with pleasurable surprise found Gifford, whom he met frequently in John Murray's drawing-room, "mild and courteous in his manners, without any of that petulance that you would be apt to expect,"\*\*\* and quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming.

Those who knew Etty "only in his works," remarks his biographer (and William Blake's),†† often formed conclusions of the man sufficiently wide of the mark; accused him, as he says, of being a shocking "and immoral man;" even those who had heard of the painter as being personally "a decent kind of man," still inferring of his mind that it must needs be "a gross one." By the self-evident portraiture of his autobiography, however, and the testimony of intimates to his simplicity of character and earnestness, and to the singleness and purity of his aims, the real Etty‡‡ has been proved a very different figure from the Etty of good people's fancy.

\* Life of Byron, ch. xlvii.

† The Newcomes, ch. xvii.

‡ Memoir of John Wilson, vol. i. p. 127.

§ Life and Letters of Washington Irving, vol. i. ch. xxvii.

¶ Mr. Gilchrist.

† Denkwürdigkeiten (1837-8).

‡ Ibid., ch. xxxix.

§ Ibid., p. 26.

¶ Mr. Gilchrist.

‡‡ See Life of W. Etty, R.A., vol. ii. pp. 254 &c. 317 &c.

So again, in Mr. Trimmer's *Reminiscences of J. M. W. Turner and his Contemporaries*, reference being made to the dictum that you may tell a man by his paintings as you may by his handwriting, John Constable, R.A., is thus mentioned, in opposition to that maxim. "I knew Constable's paintings long before I knew Constable, and formed a very wrong estimate of his character. His paintings give one the idea of a positive, conceited person, whereas any one more diffident of his powers could not be."<sup>\*</sup>

Mrs. Gore somewhere says, à propos of Byron, that everybody knows, who knows a great poet, that poets are the least poetical of God's or the devil's creatures, unless when hanging over a sheet of wirewove, crowquill in hand. "Did I tell you that I met Wordsworth at Mackintosh's last week," writes Jeffrey, "and talked with him in a party of four till two in the morning? He is not in the very least Lakish now, or even in any degree poetical, but rather a hard and a sensible worldly sort of a man."<sup>†</sup> Possibly Wordsworth, on this occasion, in his insuperable distrust of his Edinburgh reviewer, kept a mask on his face, and a bridle to his lips, all night, purposely that he might not be seen as he was. But divers accounts of his companionship, from quite other quarters, corroborate the impression here produced.—It is not wholly and solely caricature that Mr. Poole indites, in his picture of Little Pedlington's Bard, as seen at a conversazione. "Simple in appearance, unaffected in manners [so Mr. Rummins describes him]—instead of the popular poet, you would be inclined to set him down for nothing more than one of yourselves. . . . But so it ever is with genius of a high order." And, truly, records the author of "Paul Pry," depicting the scene and the company,—there sat the illustrious poet, neither attitudinising, nor sighing, nor looking either sad, solemn, or sentimental, nor in any manner striving after effect, but unaffectedly swallowing tea and munching hot muffins, with as much earnestness as if, to repeat Rummins's phrase, he had, indeed, been "nothing more than one of ourselves."<sup>‡</sup>

Leigh Hunt has pictured Handel, with all his sublimities, and even his delicacies and tricksome graces, as a "gross kind of jovial fellow," who announced by a plethoric person (to use the Gibbonian style) the ample use he made of his knife and fork.<sup>§</sup>

Of Leigh Hunt himself, by the way, an accomplished American bears witness, that "of all the literary men I have known, no one, it seems to me, so thoroughly corresponded in his person, manner, and impression to the idea one would form of an author from his works. There was the same exquisite charm in both. His conversation was like his essays, full, rich, genial, and pervaded with a delicate perfume."<sup>||</sup>

Mr. Sala knows an enthusiastic amateur of music who posted to Berlin to see the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*,—and was bitterly disappointed to be introduced to a "little, snuffy, old Jew-man." The half-crippled dotard, it is further remarked, whom the children at Chelsea used to run after and point at, and call "Puggy Booth," could not have

<sup>\*</sup> Life of J. M. W. Turner, vol. ii. p. 78.

<sup>†</sup> Jeffrey to Cockburn, 30th March, 1831.

<sup>‡</sup> Little Pedlington, ch. ix.

<sup>§</sup> Round Table Essays: On the Poetical Character.

<sup>||</sup> Letter of W. W. Story to Thornton Hunt, 4th March, 1861.

satisfied many that he was Joseph Mallard Turner, the painter of "Carthage" and the "Shipwreck." The flabby lame gentleman, Mr. Sala adds, who had a horror of growing fat, and drank more Hollands-and-water than was good for him, scarcely realised that exquisite Ideal in the turn-down collar and Albanian costume, engraved on steel as a frontispiece to the "Giaour."\*

Byron, indeed, we find urging Moore to assure society that he is not the misanthropical and gloomy gentleman commonly supposed, "but a facetious companion . . . as loquacious and laughing as if I were a much cleverer fellow."† And he tells the same correspondent, four years later, of a visit he has just had, at Ravenna, from an American hero-worshipper: "But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolfskin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world."‡ A more distinguished American testified of the noble poet, to their common friend, Francis Jeffrey,§ that there was nothing gloomy or bitter in Byron's ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, much more like nature than his poetry.

"Dr. Channing small and weak!" exclaimed a Kentuckian inquirer, who was a fervent admirer of his writings; "I thought he was six feet, at least, in height, with a fresh cheek, broad chest, voice like that of many waters, and strong-limbed as a giant."||

In racy contrast with which, take Thomas Moore's journalised impression of the author of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations," whom he met for the first time at Mr. Milnes' (now Lord Houghton), together with Messieurs Rogers, Robinson, Carlyle, and Spring Rice. "Savage Landor a very different person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros réjoui*; and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man."¶

Grimm (Baron, not Brother, *either* Brother) takes note that the greater number of comic poets have been bilious and melancholy people, and that "M. de Voltaire, who is very gay, has written tragedies only—gay comedy being the one sole composition in which he has not succeeded;"\*\* the alleged explanation being, that he who laughs, and he who makes laugh, are two very different men. It is in allusion to some such discrepancy that M. Cuvillier-Fleury observes, in a notice on Madame d'Arbouville, that "Le monde, et surtout le monde des lettres, est plein de ces contrastes. L'auteur du *Malade imaginaire* était triste, l'auteur du *Resignation* passait pour enjouée."†† The author of *Letters to Eusebius* has laid it down as a general rule, that all satirists are amiable men; and points to our English satirists as having been eminently so. Poor gentle Cowper, in his loving frenzy, as Mr. Eagle words it, wielded the knout stoutly, and had it been in his religion, would have whipped himself like a pure Franciscan; and yet he loved his neighbour. "And it is our

\* Travels in the County of Middlesex.

† Byron to Moore, March 10, 1817.

‡ Ibid., July 5, 1831.

§ See Life of Jeffrey, II. 205.

|| Life of Channing, part iii. ch. vii.

¶ Diary of Thomas Moore, May 22, 1836.

\*\* Grimm, Correspondance, t. vi.

†† Dernières Etudes, I. 363

belief that Swift was good and amiable, and as little like a yahoo as those who depict him as one."\* Father Garasse, who engaged in a paper war against Etienne Pasquier, which produced such *grands flots de bile et de fiel*—so inordinate a secretion of bile and gall—has been thus portrayed by a devoted admirer of his antagonist: "L'auteur de tant de fougueuses diatribes fut en effet un ecclésiastique réglé dans les mœurs, doux et facile dans le commerce habituel de la vie, d'un caractère dévoué et généreux."† M. Deltour, in a chapter on the Irritable Character of Racine, reminds us that this poet, "so prompt and so terrible in taking literary vengeance," was he of whom Madame de Sévigné said that he was cruel in his verses only; and that he was, *au fond*, like Boileau, the most devoted of friends, the most benevolent and generous of men.‡ The "arrogant and vituperative Warburton," writes Isaac Disraeli—who, by the way, professes always to consider an author as a being possessed of two lives, the intellectual and the vulgar; so that "in his books we trace the history of his mind, and in his actions those [*sic*] of human nature"§—the bullying Bishop, says Literature's old Curiosity-shopman, "was only such in his assumed character; for in still domestic life he was the creature of benevolence, touched by generous passions."|| The Abbé Prévôt is described by Rousseau as being, in private, a very amiable and extremely simple man, whose heart gave life to his writings, and who, in society, showed nothing whatever of the spleen and sombre colouring observable in his works.¶ Southey, in one of his letters, is full of a "most extraordinary book"\*\*\* by Dr. Ezra Stiles, sometime President of Yale College, than which nothing more thoroughly rancorous could have been written by Hugh Peters himself. "And yet Ezra Stiles was a kind, simple-hearted creature, so that the milk of his nature, and the vinegar and gall of his prejudices, make the strangest compound in the world."†† Contrasting the personal pleasantness of Joseph de Maistre with his polemical "cruelty," M. Nisard wants to know how to reconcile so much bitterness with so much *bonhomie*; and adds: "M. de Maistre n'en est pas le seul exemple. Le dix-septième siècle en offrirait plusieurs, à commencer par Bossuet . . . si sévère comme docteur de l'Eglise, si bienveillant et si accommodant comme l'homme."†‡

There is a passage in Boileau averring, or bidding others aver,

—qu'an fond cet homme horrible,  
Ce censeur qu'ils ont peint si noir et si terrible,  
Fut un esprit doux, simple, ami de l'équité.§§

Madame d'Arblay expresses her agreeable surprise at finding in "Mr. Professor Young, of Glasgow," not a caustic satirist, but a *bonhomme* with a face that looks all honesty and kindness, and manners gentle and humble. "It was a most agreeable surprise to find such a man in Mr. Professor Young; as I had expected a sharp though amusing satirist, from

\* Essays from *Blackwood*, by Rev. John Eagles, p. 250.

† Léon Feugère.

‡ Les Ennemis de Racine par F. Deltour, ch. v.

§ Preface to *Quarrels of Authors*.

¶ Warburton and his Quarrels.

‡ Les Confessions, l. viii.

\*\*\* History of the Three Judges.

†† Southey to Charles Wynn, Sept. 29, 1821.

†‡ Etudes d'Histoire, par D. Nisard, p. 64.

§§ Epître x.

his comic but sarcastic imitation of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives,' in a criticism upon Gray's 'Elegy.'" In the same letter Madame Fanny remarks of Mr. Broome, "He has by no means the wit and humour and hilarity his 'Slimkin's Letters' prepare one for; but the pen and tongue are often unequally gifted."\* Which frequent inequality seems to have particularly struck Madame's sister, in the instance of Lally Tollendal, who recited his *Mort de Strafford* to that lady, at the De Staël's request. "I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, inasmuch that it left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him: large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents for conversation, so far, so very far distant from our *Juniperiens*,† and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his [Lally's] abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus*."‡ Mistress Phillips seems as fond of interlarding her sentences with French, as if *she*, too, had married a French refugee. M. Lally might have penned some pretty stanzas, and recited them, in reference to her disappointment, or disenchantment, had he been aware of it,—in the style, say, of Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend's copy of verses "To the Lady who Came to See the Poet," and who, we presume, found him not *exactly* after her ideal:

For outward things with inward jar,  
And far from truth will roam,  
And oft abroad the image mar  
The heart had form'd at home.

But Authors loftier language need  
Than outward gait or look:  
'Tis better, then, thou only read  
The Poet in his Book.§

At Lausanne, in 1783, Samuel Romilly met with the Abbé Raynal, of whom he had formed the highest expectations,—which, however, were "sadly disappointed." His conversation "was certainly so inferior to his celebrated work, as to give much countenance to the report, which has been very common, that the most splendid passages in it were not his own."|| Many a base misgiving of this kind must have crossed, if not lodged, in the brain of those who have sate, like Miss Newcome at the Bryanstone-square dinner-party, in close and eager scrutiny of an actual Author actually seated on the next chair. "Miss Newcome has been watching the behaviour of the author, by whom she sate; curious to know what such a person's habits are; whether he speaks and acts like other people; and in what respect authors are different from persons 'in

\* Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips, 1798.

† Meaning the De Staël and Narbonne circle of French refugees at Juniper.

‡ Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Lock, April 2, 1793.

§ The Three Gates, p. 343.

|| Memoirs of Sir S. Romilly, I. 51. 3rd ed.

society.'\*\* Among savants, and in her *cabinet*, Madame Dacier† loved to show herself savante; but everywhere and with everybody else, she was simple, easy, and common-place enough to pass for quite an ordinary Daughter of Eve. The Countess Hahn-Hahn evidently refers to herself in her representation of the Countess Ilda Schönholm, whom Ulrich‡ has idealised into a German De Staël, but who, on acquaintance, exhibits not a trace of his type of an authoress, being simply composed and unaffected, and not giving herself the smallest trouble to attract attention, in her utter indifference to the impression she may make.

The man Bailly was hard to be recognised by admirers of his sparkling Letters. His modesty and embarrassment were such§ that people were utterly at a loss to reconcile with that dry aspect and equally dry conversation—dry as remainder biscuit—the authorship of the *très spirituelles* “*Lettres sur l’Atlantide*,” addressed by him to Voltaire.

Miller describes Mason as sullen, reserved, capricious, and unamiable; and this which he declared to be “the real character of this celebrated poet,” he inserted, he said, as a lesson to mankind, to show them what little judgment can be formed of the heart of an author, either by the sublimity of his conceptions, the beauty of his descriptions, or the purity of his sentiments.||

The late Mrs. Richard Trench, in one of her replies to her congenial Irish correspondent, Mrs. Leadbeater, remarks that she has never seen Miss Edgeworth, and does not very much regret it, having invariably been disappointed whenever she had greatly admired a book, on being introduced to its author.¶

Nearly a decade later, we find the same observer giving the same correspondent a description of Hayley, the “bard who sang so sweetly the ‘Triumphs of Temper,’” as himself “somewhat irritable and irascible.” She had just been paying the old gentleman a visit, at his little villa, near Bognor,—“the prettiest nutshell possible, a miniature paradise;”—and thus she reports of the aspect and bearing of the suave, sweet singer, *chez lui*: “His look and manner denote impatience, curbed by good breeding; and his nieces seem much afraid of him; so, I perceived, did his visitors and old friends. I think his manner and the expression of his face create awe rather than put one at one’s ease.”\*\*

A few months later, again, we find Mrs. Trench recording in her always interesting journal a conversation at Lord Clifden’s on the “delusive opinion that authors were best known by their works.” And this appears to have set her upon inditing a *jeu d’esprit*, supposed to be a contribution to a Review a century after date, and quizzing her old friend Samuel Rogers. The Reviewer of 1920 is made to lament that no materials are then extant (thanks to long civil wars) for a character-portrait of “that pleasing versifier.” Yet, in fact, an author (he goes on to

\* The Newcomes, ch. xxiv.

† See Saint-Simon’s account of her.

‡ In the novel of that name, 1841.

§ Mémoires du Comte d’Allonville.

|| See “The Doctor,” ch. cxxvi.

¶ “This may partly be my own fault, but I believe it is so common a feeling, that those to whom admiration gives pleasure, ought rather to wish to retain their idea of a favourite writer than to exchange it for reality.”—To Mrs. Leadbeater, Jan. 2, 1811.

\*\* Mrs. Trench to Mrs. Leadbeater of Ballitore, Feb., 1820.



say) is best known by his works; and he does not hesitate, therefore, to pronounce Samuel Rogers one of the mildest of men, wholly without gall, and abounding in *bonhomie*. His writings teem with "so much mildness, and such exquisite feeling for all the tendernesses of domestic life, as speak him one whom to know was to love, who never suffered a sharp word to pass his lips, and in whom his friends could have had no fault to lament but an excess of meekness."\* Those only can fully relish the ironical humour of this, who are familiar with the cynical *causeries* of the poet in question, and his recognised relationship to the Sneers, Backbites, and Candours of colloquial fame.

Referring to the abundant discussions the world has heard, first and last, about the life and character of Rabelais, M. Sainte-Beuve† expresses his belief that those who might expect to find in him the exact man of his book, a sort of *curé-médecin*, a jovial buffoon, always in his cups, and at least half-seas-over, would be very much disappointed.

That Beaumarchais who is generally looked upon as a Gil Blas, a Guzman d'Alfarage, in short as the model of his own Figaro, is said to have, in reality, borne no sort of resemblance to these personages, but to have been an easy dupe in matters of business, and far more of the victim than the sharper in money transactions.‡

The *habitués* of Mr. Murray's shop are strenuously exhorted by Byron to disabuse their minds of certain prejudices against Alastor. "You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society."§ De Quincey describes most people as feeling towards William Godwin, as the author of Political Justice and the husband of Mrs. Wolstonecraft, with the same alienation and horror as of a ghoul, or a bloodless vampire, or the monster created by Frankenstein. "It may be supposed that I had not shared in these thoughtless impressions; and yet, from the audacity of his speculations, I looked to see a loud, clamorous, and perhaps self-sufficient dogmatist; whereas the qualities most apparent on the surface of his manners were a gentle dignity of self-restraint and a tranquil benignity."||

Miss Braddon signalises in her typical "sensation" writer for the masses, Mr. Sigismund Smith, the indescribable difference between such an author as he appears on paper, and as he is known to the very few friends who know anything about him at all. In the narrow circle of his home Mr. Smith is a very mild young man, who "could not have hit any one if he had tried ever so; and if you had hit him, I don't think he would have minded—much." It was not in him, we are told, to be very angry; or to fall in love, to any serious extent; or to be desperate about anything. "Perhaps it was that he exhausted all that was passionate in his nature in penny numbers, and had nothing left for the affairs of real life." Naturally enough, people who were impressed by his fictions, and were curious to see him, left him for the most part with a strong sense of disappointment, if not indignation. "They had their own idea of what the author of the 'Sinuggler's Bride' and 'Lilia the Deserted' ought to be,

\* See Mrs. Trench's Remains, pp. 424 sq.

† Essai sur Rabelais, 1850.

‡ Fontanes, in the *Mercure* of Sept., 1800.

§ Byron to John Murray, Oct. 25, 1822.

|| Autobiography of an English Opium-eater.

and Mr. Smith did not at all come up to the popular standard; so the most enthusiastic admirers of his romances were apt to complain of him as an impostor when they beheld him in private life." Was this meek young man the Byronic hero they had pictured? Was this the author of "Colonel Montefiasco, or the Brand upon the Shoulder-blade"? They had imagined, of course, \* a splendid creature, half magician, half brigand, with a pale face and fierce black eyes, a tumbled mass of raven hair, a bare white throat, a long black velvet dressing-gown, and thin tapering hands, with queer agate and onyx rings coiling up the flexible fingers.

Rogers and Moore being once in colloquy on the subject of Young the poet, who, despite his supremely sombre poetry, was "a very merry fellow in conversation," the author of the Pleasures of Memory observed to him who sang the Loves of the Angels, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he [Young] did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them, when they throw off their cloaks, playing leapfrog together."†

It is a comfort to know that the majority of French contributors to *le Roman terrible* are, on good authority,‡ young men of *sens assis*, perfectly masters of themselves, with more facility than genius, and, some of them, excellent fathers of families, irreproachable husbands, and exemplary ratepayers.

Wieland used to appeal piteously against his critics, from his lax writings to his moral life, and wished they "could see him in his quiet home-like home, they would then judge otherwise of him."

On breaking up from a "very pleasant and joyful evening" which Doctor Robertson the historian, with Alexander Carlyle and others, had spent with Smollett at Chelsea, Robertson expressed to Carlyle his great surprise at the polished and agreeable manners of their host, and the great urbanity of his conversation. He had imagined, it seems, that a man's manners must bear a likeness to his books; and as Smollett had described so well the characters of ruffians and profligates, that he must, of course, resemble them.§

Thomas Moore goes to dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, of the *Times*, plus Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Messieurs Luttrell and Tierney. Result: "Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses."|| Moore found a like result when he met Henry Cockburn at Jeffrey's, in 1825.

Dr. Chalmers, at his last visit to London, within a week or two of his sudden death, records in his Diary the pleasant and *unlike* impression of Mr. Carlyle that personal contact gave him: "His talk not at all Carlylish, much rather the plain and manly conversation of good ordinary common sense, with a deal of hearty laughing on both sides."¶

\* The Doctor's Wife, ch. ii.

† Diary of Thos. Moore, Feb. 18, 1829.

‡ That, namely, of so sober and *respectable* a deponent as M. Cuvillier-Fleury.

§ "This was not the first instance we had of the rawness, in respect of the world, that still blunted our sagacious friend [Robertson]'s observations."—Autobiogr. of Dr. Alex. Carlyle, p. 340.

|| Diary of Thomas Moore, March, 1824.

¶ Journal-letters of Dr. Chalmers, May 14, 1847.

According to Scott, no man was ever less known by his writings than Henry Mackenzie. You would suppose a retired, modest, somewhat affected man, with a white handkerchief, and a sigh ready for every sentiment. No such thing. "H. M. [at 83, too] is alert as a contracting tailor's needle in every sort of business—a politician and a sportsman—shoots and fishes in a sort even to this day—and is the life of company with anecdotes and fun. Sometimes his daughter tells me he is in low spirits at home, but really I never see anything of it in society."\* Half a dozen years later, Sir Walter jots down the decease of the Man of Feeling: "I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death . . . gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental."†

So again it has been remarked of Campbell by Leigh Hunt, that those who knew him only as the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming" and the "Pleasures of Hope," would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. "Very unlike a puritan he talked!"‡ Mr. Hunt, in another place, expresses the astonishment he once felt, on finding that the "gentle Mr. Hayley," whom he had taken for

A puny insect, shivering at a breeze,

was a strong-built man, famous for walking in the snow before daylight, and possessed of an intrepidity as a horseman amounting to the reckless.§ In his "Feast of the Violets," again, Leontius commemorates the contrast between Mrs. Shelley's looks and her books:

So sleek and so smiling she came, people stared  
To think such fair clay should so darkly have dared.||

Perthes spent two evenings with Jean Paul, who exerted himself (his visitor says) to appear in the best light. But Perthes, by his own account, did not hear him utter one significant word, one deep view, one result of great inner experience. "His conversation was throughout wearisome and obscure. For half an hour Jean Paul put us to sleep with receipts for sleeping. None of the lightning flashes and scintillations of fancy, the striking similes, or the glowing pictures with which his works abound, appeared in his conversation."¶ And Perthes left him, convinced that the man who, as an author, belonged to the tenderest and richest minds of Germany, was not, therefore, necessarily tender and soft-hearted.

It is the old story, as regards heart and feeling, of Richter's English model and prototype, Laurence Sterne. And it is the old story, as regards intellectual display, of Oliver Goldsmith and ever so many more. La Bruyère has commented on the practical paradox that you'll find "un homme parait grossier, lourd, stupide; il ne sait pas parler, ni raconter ce qu'il vient de voir"—all literally and specially applicable to Goldsmith, as Boswell and others picture him in company; but what La Bruyère

\* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Dec. 6, 1825.

† Ibid., Jan. 17, 1831.

‡ Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, ch. x.

§ "It is not improbable that the feeble Hayley, during one of his equestrian passes, could have snatched up the 'vigorous' Gifford, and pitched him over the hedge into the next field."—Ibid., ch. xii.

|| Blue-stocking Revels, canto ii.

¶ Life of Perthes, vol. ii. p. 101.

then proceeds to say is equally so,—namely, that “*s’il se met à écrire, c’est le modèle des bons contes ; il fait parler les animaux, les arbres, les pierres, tout ce qui ne parle point : ce n’est que légèreté, qu’élégance, que beau naturel, et que délicatesse dans ses ouvrages.*”\* “Good Heavens, Mr. Foote,” exclaimed an actress at the Haymarket Theatre, “what a humdrum kind of man Dr. Goldsmith appears in our green-room, compared with the figure he makes in his poetry!”† He was Garrick’s butt, too, as one who

—wrote like an angel, and talked like Poor Poll.

We are told that Lord Dorset was so much struck by the extraordinary merit of “*Hudibras*,” on its publication in 1663, that he must needs be introduced to the author. This was effected, accordingly, at a tavern, whither Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd brought his lordship as an untitled friend. With this result: that Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle, brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he “sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly anybody would have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry.” He *had* his lucid interval, however; which is more than we find allowed of some wits, at any stage whatever of the bottling process. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd asked Dorset his opinion of Butler, and his lordship ingeniously replied, that Samuel was like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.<sup>1</sup>

This golden mean redeemed Butler. He was not always little—not always “at both ends,” *semper in extremis*. But poets and philosophers of almost equal renown have been denied, by associates and compotators, the redeeming point of any such middle passage.

When Leslie, the painter, was at Ayr, all enthusiasm about Burns, he came across an old man who said he had often had a gill of whisky with Rab. “What a delightful companion Burns must have been,” exclaimed Mr. Leslie. “Oh, not at all,” the old man replied; “he was a silly chiel; but his brother Gilbert was quite a gentleman.”‡ Before we make much of this auld body’s testimonial, we should like to know (but indeed inferentially *do* know) what sort of chiel he was, his ain sel. Quite capable, no doubt, of tossing off glass for glass, or gill for gill, with Rab the poet; but less so, possibly, of taking his mental measure, with that poor metrical ell-wand of his own.

It is likely enough that there might be found, here and there, those of low estate, to whom Scott condescended, in that genial, uncondescending way of his, who would similarly disparage Sir Walter’s colloquial claims. And what are we to say of him, in his real character, in this respect? Was Sir Walter the sort of man you might correctly predicate from your study of his books? Did the author personally answer to his books; or was he, like so many of his craft, in sheer and startling contrast with them?

\* Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. xii.

† Irving’s Life of Goldsmith, ch. xliii.

‡ Memoirs of C. R. Leslie, vol. i. p. 85.

Suppose we take his own statement of the case, made early in life. Writing to Miss Seward, about the possible prospect of visiting her at Lichfield, the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* says: "You would expect to see a person who had dedicated himself much to literary pursuits, and you would find me a rattle-sculled half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old; half-educated—half-crazy, as his friends sometimes tell him; half-everything, but *entirely* Miss Seward's much obliged, affectionate, and faithful servant, Walter Scott."\* Altogether a man to endorse Mr. Emerson's charge against the "too great fineness, effeminaey, and melancholy" of modern literature, as attributable to the enervated and sickly habits of the literary class; and to agree with the rider to that proposition: Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the bookmaker abler and better, and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written.†

Sir Walter used himself to say that, as for poets, he had seen all the best of his age and country, and that, except Byron, not one of them would answer an artist's notion of the character. And what was the impression that Scott made upon competent observers among his literary contemporaries? Joanna Baillie was asked the question, and answered that at first she was a little disappointed—"for I was fresh from the *Lay*, and had pictured to myself an ideal elegance and refinement of feature." Nevertheless she said to herself, that, had she been in a crowd, and at a loss what to do, she should have fixed upon that face among a thousand, as the sure index of the benevolence and the shrewdness that would and could help her in her strait.‡ Lockhart records the opinion of "not a few persons of undoubted ability and accomplishment," that the genius of the great novelist and poet rarely, if ever, revealed itself in his talk.§ It was in reference rather, perhaps, to Abbotsford belongings, than to the personnel of its proprietor, that Miss Edgeworth exclaimed, on one of the happiest days in Scott's life, and with a look and accent which those who saw and heard it never forgot, as he welcomed her at his archway, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!"||

Before quitting Sir Walter's always pleasant presence, let us take passing note of his Diary record of the death of William Knox, reputed a poet of promise, if not approved one by performance—hymns and spiritual songs being the main offspring of his muse. Our present interest in him consists simply in the fact, that in his own line of society he was said to exhibit "infinite humour;" whereas all his works "are grave and pensive—a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy, affected for the nonce."¶

On the other hand, there are authors of infinite jest, seemingly of drollery all compact, who, in private life, look and are as grave and pensive as the above hymn-writer was *not*. Thomas Hood may fairly represent the class, as so signally one who

\* Scott to Miss Seward, 1805.

† See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ch. xv.

‡ August, 1823.—*Ibid.*, ch. lix.

¶ Diary of Sir W. Scott, Dec. 8, 1825.

† Man the Reformer.

§ *Ibid.*, ch. xli.

—shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.\*

In one of Hood's letters from Coblenz we read: "The artist who is coming out to take my portrait will have a nice elderly grizzled head to exhibit. What! that pale, thin, long face the Comic! Zounds! I must gammon him, and get some friend to sit for me."† "He must flatter me, or they will take the whole thing for a practical joke,"‡ Hood writes to another friend, some eight months later. Shortly before his death he punningly writes to the author of "Essays from the Times," "My bust is modelled and cast. It is said to be a correct likeness: two parts Methodist, to one of Humourist, and quite recognisable in spite of the Hood all over the face."§ The artists and contributors to the London Charivari are, personally, one may pretty safely affirm, just about as much like Punch, as Hood was like the image formed of him by nineteen-twentieths of those who took in, and in this one point were taken in by, the Comic. Nor, by general testimony, was it in looks alone, but in mien and manners, however unobtrusive and even reserved, that he left upon you the impression of an essentially and constitutionally sad-hearted man.

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## BENEDICT AND BACHELOR.

BY JAMES M'GRIGOR ALLAN.

MESSRS. BENEDICT and Bachelor are men who very fairly represent the conditions respectively implied by their names. Benedict, the married man, is a stout, warm, comfortable personage, engaged in trade. He is about forty-five, nearly bald, not particularly literary in his tastes; in short, a highly respectable, common-place man. Bachelor, who is unmarried, is a tall, thin man, about thirty, with a keen, restless eye, addicted to literary pursuits, poor, and jovial. These men cherish what is called "a sneaking kindness" for each other, though so unlike in every respect. They often meet, and never meet without sparring together—I mean with the tongue, not with the fist. Their favourite topic of dispute is the grand question which has been argued from time immemorial, and which will probably be discussed till the end of the chapter: Whether marriage or celibacy is the preferable condition. I love to listen to them, and generally carry away some new lights on this topic, so deeply interesting to the whole human race. Shall I hide these lights under a bushel? No.

The following discussion took place *after dinner*, in presence of some dozen or so of men. I lay stress on this fact, which doubtless contributed

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\* Thackeray.

† Hood to Lieut. de Franck, April 28, 1837.

‡ To Dr. Elliott, Dec. 2, 1837.

§ Thos. Hood to Samuel Phillips, 1844.

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not a little to the racy frankness of the speakers; and additional piquancy was added by the circumstance that the married and single men were pretty *equally* represented by the guests, who regarded Benedict and Bachelor as their respective champions. Bachelor began the fray by some reflections on the happy state. Benedict immediately took up the gauntlet, and spoke as follows :

"I am sorry to hear such sentiments from Mr. Bachelor's lips. I wish I could add *surprised*. The only excuse for a bachelor depreciating marriage, is that he does not know what he is talking about. Only contrast the two conditions of life. The married man has a *home*. He knows that when his daily business is over, there are bright and joyous faces to welcome him there. What does Shakspeare say? 'If my memory does not deceive me, he says something to this effect: That it is sweet to see the honest watch-dog mark your coming, and look brighter when you come.' (A laugh, in which, however, Mr. Bachelor does not join.) 'I may not have quoted the passage correctly—I don't think I have—but that's the sentiment of it. Now, turn to the bachelor. He has no *home*. You can't apply that sacred name to the lodgings where the miserable man is taken in and done for—waited on by hirelings, or rather *not* waited on, for they never answer the bell. The bachelor has no wife to prepare his milk and corn, as some person somewhere says.' (Another laugh.) 'Pardon me. I don't pretend to accuracy in quotation. Mine is a busy life. I have a family to provide for, and can't find time to pore over books. The bachelor is a melancholy wail and strav. He is an encumbrance to everybody, and only tolerated by his landlady on account of the money he spends. He is the prey of the common lodging-house-keeper, who is remarkable for skinning her victims alive, like the eels. And let me tell you, misguided young men, who glory in your misfortunes! that the bachelor is dreadfully cheated. He is bullied by his landlady, and cheated by his laundress. I remember my own bachelor days.' ('Very wild days they were; no wonder you remember them.') 'I treat that interruption with silent contempt. I am not to be diverted from my subject. Think of the bachelor's unsocial, unsatisfactory dinner at an eating-house; that is, the meal they dignify by the name of *dinner*—a lukewarm plate of meat, instead of the cut from the nice family joint, served piping hot, with the delicious gravy.' (Here several bachelors sighed heavily. It was evident their feelings were deeply touched by this eloquent gastronomical argument.) 'You will say these are prosaic considerations. They are so, but——' (Confused cries of 'No, no'—'Not at all'—'Highly important'—'Go on'—'Bravo,' &c. Elated with the impression he was making, Mr. Benedict continued:) 'They *are* important. Our health depends on our digestion; our digestion on our dinner. I know that bachelors often sit down to far better dinners at their clubs than married men can afford to do in the bosom of their families.' ('I believe you, my boy!') 'Very true; and more shame to them for doing so. The bachelor dines in a lonely and unsocial manner, so he tries to make amends by sumptuous fare and expensive wines. I know men who spend a guinea on their dinners, and they complain they can't afford to marry—the selfish gourmandisers! I don't wish to decry the pleasures of the table in moderation, or a jolly good dinner occasionally, such as we have enjoyed to-

day; but I ask you, my friends, what wines, what after-dinner conversation, what wit, can compare with the rosy faces of the children which surround *paterfamilias* at the dessert at home?" (*Omnes*: "Bravo, Benedict!") "To come to more serious considerations: What has the bachelor to live for? Come, Bachelor, answer for Philander, Lovejoy, Singleman, Guttleton, and the rest of you! What have you to live for? What interest binds you to life? A bachelor has no inducement to get on in the world, or make more money than is just sufficient for his own selfish, mischievous, and too often criminal pleasures." ("Benedict, your language is unparliamentary." Laughter from the bachelors, and applause from the married men.) "I will not be put down. I repeat—'too often criminal pleasures.' I say a bachelor won't work as hard as a married man, and I appeal to the bachelors present as illustrations of what I say. Philander and Lovejoy think only of pleasure; Guttleton of good living; Heviswel of adorning his person; Doublefirst is a mere bookworm; Bachelor has literary ambition and talents, I admit, but, like all literary men who are single, he has no spur to action; he won't work." (Great laughter and applause from the married men.) "Why should a bachelor exert himself to win wealth or fame? He has no one to share with him. Look, then, at the two portraits I have sketched. First, see the bachelor, living alone, spending his money extravagantly, mischievously on himself, plunging into excesses to forget his misery, daily growing more eccentric, selfish, and confirmed in his bachelor habits. What becomes of the poor wretch if he passes forty without marrying? Either he marries his cook, or he sees himself condemned to a lonely old age, without children, without any inducement to live. Now, look at the benedict, surrounded by a happy family, with every solace, every comfort to cheer his age. I ask you, bachelors, to try and imagine all the endearments of the domestic circle—of those sacred ties which, in your ignorance and inexperience, you so foolishly despise—and I solemnly demand what fancied bliss, what day-dream you are striving to realise in a single life. Speak—answer—if you can. I challenge a reply. What do you desire that wedlock does not bestow? What would you have more?"

"*Liberty!*" said Bachelor.

Did I possess the collective knowledge of language of all the deans who have written and *are writing* upon philology, I should still be unable to depict satisfactorily the effect which this single word (hurled like a bombshell in the midst of a general silence) had in dissipating the impression of Benedict's eloquence. I can only compare it to a similar result in "*Les Misérables*," where the republican *Combeferre* answers the eulogy of Marius on Napoleon by the same word—"Liberty!" Only one of the married men joined in the merriment of the bachelors; one or two hung their heads; others looked indignant at this attempt to throw ridicule on the sublime peroration of Benedict, who had spoken in perfect sincerity, and could see no joke in Bachelor's rejoinder.

"What? What?" he exclaimed, hastily. "I don't understand."

"My dear Benedict," said Bachelor, gravely, but with a wicked twinkle in his eye, which showed he meant mischief, "have you read *Æsop's Fables*?"

"Of course I have when I was a boy," said Benedict. "Pshaw!



stick to the point, if you have really anything to say. Speak to the question."

"I am doing so," said Bachelor. "Have you ever read the fable of the Wolf and the Mastiff? As you may not have read it lately, permit me to refresh your memory. The mastiff was plump, the wolf was half-starved. The lean wolf envied the sleek mastiff, listened eagerly to the dog's account of his good fare and easy life, and was persuaded to accompany him and try the same mode of life; from which it would appear that wolves, like men, are material, worldly, and selfish in their views. The two friends were jogging along, when the wolf suddenly spied a crease in the dog's neck, and asked the cause of it. The dog replied it was nothing of any consequence, and was for a long time unwilling to satisfy the wolf's curiosity. At last, however, the mastiff explained that the mark on his neck was caused by a ring—I beg your pardon, Benedict—I mean a collar, to which he was chained at night. Upon learning this, the wolf magnanimously refused to accompany the dog farther, and bade him farewell, saying: 'I prefer leanness with liberty to plenty with slavery.' Need I point out the analogy of this apologue to the question under discussion? Do you *take*, Benedict?"

Here followed a laughing chorus from the bachelors, in the midst of which the single-minded Benedict, who still remained quite innocent of Bachelor's drift, said, pettishly:

"No, I don't *take*. I don't know what you mean by all this rubbish about a dog and a wolf."

Bachelor resumed:

"You, Benedict, are a married man, stout, comfortable, and prosperous, trying to persuade me, a poor, thin, uncared-for bachelor, to enter into the happy estate. You are the plump mastiff of the fable. Don't be offended at my likening you to a mastiff, for I willingly compare myself to the lean wolf. Like the wolf, I am almost persuaded, by your glowing description of wedded bliss, to marry a woman with money, and become, like yourself, a plump benedict, but my wolfish instinct does not desert me. I am wary and cunning, so I fix my eyes steadily upon you, and when I have sufficiently admired and envied your general sleek appearance, I am struck by—not the mark of a collar round your neck—no, but by a plain gold ring on the fourth finger of your left hand. Pardon me, Benedict, I don't mean to call you either a genius or a wizard, but I must consider you a slave of the ring. At that awful talisman I shrink back appalled, and parody the wolf's words. Thank you, but I have no further appetite for marriage. I prefer liberty with leanness. Excuse me, but I possess the instinct of all free-born creatures. You can't think how I pity the caged eagles in the Zoological Gardens. 'The imprisoned eagle does not pair,' nor I, if I know it."

After the laughter and confusion had somewhat subsided, as Benedict declared that Bachelor's remarks were "all rubbish, and quite irrelevant," it was carried unanimously that Mr. Bachelor should be requested to reply more seriously to Mr. Benedict's speech.

"There is," said Bachelor, "a class of men who remain bachelors, from no prejudice against marriage, but simply from an irrepressible love of liberty. I belong to that class. With me, liberty means something more than political and religious freedom. It means social independence."

With every respect for such an admirable institution as marriage, I consider it opposed to the social liberty of the individual. All married people are 'slaves of the ring.' Does the yoke press most heavily on the husband or the wife? The women say one thing, the men another. Into that question I do not enter. I concur with everything my friend Benedict has said in favour of married life; still I must observe that he has treated the subject entirely from a personal and egotistical point of view. He has, I may say, viewed marriage from *within*, not from *without*, the domestic circle, and, as may be supposed, the aspects are very different from those points of view. Benedict is a happy man; but it does not at all follow that, placed in his position, *I* should be happy. My impression is, I should *not*. '*De gustibus non est disputandum.*' Benedict has a wife, children, a happy domestic circle, a delightful villa—of all which he is justly proud. They belong to him, but he also belongs to them. Like the mastiff, Benedict is bound by a chain to his villa, a moral, metaphysical chain, it is true, but not the less binding. It is made of elastic materials, so that it does not gall much. It lengthens and extends daily, to permit him to go to his place of business, or occasionally even to a farther distance from *home*; but he must return. Doubtless, it is no hardship to return to his pleasant villa. Doubtless, that corner smiles to him more than all others in the world. Doubtless, it is a delicious slavery for Benedict, and were I not Bachelor I would be Benedict.

"Do not imagine (as Mr. Emerson says) that I slight the personal relations. This is a favourite charge with married people against bachelors. It is a grave mistake. My heart is framed for love and friendship, as well as Benedict's, perhaps more so; but I strongly object to being tied for life to any one man or woman. As Shelley writes:

I never was attached to that great sect,  
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select  
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
To cold oblivion.

To use a significant phrase, 'I don't see it.' I would rather go through life 'on my own hook.' If the utterance of these sentiments be considered criminal, then, indeed, it is high time that Britons should strike (at) home against domestic tyranny. Love is a beautiful thing, especially to dream and write about, but as Mrs. Siddons said, 'Will it wash?' That is, will it bear the wear-and-tear of reality; the rude treatment to which we expose it? Can we submit the most involuntary and independent of all the sentiments to strict artificial conventional rules? What is the worth of a promise to worship and adore ten years' hence? 'Yet 'tis so nominated in the bond.'

"No, my friends, it is not that celibates are necessarily *deficient* in feeling; it is because some persons cherish such a high ideal of this sublime sentiment, love, of this beautiful institution, marriage, that there are such worthy old bachelors and old maids. Without wishing to be cynical or unpleasant, I must simply remind you that society appears now to regard marriage from a purely mercantile point of view. We read in the papers of a marriage being '*arranged*' between Lord Heritor and Lady Louisa Mainchance.' It is extremely difficult to point out a single match, made in society, into which worldly and interested motives have not

entered in a greater or less degree. At the risk of being deemed quite unfashionable, I will avow I look upon a union of this kind with *horror*. But society appears unable to blush. So far from feeling ashamed, it glories in its degradation, and attempts to impress upon conscientious celibates (both men and women) its own iron edicts, and when we demur to follow the disgraceful example, it asks, 'Who are you, who profess to be better than your neighbours?' In plain English, 'We have dragged in the mire, and defiled with lucre one of the most elevated and divine sentiments of humanity—we have sold ourselves in marriage; why shouldn't you sell yourselves too?'

"But this language is much too strong. Another feature of this mock-modest and righteous over-much age! We are too squeamish to call by its proper name the fault we are not too scrupulous to commit. Will any one deny that matrimony is an affair of the Stock Exchange? Fair, and delicate, and high-bred women are as much sold in England as in Circassia. There is certainly a difference in the *modus operandi*. And, in a comparison of the morality of the respective modes, Circassia should certainly have the preference. *There*, women are sold *openly*. *Here*, the traffic is complicated with hypocrisy; with the most odious professions of morality, virtue, and disinterestedness; and, though last, not least, the sacred rites of religion are travestied, by being called in to add solemnity to the ignoble barter of hands without hearts! In neither country do the women make any objection. In fact, they consent rather willingly than otherwise. Such is the deplorable effect of training and custom. Fair, and delicate, and high-bred women are taught to bring their charms and accomplishments into the matrimonial market. A prudent young lady (and all young ladies and young gentlemen are prudent now) estimates the luxuriance of her hair, the brightness of her eyes, the rose-tint of her cheeks, the vermilion of her lips—all her personal and mental charms as her capital—with which to speculate in the matrimonial mart. Like the raw material of the merchant, it represents so much money. If *poor*, she goes in, to be sold like a horse at Tattersall's. Why be shocked at the plain statement when we wink at the practice itself? I do not reflect on the fair victims. *They* have been trained to it, and they act blindly. The baseness of the transaction is, as far as possible, carefully concealed from the chief actors; shrouded under a multitude of disguises; smothered by big and beautifully-sounding words, such as 'Duty, Propriety, Society,' &c. They are influenced by the highest examples, and by the precepts of those whom nature teaches them to venerate. Their mothers, or guardians, do all the practical chaffering—all the vile, vulgar bargaining—which might shock the young and less worldly female mind. So, when I behold one of these fair pieces of merchandise, either ticketed 'for sale' or marked 'sold,' I try to think as kindly of her as possible. Nevertheless, I cannot help frequently recalling the following lines:

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true—  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo;  
But honoured well are charms to sell,  
If priests the selling do.

"But all young ladies are not *poor*. The rich have no need to sell themselves. *They* go into the market as purchasers. They buy husbands. You see I am impartial. I don't spare my own sex. If you doubt that there are men so degraded as to sell themselves in marriage, *circumspice*. I don't mean in this room—present company always excepted—I mean in society. And the men who act thus are infinitely more reprehensible than the women who do so; for the latter are comparatively weak and helpless; they are more under the iron pressure of society, and must be pardoned if too often they live like the parasite ivy clinging to the oak which it partly supports, and partly destroys. A man of this kind actually had the audacity to lecture me once on the immorality of remaining a bachelor. I am not fond of personalities, so I resolved to cure him of using the *argumentum ad hominem* to me! 'Chattel,' I said, 'you married Miss Chapman, a woman ten years older than yourself, for her money. You had a hundred a year, and she had forty thousand pounds. You yourself, and everything that you possess, were bought with your wife's money. You are a pensioner on a woman's bounty, for Mrs. Chattel very wisely kept her money in her own hands. And then, how nobly you live! How disinterested, how elevated are your relations with society! You have already six children, and may have six more. For every child you "hook" some rich old bachelor as godfather. The duties of a modern godfather are curious: first of all, he is expected literally to *fork* out a christening gift; then to make his godson his future care, not in a religious, but in a practical and worldly sense; to "tip" him in the holidays (that is, to teach the urchin a lesson which he will be sure to remember in after-life—to take money as a present); to get an appointment for him when he is grown up; and it is considered very shabby behaviour if the godfather does not leave his godson all his money, or, at least, a thumping legacy when he dies.' How many Chattels are there in society, I wonder! married people who are 'sponging' on their friends and relatives, or worrying government for appointments for their children! And these sort of men and women actually parade their shame, boast of their matrimonial speculations, and taunt as 'old bachelors and old maids,' men and women, who would rather live on bread-and-water in a garret, than descend to such fashionable degradation. Can you wonder that there are monks and nuns? If I cannot have the virgin gold of pure love, at least I will not touch, even with a finger's end, the base alloy of sordid self-interest which passes current in society.

"Then the obtrusive parade of the superior happiness of wedlock is at least *suspicious*. The boasting benedict is like the fanatic who attempts to thrust upon others the creed which he has never thoroughly examined. Real faith and real happiness are silent. When a man is loud on the subject of his domestic happiness, I am inclined to believe he has just taken part in a matrimonial quarrel. Awful doubts sometimes intrude. The divorce cases, of course, prove nothing. They may have been all written by penny-a-liners of strong imaginations to make the papers sell. There may have been no such judge as Sir Cresswell Cresswell! But the behaviour of married persons in 'running such a muck' against celibacy is open to two interpretations: are they philanthropists or

misanthropes? Either they are so happy and so benevolent that they cannot rest till they have made everybody as happy as themselves; or, they are so miserable and so malevolent that they will not rest till all are as miserable as themselves.

"Marriage, however, is nearly always talked of, and written about, in an extremely partial and superficial manner. By far its most important aspect (and one rarely touched on) I can only allude to here, as it properly belongs to the population question. It is quite a popular fallacy to suppose that every man may marry if he chooses. A man may marry on nothing a week, or on very insufficient means, but the prospect of rearing a family is extremely precarious. The whole question, then, lies in a nutshell. It is not whether people *choose* to, but whether they *can*, marry. People may marry, and have large families, if they can afford to do so! Practically, in the present state of society, marriage is an expensive luxury, which does not come within the means of all, and of which some have a monopoly at the expense of others! Animals propagate from instinct without foresight, and their offspring take their chance of life and death. The human race is subservient to the same general laws which decide, what Mr. Darwin calls, the 'natural selection' of plants and animals. If persons *will* marry and have large families, without securing sufficient means of sustenance, their children must undergo all the horrible calamities which spring from want. Surely it is better to practise some self-restraint, than to bring beings into the world to die prematurely, or to languish through a life of poverty. Practically, we do see that children thus suffer for the sins of their parents; that human beings *are* dying around us, or growing up morally and physically deformed, for want of sufficient or proper sustenance. But a merciful God has given man the means of avoiding these calamities of poverty and premature death, or of reducing them to a *minimum*. He has given us *reason* to foresee the probable fate of our children if we cannot provide for them.

"When will *the many* perceive that, in relation to marriage, man is *not* above circumstances? Statistics prove that the number of marriages are regulated by the price of labour and provisions. The question for men at large is not, *will* you marry? but, *can* you, or *ought* you to marry, in common justice, not merely to yourself and another, but to the helpless beings who will probably result from marriage? From this point of view, all the little absurd conventional prejudices against celibacy at once disappear. It is certainly not for the monopolists to reproach those who are suffering from monopoly. Instead of married persons depreciating celibates, the latter might much more justly address the married thus: 'It is *you* who hinder *us* from marrying. In the midst of the misery and poverty in which so many live, you have selfishly sought your own happiness. You have married and had large families. There is food but for a certain number, and if population increases beyond food, there *must* be poverty. If some have a monopoly of marriage, others must abstain. *Who are the most worthy of praise?*'"

"That's all *bosh*!" said Benedict, who had nine children.

## MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, AND TURLUPINADES.\*

THE dramatic poem, known in the middle ages as a "Mystery," was founded on Holy Writ, or Legends of Saints. Notwithstanding the great examples left to them by antiquity, the Franks had no theatrical representations until the fifteenth century, when a few citizens of Paris clubbed together to represent the Mysteries of the Passion, in a place taken for that purpose in the village of Saint Maur, near Vincennes. Having had the good fortune to play before Charles VI., these primitive actors were so far favoured as to be allowed to perform in a room of the Hospital of the Trinity, in the Rue St. Denis, and they took the name of "Confrères de la Passion."

This theatre of the Confrères subsisted for a century and a half without rivalry or amelioration, save an occasional change of piece. Those which obtained the greatest success were the Mysteries of the Acts of the Apostles, by Arnoul and Simon Grebân, represented in 1450 (the Mysteries of the Passion were first enacted in 1402); the Mystery of the Passion, by Jean Michel, in 1490; the Mystery of the Old Testament, by Jean Petit, in 1506; the Mystery of the Conception and Nativity of the glorious Mary Virgin, with her Marriage, by Joseph de Marnef, in 1507; the Mystery and beautiful Miracle of Saint Nicolas, with Eighty Personages, by Pierre Sergent, in 1544.

These Mysteries were essentially long, and more or less absurd, and, what is worse, essentially coarse. Some idea may be formed of their nature by the Mystery of the Old Testament. God, irritated with the crimes committed at the cities of the Plains, is about to launch the fire of heaven. A personage named "Misericorde" intercedes in favour of the inhabitants of the condemned cities. The Omnipotent replies :

Leur péché si fort me déplaît  
Vu qu'il n'y a ni raison ni rime,  
Qu'ils descendent dans l'abîme.

The performance of the Mystery of the Passion extended itself all over Europe, and its enactment in Sweden, in the presence of John II., was attended by a strange succession of catastrophes. The man who performed the part of the Roman soldier, and had to pierce Christ with his lance, entered into his part with so much zeal as to actually send his lance through the body of the latter, who fell dead upon the fair representative of the Virgin Mary. John II. was so irritated at this mischance, that he rushed on the stage and cut off the lancer's head. His turn, however, came next, for the public, exasperated by the whole scene, actually decapitated their sovereign by way of reprisal.

These Mysteries constituted at that epoch the standing stock for all great festivals and solemnities, such as the marriages of princes, their coronation, or public entry into their capitals. The absurdities with which they were sometimes accompanied surpass all belief. Thus, in

\* Histoire Anecdotique de l'Ancien Théâtre en France. Par A. du Casse. Two Vols. E. Dentu.

one, Jesus Christ in a periwig, and Satan in a cap with two horns, disputed and fought, and then finished off by dancing together. An artist of the day was so enamoured with his representation of Paradise, painted for one of these Mysteries, that he actually boasted that it was not only the most beautiful paradise ever seen, but that it was the most beautiful paradise that any present ever would see!

A new form of dramatic entertainment, to which the singular name of "Moralities" was given, after a time began to divide the favour of the public with the Mysteries, and ultimately drove the latter out of the field. A Morality was at first, as played in the fifteenth century under Louis XII., a little piece enacted after the Mystery to make people laugh. The first inauguration of the "Farce" was penned at or about the same time by one Jean Bouchet, a lawyer of Poitiers; it was called the "New World," and embodied a biting satire against the king's avarice, which he was one of the first to laugh at. The plot of one of the Moralities, entitled "*Le Mirouer et l'Exemple des Enfants Ingrats*," and which had a great success, was as follows: A father and mother, on the marriage of their only son, made over to him all their worldly goods. Falling afterwards into poverty, they applied to their son for relief, but he, pretending not to know them, drove them from his presence. The ungrateful son sat down to a venison pasty after this unfilial act. Out of the pasty sprang a toad, which fastened on his nose, and which nothing could remove. Rightly deeming it to be a divine punishment, he applied to the priest. The priest referred him to the bishop, the bishop to the Pope; and it was only after obtaining absolution from the Holy Father that the toad fell from his nose. The moral of the story, and the manner in which Papal infallibility are elucidated, are both equally striking.

If the Omnipotent and his Saints constituted the mainstay of the Mysteries, Satan was made to play the chief part in the Moralities. The representations took, indeed, the names of "*Petite Vie*," or of "*Grande Diablerie*," according as there were more or less than four devils on the stage; it was from this that the well-known French proverb (which we meet in a stanza of "*Vive Henri IV.*"), "*Faire le diable à quatre*," was derived.

The Moralities were sometimes preceded by a prologue. One author introduced his piece as follows: "One day I had laid down alone in my room, when I was suddenly transported to the gates of hell. There I overheard Satan in conversation with Lucifer. He was explaining to him the means which he employed to tempt Christians. 'As to heretics and infidels,' he added, 'as they are mine beforehand, I do not trouble myself about them.' When I got home again, I hastened to take up the pen and to write down all I had heard of the disguises, tricks, and arts by which Satan wins over the souls of the faithful, and I here introduce them to the public, so that they may learn to be on their guard against them."

This prologue was, for its ingenuity, almost worthy of a modern Spurgeon. There was, indeed, at times no little wit, and sometimes even a certain amount of ingenuous morality in these pieces. Their authors were not, however, always looked upon with a favourable eye. One Barthélemy Anneau, who was principal of the College of Lyons,

and who planned the "*Mysteries of the Nativity by Personages*," was massacred by the populace on the 21st of June, 1565—from the circumstance of a stone having been thrown at the Holy Sacrament, and the priest who bore it, whilst passing the college.

Jean Allais, commonly called Pont Allais, master of "*Moralities*," was a great personage in his time, and he appears to have looked upon the priests as rivals in business. He was humpbacked, and meeting a cardinal one day who happened to be similarly deformed, he put his hump against his, and then exclaimed: "Now, monseigneur, who will say that two mountains cannot come together?" Performances were announced at that epoch by the sound of a drum—the playbill was not discovered—and Jean Allais once disturbed the congregation at Saint Eustache, and that, too, on a Sunday morning, by beating his drum at the door. The predicator, exasperated at being abandoned by his audience, who went to hear what performances were announced, went out himself to the master of *Mysteries and Moralities*, and asked him, "Who made him so bold as to beat his drum while he preached?" "And you," replied Pont Allais, "who made you so bold as to preach when I was drumming!"

Philippe Auguste was in one respect one of the wisest men in France, for he expelled all comedians from the country, saying, "The theatre of the world furnishes quite enough original comedians without there being any necessity for imitating or inventing characters." The introduction of theatrical representations, indeed, affected so much the amount expended in charity at the very onset, that an edict of parliament mulcted the "*Confrères de la Passion*" in an annual sum of eight hundred livres parisis; and the tax, as one for the benefit of hospitals, has been handed down to the present day.

Sacred tragic performances, in bad Latin, rhythmized or "*rimaillées*," appear to have been enacted in churches prior to the said fraternity. They had sacred and diabolic personages, and many of the old abbeys were found at the time of the Revolution to possess manuscripts of such performances in their archives, and which, when played in the churches, were accompanied by choruses, declamation, and gestures. So likewise on the public entry of Isabeau de Bavière, wife of Charles VI., in 1385, open-air stages were erected, on which certain young people enacted "*divers histories of the Old Testament*," with organ and choir of music.

It was not till the time of Louis XII. that little pieces, in one act, were regularly superadded to the *Mysteries and Moralities*, and designated as "*Farces*." We are not told why. The name does not convey its own meaning like the two former, and yet it has been handed down to the present day. These farces, although a degree below the moralities, were not wanting in wit and originality, and, indeed, the ages that followed were often indebted to them for ideas and smart sayings. They were often performed on open stages, and the people called the actors "*Enfants sans souci*," and "*Histrions*, or *Clercs de la Bazoche*." Besides farces, these strolling players also enacted what were called "*Sottises*," half buffoonery, half sentiment, but which finished by giving rise to jests which even scandalised a public accustomed at that primitive epoch to call things by their right names.

In 1548 a great revolution took place in theatrical matters. As taste



improved, the bringing forward the Deity and Satan on the stage was felt to be an impropriety, and the *Confrères de la Passion* were expelled from the Hospital of the Trinity, but were permitted to erect a theatre, upon the condition that they should only enact, in parliamentary language, pieces the subjects of which were "profane, legal, and honest."

The members of the fraternity, who professed great piety, and, indeed, as we have seen, considered themselves as kind of rivals to the priesthood, were indignant at this treatment, but as they had made a good deal of money during the hundred and forty-six years that they had exercised their profession from father to son, they succumbed to the parliamentary edict, and purchased the hotel of the Dukes of Burgundy for their future performances. It must also be noticed that they had themselves introduced profane subjects on the boards previous to the edict, notoriously "*Electra*," translated from Sophocles, by Lazare Baif, and "*Hecuba, or the Fall of Troy*." These works constituted a first transition from the sacred mysteries and moralities to profane plays. Printing had been invented, the epoch of the *renaissance* of letters had come with Francis I., books were less scarce, and ideas turned towards the theatre of the ancients. It was the *aurora* of a new day in dramatic literature. The Greek and Roman authors were first translated, then imitated, and finally people became courageous enough to create pieces on subjects not previously treated of.

Lazare Baif, who was one of the first to revive ancient tragedies on the French stage, was an abbé, a counsellor of parliament, a master of requests, and, lastly, an ambassador at Venice in 1538. Jean de la Taille de Bondaroy was, on his side, the regenerator of comedy. They were followed by Jodelle, La Rivey, and Villon, who constitute epochs in the history of the French drama. Jodelle was honoured with the protection of Henry II. and Charles IX.; the first made him a present of five hundred golden crowns on the production of his tragedy of "*Cleopatra*." Ronsard and other poets, who constituted what has been called the French *Pleiad*, had the unfortunate idea of reviving an ancient Bacchanalian festival in honour of the said Jodelle, accompanied by the sacrifice of a deer. The festivity was looked upon as an act of impiety, and it was with difficulty that the *Pleiad* escaped punishment. Jodelle was more remarkable for licence in thought and style than for literary merit. One of his pieces is entitled "*La Mascarade, Momerie ou Muette, Pantomime ou Pièce Dramatique*." Jean de la Rivey was almost one of the first to compose original comedies in prose. In a scene in "*Les Esprits*," in five acts, an old man is introduced who believes that spirits have taken possession of his house. Regnard made use of the same idea in his "*Retour Imprévu*," played at the Français in 1700. In another scene there occurs a monologue by a miser, who has been robbed of his money, of which Molière availed himself largely in the fourth act of his "*Avare*." Villon was most celebrated for his farces; one of these, "*L'Avocat Pathelin*," obtained so marked a success, that, after having been played for a century, it was remodelled by Brueys in 1706, to meet a more exacting taste, and it still remains in the repertory of the *Théâtre Français*. Villon's real name was François Corbeuil, and Rabelais relates that, in his old days being at Poitou, he undertook to revive, in Poitevine dialect, the *Mystery of the Passion of Our Saviour*. Unfor-

tunately, there was no dress suitable in point of splendour for the chief character, so Villon applied to the sacristan of a convent of Cordeliers, who naturally refused. The actors, to revenge themselves, surrounded the sacristan one day that he was on his mule going his rounds begging, and, disguised as devils, so terrified the mule that the poor monk was thrown off, amid the jeers of his persecutors, who shouted out, "Hé! le vilain! qui n'a pas voulu prêter à Dieu le père une pauvre chape."

The *Confrères de la Passion* gave up their theatre at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, after having realised large profits for forty years, to a troop of comedians who constituted themselves in Paris under the authority of the king. Thus it was that the mysteries and moralities paved the way to Greek tragedy, Greek comedy to comedy and "*La Comédie Française*," and the latter to the *Théâtre Français*, which dates its modern existence from the 21st of October, 1680, seven years after the death of Molière.

In the year 1600, the numbers of those who frequented the performances at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* underwent so great an increase, that the company divided itself into two, one of which took up its quarters in the *Marais*, at that epoch the fashionable quarter of Paris. Fifty years afterwards Molière formed a third company.

Robert Garnier succeeded to Jodelle. His style was far from perfect, his ideas were extravagant, and his situations unnatural; but, like Racine in his day, he was a poet-moralist, and he denounced with talent and vigour the vices of the epoch—pride, envy, bigotry, and cruelty. If in his "*Hippolyte*" we see a *Phédre* without shame, very different from the *Phédre* of Racine, we must remember that Garnier lived under Henry II., Racine under Louis XIV. The French theatre was not as yet purified. "*Les Amours de Thésée et de Dejanire*" of Gerard de Vivre concluded with the marriage of Theseus and Dejanira, which was all very proper, but what was less so were the last words of the actor to the audience: "Messieurs, n'attendez pas que les noces se fassent ici, vu que le reste se fera là dedans."

Hardy, the most fecund of all dramatic poets, since the number of his pieces is said to have amounted to seven hundred, stands at the head of the epoch between 1588 and 1630. Some thirty or forty of his plays have come down to the present time. There are often good verses and pleasant fancies in them, but a sad want of unity in regard to time and place, and much of the pruriency characteristic of the age. In "*La Force du Sang*," *Léocadie*, the heroine, is carried away by Don Alphonse. In the second act she is repudiated. In the third she gives birth to a son, who, before the act is concluded, is seven or eight years of age. In the fourth act Don Alphonse recognises his son; and in the fifth weds *Léocadie*. One of his plays, "*Théagène et Chariclée*," was divided into eight days, of five acts each.

The length of his pieces made the public say that he gave them an equivalent for their money. This was all the more true, as the prices for a pit seat were at that epoch five sous, and ten for the boxes. In 1699, the price for the pit was raised one sou, and for the boxes two; and, in 1716, it was still further increased, by a tax levied for the *Hôtel Dieu*. At this epoch the performances began at two P.M., and concluded at half-past four. People dined at twelve. There were no lanterns, no carriages, much mud, and plenty of thieves. Until 1630, the intervals

between the scenes were filled up with choruses, after that year by instrumental music. It is certainly to be regretted that the orchestra does not play in our own times between the acts. The profits of a dramatic author were at the same epoch a ninth of the actual returns—all expenses and taxes being deducted.

The period of transition between the old school and that inaugurated by Corneille comprised many dramatic writers of talent, but more that were either incompetent or ridiculous. In the "*Alboin, ou la Vengeance Trahie*," by Chrétien, a Norman poet, the widow of Alboin, obliged to wed the royal murderer of her husband, poisons the nuptial cup and presents it to the tyrant, who remarks, "That wine is not good." "It is your taste that is changed," interpolates the lady. "Ah! how it boils in my poor stomach," continues the king. "That is not strange," quoth the queen; "it is the bad that is changing for your good." "Alas! it is poison." "What do you say, Grands Dieux?" "I am poisoned." "You are mad." "Unless you drink the remainder, I shall think so." "I am not thirsty," quietly remarks the queen. "Oh, dangerous woman, you shall drink it forthwith." "I drank some as I brought it, and my thirst is extinguished." "You must drink, though

Mechante louve, ouvre ta bouche infâme  
Malheureux est celui qui se fie a sa femme."

The last verse comprised apparently the whole moral of the piece.

A kind of tragic-comedies with choruses, after the fashion of the old "*Moralities*," used still to be performed at this epoch, now and then, especially in the provinces. Thus one Nicholas Soret had "*Le Martyre Sanglant de Saint Cécile, et l'Election Divine de Saint Nicolas à l'Archevêché de Myre*" performed at Rheims in 1606 and 1624. At this epoch, also, such pieces as were not tragic were called "*pastorales*," and this custom remained in vogue until the middle of the seventeenth century, although many of the so-called pastorales were really comedies. The source from whence they were derived was, for upwards of a century, the "*Astrée*," a celebrated poetical romance of exceeding length, which was commenced by Dufé, and completed by Baro, his secretary. It was on the occasion of the performance of the "*Cloreste, ou les Comédiens Rivaux*" by the latter, that the celebrated duellist Cyrano, having forbidden the actor Montfleury to appear on the stage for a month, and seeing him at his vocation on the boards, called out to him from the pit to withdraw, or that he would cut off his ears. Montfleury was obliged to obey the bully. "That rascal is so fat," said Cyrano of the actor, "that he takes advantage of the fact that one cannot beat him all rogned in one day."

Pierre du Ryer made himself a name as dramatic author in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some of his verses were above mediocrity, and were even quoted by the Prince of Condé, who had been led, by his love for Madame de Châtillon, to war against the throne during the minority of Louis XIV. "Pour obtenir un bien si grand, si précieux, j'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'eusse faite aux dieux."

The stage had not, however, even at this epoch, been cleansed of its prudency, and there occur many scenes in Ryer's plays more fit for an open-air exhibition in China, than for a civilised people. It was not, indeed,

until Corneille wrought a total revolution in dramatic literature, and introduced a due regard for decency and propriety, that crudities of expression and cynicisms of situation were discarded from the stage, or were not, indeed, considered essential to the success of a piece. Mairet, to judge by examples given by M. A. du Casse, from his "*Sylvie*," his "*Duc d'Ossone*," and his "*Silvanire*," although a writer of some merit, took extraordinary licenses in this respect. Scudéry, one of the most prolific and popular dramatic authors who preceded Corneille, was more careful, but still of infinitely bad taste. Boissin de Gattardon, who belonged to the same epoch, even exceeded in the barbarity of his language anything that had gone before. One cannot, indeed, says M. du Casse, understand in the present day how there ever could have been a public who could have tolerated such monstrous things as were performed in its presence. Expressions and situations which would not now be permitted for a moment were at that epoch accepted as matters of course, and as the most simple things in the world.

Three worthy Parisians, Gauthier-Garguille, Gros Guillaume, and Turlupin, acquired, towards the end of the sixteenth century and in the earlier portion of the seventeenth, so great a reputation for parodies and farces, that their pieces gradually became known by the name of one of the trio, and were designated as "*Turlupinades*." The majority of the pieces so designated were nothing better than a play upon words, with equivocal jests, but they took wonderfully with the Parisians. "But after all," says M. du Casse, "this is not so very surprising, for are there not in the present day in France open-air stages (*tréaux de saltimbanques*), in which 'paillasses' and 'jocrisses,' the modern '*Turlupins*,' attract vast crowds at every fair?"

The trio, Garguille, Guillaume, and Turlupin, were journeymen bakers in the Faubourg St. Laurent, in Paris, in the year 1583, when the idea came into their doughy pates that they were in possession of transcendent abilities as actors. They set to work to compose pieces, or fragments of pieces, with ideas of what was comical which were peculiarly their own. The public accepted these coarse facetiæ with roars of laughter, and their reputation having soon extended itself, the whole metropolis disputed the privilege of attending at their representations.

Gauthier-Garguille played the parts of schoolmasters, pedagogues, or philosophers, according to the piece, dressed in suitable costume, and he declaimed verses or sung songs composed by himself for these peculiar characters, as he represented them in his own mind—half caricature, half absurd notions of the personages, which somehow or other pleased the crowd vastly.

Gros Guillaume was so fat that he was supported by two waistbands, which made him look like a barrel with hoops. The characters which he selected to represent were mostly persons of a peculiarly sententious, self-opinionated nature—persons who deemed themselves wise in their own generation, and who endeavoured by their manners and language to convey the impression that such was the case. He did not wear a mask, as was still the custom at that epoch, but he covered his face with flour, and that in so dexterous a manner, that when propounding his wise saws he would whiten the face of the person he was conversing with. It is said that this poor fellow was suffering from an internal complaint, and that

he was mainly indebted for his success from his having to utter his comic platitudes whilst in the agonies of physical pain.

Turlupin's favourite characters were those of valets, intriguers, and swindlers, and he threw much life and energy into his performances. He was the clown of the party, and to be a successful clown requires great readiness and zeal.

These three men hired a small tennis-yard at the gate of St. Jacques, at the entrance of what was at that time the Fossé de l'Estrapade. Here they constructed a kind of theatre with painted sails by way of scenery, and they gave two performances every day, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, twelve deniers being paid for admission.

Their success was so great, that the actors at the Hôtel de Bourgogne complained to Cardinal de Richelieu of the three mountebanks, as they called them, and said that their rivalry wrought them an exceeding prejudice. Richelieu, who considered himself to be not merely an authority in matters dramatic, but also a dramatic author, summoned the trio to perform a *turlupinade* in his presence in an alcove of the Palais Royal, at that time Palais Cardinal. They imagined a piece in which Gros Guillaume represented the wife, and Turlupin a choleric husband. The latter was about, sword in hand, to cut off the head of his better half, when the wife, to appease him, reminded him of a "soupe aux choux" which she had concocted for him the previous evening. At this precious reminiscence the sword fell from the husband's hands, and Turlupin exclaimed, "Ah! the old woman has taken me on my weak side; the fat of that soup still lingers around my heart." Richelieu was so much amused at this grotesque representation, that he took the part of the trio against the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and said the best thing they could do would be to incorporate them into their company, for, with their aid, people would not always leave their theatre in so gloomy a mood as was generally the case.

The facetious trio of bakers having thus become acknowledged artists, they were admitted by the protection of the cardinal as part of the company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, but so great a distinction became their ruin. One day Fat William had the misfortune to turn a magistrate, who was afflicted with nervous twitchings, into ridicule. The public roared at the parody, but the magistrate did not like being laughed at on the stage; it affected his judicial dignity, and brought down his official importance to the level of the burlesque. So the three Turlupinaders were forthwith arrested, and consigned to durance vile. This unexpected result of their sorry jests had a tragical conclusion. Garguille and Turlupin managed to make their escape, and Fat William, was in consequence, for better security, incarcerated in a dungeon. This so affected his spirits, or possibly his health, that he died shortly afterwards, and, what is more, the grief felt by the two other members of the inseparable trio was so great, that they both followed him to the grave the same week. They had no pupils, and no successors. The Turlupinades of the real Turlupin perished with the trio in 1634, but the name remained, and M. du Cassé remarks that for one Gros Guillaume, one Garguille, and one Turlupin in the seventeenth century, there are in the nineteenth a thousand clowns incessantly engaged in performances of quite as questionable taste and as broad humour as in olden times, to be seen at almost every fête or fair in France.

## CARDINAL WISEMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

ADVERSE opinion! cast no shade  
 On virtue's sun-illumin'd skies;  
 Let not harsh comment e'en by foes be made,  
 When an illustrious and a good man dies.

We mourn a scholar, one who deeply drunk  
 The lucid stream of Greek and Roman lore,  
 Who from mist-piercing science never shrunk,  
 But all her marvels would explore;  
 Whose great commanding mind ranged varied themes,  
 From philosophic truths to fancy's dreams;  
 Yet was he in his teachings mild,  
 And humble as an unlearn'd child;  
 Church honours on his head were showered,  
 And midst the loftiest prelates still he towered,  
 Yet ne'er he pass'd the poor man by  
 With haughty, unobservant eye,  
 And Sorrow ne'er, unmoved, beheld,  
 And never alms from Want withheld;  
 At noble deeds his soul would ever glow,  
 More glad warm praise than censure to bestow;  
 None said, "False honours unto thee belong;"  
 And none could murmur, "Thou hast done me wrong."

Thus for a Wiseman, snatched from earth,  
 They mourned throughout the land,  
 And friend with foe join'd hand,  
 Sorrowing in common for departed worth.  
 The Irish peasant, in his hut of clay,  
 Looked sad of heart that day,  
 When it was told—his soul had pass'd away;  
 And men of ancient blood and fame  
 Pronounced with sighs his reverend name;  
 And priests and bishops, when they heard,  
 Prayer for his soul to God preferr'd,  
 And wept amid the flocks to tell  
 Gone the kind shepherd they had loved so well:  
 There was a sigh on England's throne,  
 For bigotry doth sit not there;  
 Yes, many a heart he made his own,  
 And none spake ill where all did sorrow share.

A gorgeous pageant for the dead to-day—  
 A solemn Requiem for the sainted soul—  
 Religion, now your grandest pomp display,  
 Music, your strains of deepest pathos roll!—  
 They gathered in that church,\* and gloom  
 Had made it like a sunless tomb;

\* The Roman Catholic church, Moorfields.

No rays through windows entrance found,  
 Black hangings veiled each object round ;  
 The lights that from the ceiling hung,  
 The tapers that pale lustre flung,  
 Only impressive made the "dim serene,"  
 By showing faint that sombre scene.  
 A mighty concourse crowded there,  
     Silent spectators—men of fame,  
 And many a woman, high-born, fair—  
     From East and West they came ;  
 From many a foreign shore,  
     To gaze on this last rite,  
     Whose grandeur awed their sight,  
 And honour him, not needing honour more.

The church was hushed ; a hundred tapers burned  
     Around the velvet-covered bier ;  
 Arms, gold-embazed, the eye discerned,  
     And slept, for ever closed his high career,  
     All that was mortal of the churchman here :  
 Priests, canons, bishops, clothed in robes of lace,  
     And copes of satin fold,  
     And mitres tricked with gold,  
 Gleamed like rich waves which sunset beams enchain.  
     With noiseless step and slow,  
     Bright-glittering row on row,  
     Up to the altar now they came,  
     And, viewed behind the tapers' flame,  
 Each with a sternly-sad and solemn mien,  
 They looked unearthly in their dazzling sheen.

The Requiem-mass is surging now  
     In waves of melody around,  
 Voices that make the spirit bow  
     To that soul-conqueror—sound :  
 And then in notes long-drawn and slow,  
 The chant doth sink and wail in woe ;  
*Kyrie Eleison !* on the air  
 Floats like a spirit mourning there ;  
*Christe Eleison !* sadly falls  
 And moans, death's dirge, along the walls ;  
 Then *Dies iræ* follows grand,  
 Like sea-roll on some rocky strand,  
 The hymn sublime of trembling praise,  
 Which voices to God's mercy raise.  
 But soon the incense floats above  
 The bier of him, whose soul of love  
 Mounts too on high, and water blest  
     Is sprinkled on the gorgeous pall,  
     While voices softly swell and fall—  
     "Great Pastor, from thy labours rest !"  
     "O God !" the notes are heard to roll,  
     "Receive our much-loved Brother's soul !"  
 More gently still they melt around,  
 A thin-drawn thread of wailing sound,  
 And faint in silence deep as death,  
 While heart-touched hearers hold their breath—  
     "Receive our Brother's soul !"

## COTTON POSSIBILITIES.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## XXVII. AND XXVIII.—JAVA AND BATAVIA.

DR. J. T. LIMBURG BROUWER asserted before a meeting convened by the Department of Trade in Rotterdam, on December 5, 1861, that "cotton might be had in Java at a price to compete profitably with that of the British Indies." He believed that "most of the soils of Java, if cultivated, would yield an abundant crop." His opinions are in the main supported by the "Geographical and Statistical Dictionary of the Dutch Indies," published by Van Kampen, of Amsterdam. The New Orleans and Sea Island kinds seem the best suited to the soil and climate, and come in at a year old as a second crop, after the rice has been gathered, but, when of more than one or two years' growth, they are subject to the attacks of insects. The Javanese are, however, reported to be an indolent people, and whether cotton could be successfully grown in Java, with the aid of free labour only, appears to be a moot question, which a company of gentlemen of high commercial position in Holland have set themselves to solve by distributing superior seed, introducing improved appliances for ginning, packing, &c., purchasing cotton from the natives, and distributing prizes amongst successful cultivators.

In Batavia the subject has been taken up by the Dutch Trading Company, and here the Egyptian seems to be the favourite seed. Florida has also been sown with success, as well as Orleans.

## XXXI.—SINGAPORE.

Pernambuco cotton was grown in Singapore by Sir Jose d'Almeida, but with indifferent success, owing, it was said, to the want of a regular monsoon. The pods were allowed to open and dry on the plants before being gathered, and thus they became discoloured by the rain and by a glutinous exudation from the seed. The remedy for this is said to be an earlier collection of the pods—as soon as they burst, indeed—and the drying of them by means of the sun and hot air, after they have been picked. But labour is so expensive in Singapore that it is very doubtful whether the cultivation of any but the most valuable kinds would be remunerative; but a limited quantity of Sea Island might be grown between the nutmeg-trees, where it is said to do well.

## XXX. AND XXXI.—MAURITIUS AND MADAGASCAR.

Sugar has become so entirely the staple of Mauritius, that we do not anticipate the probability of cotton displacing it; but the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences of the island have distributed seed among its dependencies, with a view to promote the cultivation of cotton in such of them as are suitable. When we speak of the "dependencies" of Mauritius, our readers may not be aware that if they are not very important they are very numerous. In a return made by order of the House of Commons in 1826, we find sixty-eight "isles" and forty "islets" enumerated as



subject to the government of the island. The principal, however, are Rodrigues, lying in 19 deg. of south latitude, the Scydhelles group of thirty islands, lying between 3 deg. 38 min. and 5 deg. 45 min. of south latitude, the Chagos group of forty-four, ranging between 5 deg. 21 min. and 7 deg. 15 min., and the Amirantes group of eleven, between 4 deg. 59 min. and 6 deg. 12 min. Cotton of a very superior quality was at one time grown in the Scydhelles and Amirantes groups, but on the liberation of the slaves it was superseded, except in so much as was required for domestic consumption, by cocoa-nuts. The inhabitants are indolent French Creoles, or half-castes, demoralised by the rum which they produce, and for the distillation of which only they cultivate the sugarcane, and their exports are cocoa-nuts and oil, tortoiseshell, sugar-bags, oranges (of very fine flavour), and straw hats. With such a population, and their wants so few and so easily supplied, it is not likely that without the introduction of British enterprise and Coolie labour the cultivation of cotton in this archipelago will be systematically entered upon. The latter have been already brought down in small numbers from India. Mauritius itself, when a French colony, sent, in 1790, three hundred thousand bales of fine cotton to France, and Mr. Morris states that in the Scydhelles group of islands alone "there are fifty thousand acres of land available for the growth of every kind of cotton, from the finest Sea Island to the cotton required for the ordinary uses of commerce." Mr. Caldwell, Crown Interpreter of Port Louis, Mauritius, in the postscript to a report which we shall have to quote in reference to Madagascar, says of the Scydhelles Isles: "I should add that, in 1859, I was sent on board H.M.S. *Lyaz*, as commissioner, to visit the dependencies of Mauritius. I paid an official visit to the Scydhelles Islands, which grow some of the finest cotton in the world, and where it was formerly largely cultivated. I believe here, also, would be a valuable, though somewhat limited, field for the production of cotton of great fineness and very long staple."

Of Madagascar and the prospects of a supply of cotton from that somewhat exclusive country, Mr. Caldwell speaks hopefully. He considers that the island is "eminently adapted for the production of a large scale of cotton, probably very similar to the American variety, as the marshy soil near the sea-coast resembles much the descriptions usually given of the swamps in the southern parts of the (late) United States. I have not," he continues, "a sample of their raw cotton just now, but I can speak distinctly as to the manufactured article."

But notwithstanding the terms of enthusiasm in which Mr. Caldwell speaks of the enlightened views and liberal policy of King Radama II. and his officers, we fear that, if the prospects of cotton supply from Mauritius and its dependencies be remote, those of Madagascar are so in an indefinite degree. As we have pointed out before, soil, and even soil and climate, for cotton growing are not difficult to find, it is the combination of soil, climate, and cheap labour which is somewhat rare—and on the subject of labour Mr. Caldwell is silent. Coolies might be found to go cheerfully to Mauritius, where they have always been kindly treated; but Madagascar does not bear so good a character for hospitality and fraternal feeling.

## XXXII.—CHINA.

Cotton is grown in China over some forty degrees of latitude, and is the staple production of the level ground around Shanghai. In fact, the very word "cotton" is derived from the Chinese, the principal cotton-fields of the western portion of the empire lying in the province of "Khoten." It is there called "mie-wha," or, in other dialects, "min-fa," and is the *Gossypium herbaceum* of botanists, being a branching annual of one to four feet in height, according to the quality of the soil, and from August to October producing flowers of a dingy yellow colour, which remain open only for a few hours, during which they perform all the functions allotted to them by nature, and rapidly shrivel up and decay, the seed-pod maturing quickly, when the outer coating suddenly bursts asunder and displays the seeds lying in a bed of pure white cotton. To the north of Shanghai a yellow variety of the same species abounds, on the banks of the Yang-tze-kiang and near the city of Poo-shung. The soil of this vast plain is a strong rich loam, manured by the Chinese with the mud taken out of the numerous canals, ponds, and ditches of the country, which is spread over the land early in April, and consists of a compound of rotten reeds, long grass, and water-plants, mixed with the surface soil which the heavy rains have washed down from the uplands. The land is prepared by the buffalo plough and three-pronged hoe, and the seed is then sowed broadcast, and trodden in by bands of labourers. In some instances, when the wheat harvest is late, it is necessary to sow the cotton seeds in with the wheat, but it generally succeeds the wheat crop. Heavy rains generally follow the sowing season, and the cotton sown makes its appearance above the earth, and begins to grow vigorously and rapidly.

The Chinese bestow great labour and pains upon their cotton-fields, frequently going over them thinning them out, if sown too thickly, loosing the earth about the roots, and hoeing and weeding the ground. This attention, combined with the fertility of the soil, is generally rewarded by immense crops. The operation of picking has to be performed rapidly, as the pods are continually bursting, and, if not gathered immediately, the cotton falls to the ground, and is damaged or spoiled. The farms being mostly small, the farmers' own families generally carry out this work, and Mr. Fortune, in his "Tea Districts of China," published in 1853, tells us that it is no uncommon thing to see "three, or even four, generations" busily picking—from the white-haired grandfather or great-grandfather, carrying, perhaps, for the seventieth season, the produce into his barns, down to the little children, who bring out their goats, with bags slung across their backs, to bear the cotton home. When, with the blessing of a dry autumn, it has all been gathered in, it is brought out on every fine day and spread upon hurdles raised about four feet from the ground, to be dried by the sun. This is frequently a long process, being subject to interruptions from the weather, but, as soon as it is completed, the seed is separated from the cotton by a simple contrivance, consisting of a wheel with two rollers, which sucks in the cotton and rejects the seed; the former is then despatched to market, and the latter saved for next year's sowing. "Early in the fine autumnal mornings," says Mr. Fortune, "the roads leading into Shanghai are crowded with bands

of Coolies from the cotton farms, each with his bamboo across his shoulders, and a large sack of cotton slung from each end. With these they hurry into the town for the purpose of disposing of them to the merchants, who have numerous warehouses, from which they send the cotton to the other provinces of the empire. These Coolies, or small farmers (for many of them bring their own produce to market themselves), are very independent in their dealings. Having reached the first warehouse, the cotton is exposed to the view of the merchant, who is asked what price he intends to give for that particular quality; and, should the sum offered be below the owner's expectations, he immediately shoulders his load and walks away to another merchant. At this season it is almost impossible to get along the streets near the sides of the river where the cotton warehouses are, owing to the large quantities of this commodity, which are daily brought in from the country. It is bought up by the large cotton merchants, who empty it out in their warehouses, and then re-pack it in a neat and compact manner before it is conveyed on board the junks."

The Chinese cotton is peculiarly pure and soft—qualities partly produced by a kind of winnowing process to which it is subjected. Being spread out on a table, the string of an elastic bow is passed under it, and is so manipulated by the workmen that the cotton is tossed in the air, and the fibre is by this means separated without injury, while the dust and all impurities are also carried off.

Sir John Bowring, in his "Visit to the Philippine Islands," speaks in the widest terms of the capabilities of China for producing cotton. He says: "The capabilities of British India are great, and the elements of success are there; but the capabilities of China are vastly greater, and I believe that, as in two or three years China was able to send raw silk to the value of ten millions sterling into the market, and immediately to make up for the absence of the European supply, so to China we may hereafter look for a boundless supply of raw cotton. She now clothes more than three hundred and fifty millions of her people from her own cotton-fields. The prices in China are so nearly on a level with those of India, that, though they allow an importation to the value of two or three millions sterling in the southern provinces of China, importations into the northern are scarcely known. The quality, the modes of cultivation, of cleaning, and of packing, are all susceptible of great improvements."

However, with the vast population spread over the Chinese Empire, we entertain very faint hopes of China producing for many years to come a surplus supply of cotton beyond her own wants, or becoming an exporting country to those of Europe.

#### XXXIII. AND XXXIV.—BURMAH AND PEGU.

The King of Burmah, "Alaung-b'hu-ra the Conqueror," addressed a letter, in 1757, to King George the Second, written on a sheet of the purest gold, enriched with the very finest rubies, proposing the opening up to England of the western half of China through his majesty's dominions. That letter, from some unexplained cause, never reached its destination, nor was its fate ever discovered. The King of Burmah was then addressed, in official intercourse, as "His Imperial Majesty who blesseth the noble city of Ava with his presence, emperor of emperors,

and excelling the kings of the East and the West in glory and honour, the clear firmament of virtue, the fountain of justice, the perfection of wisdom, the lord of charity, and protector of the distressed; the first mover in the sphere of greatness, ever wise in council, victorious in war; who feareth none, and is feared by all; centre of the treasures of the earth and of the sea; lord proprietor of gold and silver, of rubies, of amber, and of all precious jewels; favoured by Heaven and honoured by men; the lord of power and riches, whose brightness shines through the world as the light of the sun, and whose great name will be preserved in perpetual memory," &c. &c. At or about this time the exports of cotton from Burmah reached thirty millions of pounds annually, and more recently, Burmah exported to China alone four millions of pounds, and to Chittagong and Bengal, *viâ* the Arracon Mountains, a like quantity. But when the English took possession of Pegu, the population withdrew, and the small portion left (short of eight hundred thousand souls) grouped itself along the course of the Irrawaddy and in the swamps of the Delta, and cotton gave way to rice.

In 1860, another sovereign of Burmah, Mendoon-Men, the ninth in succession from the magnificent Alaung-b'hu-ra of the Golden Empire, addressed a letter to the Queen of England, endorsed by his "Egga-Maha-Thinapadi-Aye-baing" (which stands for minister of diplomacy), to a somewhat similar effect; but, alas! the once-splendid empire was shorn of its fairest portion, and Pegu, with its port of Rangoon, was in the hands of the English. Though the country is as capable as it ever was of forming one vast cotton-field, and though the Irrawaddy still runs as it ever did from three hundred miles out of the interior down to the port of Rangoon, "the bold peasantry, a country's pride," is lost. Labour is so extravagantly dear, that we are assured "a day's work now and again is as much as the people care for." But it is not so much with a view of reviving the cotton cultivation in Burmah and Pegu that we include them in this series of papers, as for the purpose of pointing them out as the direct road to the western half of China, from which, with such facilities as they would open up, a large supply might possibly be drawn—sooner or later. At present, the cotton grown in Burmah goes in a contrary direction, being transported by pony caravans into those parts of China where cotton is not cultivated.

#### XXIV.—PERSIA.

On the 2nd Sha'ban, 1277 (answering, in the Christian form of computation, to the 11th of February, 1861), his Excellency Mirza Ja'fer Khan, ambassador from the Shah of Persia to the court of Saint James's, addressed a letter to the president of the Royal Asiatic Society, declaring that the province of Khuzistan (better known as "Persian Arabia") is, "from the circumstances of its vicinity to the sea, the fertility of its soil, the number of its rivers—as, for instance, the Kerkha or Karan, the Jearahi, Behbahan, &c.—better adapted than the aforementioned countries (Zanguebar, or Australia, and India)—that it is, in fact, the *very best place* for the cultivation of cotton—from the foot of the mountain ranges of Luristan, Arabistan, and Behbahan, as far as the shores of the Persian Gulf and of the Shattu-l'-Arab." But his excellency does not say that cotton is, or ever has been, grown there to any

extent—only sugar; hence its ancient name of Khuzistan, or “Sugar-land.” So, without at all questioning the truth of his excellency’s statement, we pass with greater confidence to the report of her Majesty’s minister in Persia to the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, in 1861:

“Persia produces excellent cotton, and the Kaghazi, or best kind, from Isfahan, is declared to be quite equal to the best American. The cotton of Mazandaran comes next, and is but little inferior to American. Isfahan cotton of the second class, called “Jarkubah,” is very much better than that from Khurasan, though inferior to the cotton of Mazandaran. The cotton of Kashan and that of Kum may be classed fourth and fifth; and the Khurasan or Semeran cotton, with which the factory is supplied, ranks last of all. As all the six kinds of cotton are grown on lands belonging to the Shah, and the factory is also his property, and as the cost of manufacture is the same for all kinds of cotton, it is difficult to understand why the worst sort should be sent to the factory. Expense of carriage cannot be the reason, for though Isfahan is eleven stages distant, and Semeran but seven, Kum is only four stages off, and Kashan but six. The value of Semeran cotton is (in 1861) only four kúans—three shillings and eightpence-halfpenny the púd of thirty-six pounds, while that of Mazandaran is worth eleven kúans—ten shillings and a penny farthing per púd, and best Isfahan fifteen kúans—thirteen and ninepence-halfpenny. The Russian Company buys Mazandaran cotton, as being of excellent quality and nearest at hand; and they take all the cotton the province can supply. Of course, the thread produced at the factory is of a very inferior kind; and, while there is a waste of one-sixth of the cotton there used, the waste upon Mazandaran cotton is only one-fourth. The total cost of the factory to the present day is reckoned at little short of three hundred thousand tomans—equivalent to one hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds sterling—while the returns have been altogether inconsiderable. This result is said to be in part owing to speculation. M. Pankoff, the manager of the factory, has just gone home in disgust, leaving his salary, twenty-two months in arrear, to be recovered hereafter.”

A manufacture “nursed” by government officials in Persia—or, for the matter of that, in any part of the East—will survive just as long as a bantling left to the tender mercies of a thieving nurse at home, and will attain about as vigorous a growth, so that we may safely predict that the experiment of manufacturing the cotton in Persia will be abandoned; but, even then, we opine that the cotton of Persia, unless the cultivation be very much extended, will naturally find its way to Russia, and be forestalled long before it gets to the English markets; and though it *should* not be intercepted, its quality and condition, we are told, will not place it in that position in the competition with the produce of other countries, that will repay the cost of growth and transit. The seed of some of the better kinds may be useful for testing on congenial soils, and that, we believe, is a more ready article of commerce than the fibre.

#### XXXVI.—ABYSSINIA.

The Rev. Doctor Krapf, speaking of Western Abyssinia, writes: “I met with hundreds and thousands of camels carrying loads of cotton to Wechni and as far as the foot of the Abyssinian mountains. I think that

district alone could supply England with cotton till some other proper places on the east and west coasts have been found out. These people do chiefly live upon the cotton trade. I travelled through hundreds and thousands of acres of level country, where nothing but cotton-shrubs were to be seen. The camels would bring the cotton to Abu-Harras, whence it would be shipped on the Nile." The cotton of Kalabat is described as of excellent quality; but we have no means of ascertaining the quantity produced at present in that district, or which it might be capable of producing, were increased encouragement and facilities given.

## XXXVII.—SYRIA.

The cotton at present grown in Syria is of an excellent colour, but so very short in staple as to be of low value in the English market. It is an exotic; and in some districts it is an annual, whilst in others it is perennial. Its cultivation has decreased of late years, and Sessamee seed has superseded it in many parts of Syria. This is to be accounted for by the low price it commanded in the market, it being sold at Beyrout for fourpence, fivepence, and sixpence per pound. Moreover, the cotton has to be transported on the backs of camels and mules, over very bad roads, at a cost of, in some cases, a penny per pound. The implements both for cleaning and packing the cotton are of a very primitive character, and cause great waste, without doing the work effectually after all. Then, again, the peculiar customs of the country and the prejudices of the people stand in the way of an extension of this cultivation. The common cotton of the country can be picked and left to ripen afterwards, whereas the long-stapled cotton which it has been sought to introduce would require to be picked as it ripened, and the gathering would therefore extend over three or four weeks. At present it is the custom to have a day appointed for picking the cotton all at once, in order that no man may trespass upon another's land; and, as the whole crop is thus picked in two or three days, it is the practice, as soon as the picking is over, to turn the cattle into the cotton-fields. Then, again, the government imposts, in the shape of tithe, export duties, &c., are very heavy. In 1860, a large meeting was held at Messeri's Hotel, Constantinople, for promoting the growth of cotton in Syria, and a half-promise was got from the government that the export duty should be "altered," but it was stated that the tithe was a more difficult matter to deal with.

But perhaps the greatest discouragement to cotton-growing in Syria is to be found in the nature of the tenure of land. The government, to whom all the lands belong, will neither sell them, nor let them on long leases, nor offer any inducement to the tenants to lay out money in improving them; nor will they afford any encouragement or help, directly or indirectly, to occupiers who might be desirous of introducing this new branch of cultivation. It is to be lamented that so large a tract of country, lying within the cotton zone, and in every way suitable for growing superior cotton to almost any extent, should be used for crops so much less profitable; but the chill hand of government stays all private enterprise, instead of lending it a little help and assistance; and we fear that the day is yet far distant when more enlightened views will prevail, and Syria be permitted to take her proper place among exporting countries.

## IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE," &amp;c.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## THE BORDER EAGLE.

## CHAPTER IV.

"L'ANTICO VALORE NON È ANCOR MORTE."

HAVE you ever travelled in the Principalities? If not—go.

God forbid that they should be better governed, they would be like all the rest of the world in no time. They may be ruinous to themselves very probably, and a nest of internecine discord for Eastern Europe; but they are delightful for the wanderer, and the bird of passage should surely have one solitude left wherein to find rest for the sole of his foot. Regions where the refined tortures of the Post cannot reach; where duns and debts can be defied and forgotten across the stretch of those dense pine-woods which sever you from the rest of mankind; where a summons to appear as a co-respondent—what a delicate word that is, fancy Arthur using it to designate Launcelot!—cannot come to bore you; where the only highway to your quarters is a rapid surging river with a timber-raft drifting down it; where, whirled along by gipsy horses and gipsy drivers through vast wooded tracks, you halt and wake with a pleasant wonder to find yourself in the broad streets and squares of a populous city, where, though you are not more geographically ignorant than your brethren, you had not the haziest notion that a city stood, and whose very name you do not know when you hear it, waking at the cessation of the horses' gallop and the gipsy Automedon's shouts, to open your eyes upon the clear Moldavian or Wallachian night, with the sound of music from some open casement above. Regions such as these are the Principalities, and I for one would keep them so, from the Danube to the Dneister, from the Straits of Otranto to the Euxine, for the refuge of necessitous *solitaires* who have a screw on the Turf, a case in the D. C., an inconvenient connexion, a tiresome run upon them from the public, or a simple desire for a paradise where a woman will not follow them, where letters will not come, where the big game districts are unbeaten, and the deep woods and wild valleys as yet unsketched and unsung.

Through the Principalities—well known to him when Greece was in disorder or Servia seething in disquiet—Fulke Erceldoune travelled in as brief a time, from the early dawn when he had left Paris en route for Turin, as mail trains, express specials, rapid relays of horses, and swift river passages could take him across Tyrol and Venetia, Alps and Carpathians, Danube and Drave, calling at Belgrade with despatches, and pushing straight on for Moldavia. Every mile of that wild and unworn way was as familiar to the Queen's messenger as the journey between

London and Paris is familiar to other men. Where steam had not yet penetrated, and there was no choice but between posting and the saddle, Erceldoune usually rode; if the roads were level, and the route unsightly, he would take the luxurious rest of a "messenger's carriage," and post through the nights and days; but, by preference, hard riding carried him over most of his ground, with pace and stay that none in the service could equal, and which had made the Arabs, when their horses swept together through the eastern sunlight, toss their lances aloft, and shout, "*Fazzia! Fazzia!*" with applause to the Giaour. He rode so now, when, having passed direct from Belgrade across the lower angle of Transylvania, and crossed the Carpathian range, he found himself fairly set towards Moldavia, with only a hundred miles or so more left between him and Jassy, which was his destination.

The Principality was in ferment; Church and Civil Power were in conflict and rivalry; England, France, Austria, and Russia were all disturbing themselves after the affairs of this out-of-the-way nook, conceiving that with Greece in insurrection, and Italy in a transition state, and poor Poland quivering afresh beneath her bonds, even Moldavia might be the match to a European conflagration, and open up the scarce-healed Eastern question; and an English envoy was then at Jassy, charged with a special mission, to whom the despatches which Erceldoune bore carried special instructions, touching on delicate matters, from the F. O., and of utmost moment to the affairs of Central and Eastern Europe, and to the part which would be played by Great Britain in the event of the freedom of the Southern States, and the success of the Liberal party in Athens, Hungary, or Venetia. This one little bag, with the arms of England on the seal, and the all-important instructions within, was all that he carried now; slung round his neck and across his chest by an undressed belt of chamois leather. He rode alone through the rich pine-woods; his mountain guides he had dismissed at the foot of the Carpathians; in riding no one could keep the pace up with him, unless in the deserts, and he had gone alone through the most dangerous defiles and thief-infested passes all over the world, caring for no other defence than lay in his holster pistols. He had been stopped two or three times, once by the "Bail-up!" of Tasmanian bushrangers, once by a Ghoorka gang in Northern India, once by a chieftain who levied black mail in the rocky fastnesses of Macedonia, but his shots had always cleared him a passage through, and he had ridden on with no more loss than the waste of powder and ball. He was too well known, moreover, in both hemispheres, to be molested, and the boldest hill robbers would have cared as little to come to close quarters with one whose strength had become proverbial, as to get themselves into trouble by tampering with the State courier of a great power.

It had been a splendid day, and it was just upon its close as he went through the forests at a stretching gallop, his mare, a pure-bred Syrian, scarcely touching the ground as she swept along, swift as a greyhound or a lapwing. The air was heavily scented with the fragrance of the firs; the last lingering rays of light slanted here and there across the moss through the dark fanlike boughs, cone-laden; the aisles of pines stretched in endless and innumerable lines of forest paths, scarce ever



trodden save by the wild boar, or the charcoal-burner, barely more human than the brute; and in the rear, to the westward, towered the grand Carpathians, with their black, rugged mountains reared upward in the purple sunset, the granite guard of the Magyar fatherland.

Now and then, at rare intervals, a little hamlet, buried in the recesses of the forest, where the few wretched women wore the Turkish *yashmak*, spoke of Moldavia, or he came on a camp of the naked wild-eyed gipsies of the country; but as evening closed in, and Erceldoune rode into a narrow rocky defile, which is the nearest passage through dense pine solitudes, even these signs of human life, in its most brute phase, ceased wholly. There was only the rapid ring of his Syrian's hoofs, given back by a thousand hollow echoes, as he swept down the ravine, with the high precipitous walls of rock rising on either side, while the river thundered and foamed beside him, and the trees closing above-head made it well-nigh dark as night, though beyond, the summits of the Hungarian range were still lit by the last rays of the sun gleaming golden on their eternal snows. Sitting down in his saddle, with his eyes glancing, rapid and unerring as a soldier's, on either side where the shelving rocks reared upward in the gloom, Erceldoune swept along the defile at a pace such as the blood horses of the desert alone can reach—the surging of the dashing torrent at his side—the winds rising loud and stormy among the black pine-boughs above—the intense stillness and solitude around, that are only felt in the depths of a forest or the hush of a mountain-side.

These were what he loved in his life: these nights and days of loneliness, of liberty, of rapid, vivid action, of a grand freedom alone with all that was wildest and freest in nature, under no law but the setting and rising of the sun, riding onward, without check or pause, a fresh horse ready saddled when the jaded one drooped and slackened; these were what suited the haughty freedom, the passionate need of liberty, the zest to do and dare, the eagle-love of solitude ingrained in his Border-blood, and as latent in him, the last of the Erceldounes, as in the chieftains of his name when they had charged at Flodden, or harried the marches in their King's defiance.

The pressure of his knees sufficient for her guidance without curb or spur, the Syrian scoured the winding ravine, fleet and sure of foot, as though the rocky and irregular ground had been a level stretch of sward, her ears pointed, her pace like the wind, all the blood and mettle there were in her roused; she knew her master in her rider. Dashing onward through the gloom thus, fleet as a greyhound, suddenly his hand checked her; his eyes had seen what hers had not. Thrown back on her haunches in the midst of her breathless gallop, she reared and stood erect; another than Erceldoune she would have hurled senseless to the earth; he sat motionless, as though horse and man were cast together in bronze. Across the narrow and precipitous path lay the felled trunk of a pine blocking the way, a barrier of fearful danger had the mare struck her breast against it in the gloaming in the full sweep of her topmost speed. She reared erect, and stood so for a second, her rider in his saddle firm as on a rock—a sculptor would have given ten years of his life to have caught and fixed that magnificent attitude!—then she came with a crash down on her fore

feet, held in by the iron hand upon her bridle, while up from the black barricade of the levelled pine pointed the gleam of half a dozen rifles, the long, lean barrels glistening in the twilight, as through the silence there pealed in French the brigand charge—"Stand and deliver!"

They lay in ambush waiting him; the barren rocks towering straight on either side, the dense fir-boughs shutting out the light, while before him and behind him, swarming up from the brushwood that had covered them, glistened the lean, hollow tubes of the rifles, and the hoarse shout of arrest was pealed back by the echoes.

"Your papers! or we fire!"

And the steel barrels covered him front and rear, while the challenge rang out in a rich thorough-bred voice.

Swift as lightning his eyes swept over the levelled rifles and numbered them—eight against one; rapid as the wind he drew his pistol from his holster and fired among them; a shrill shriek pierced the air; a man reeled headlong down into the gorge of the river foaming below; and without breath, without pause, Erceldoune put the Syrian at the leap, trusting the rest to her desert blood, facing the levelled death-dealers full in the front. The gallant beast deserved his faith; she rose point-blank at the barricade, her ears laid, her legs gathered for the spring, and leapt with one mighty bound the great pine-barrier and the glittering line of steel. She landed safe;—a second, and he would have swept onward, distancing all shot and defying all pursuit; but with a yell that rang from rock to rock, the glistening barrels she had overleapt and cleared, covered her; the sharp crack of the rifles echoed through the pass, three balls pierced her breast and flanks, bedding themselves where the life lay, and with a scream of piteous agony the Syrian threw her head upward, swayed to and fro an instant, and fell beneath him—dead. He sprang from the saddle ere her weight could crush him, and, with his back against the ledge of granite, turned at bay; hope he had not, succour there could be none in those dense mountain solitudes, those wastes of vast unpeopled pine-woods; Fulke Erceldoune in that hour had but one thought—to sell his life dearly, and to save his papers.

The echo of the shots rang in quick succession on the stillness, pealed back by the hollow reverberations of the rocks; his fire was deadly, and another fell stone dead. His assailants seemed to seek to disarm, but not to slay, as they covered him with their rifles, crouching beneath the boughs and brushwood of their barricade to avoid his aim, for it was hot, close, mortal work there, in that narrow choked defile; and Erceldoune, with his back against the granite, and his Syrian at his feet between him and his foes, had the strength and the fury of a legion, now that his wrath was up in all its might, and the blood-thirst awakened in him. A shot broke his right arm above the wrist; it fell useless at his side. He laughed aloud:

"Cowards! why don't you hit through the lungs?"

And, as he changed his pistol into his left hand, he raised it, and the man who had shot him fell with a crash—a bullet through his brain. He could not load again; his arm was broken, his hand powerless, and the hoarse yell of men, infuriated to be defied, and at their comrades' loss,

surging up with its hollow menace round him, told him his minutes were numbered, as one cry alone grated on the night air from five voices; in Romsic, in French, in Venetian, in Hungarian;—varied tongues, but one summons alone.

“Your papers or your life! Death, or surrender!”

There was a moment's hush and pause; they waited for their menace to do their work without the bloodshed that they shirked from caution and from wisdom, not from humanity; and at that instant the moon, shed through one break in the black pine roofing above-head, poured its light through the pass. Round him in a half-circle, broken from their barricade and ambush now that his fire was spent, pressed his assassins, their faces masked by the crape drawn over them, their rifles covering him with pitiless purpose. With his back against the granite wall, with his right arm hanging broken and powerless, with the dead mare lying at his feet, the sole impotent barrier between him and the cross-fire levelled at him, stood Erceldoune, reared to his full height, motionless as though he were a statue of bronze, a look upon his face before which the boldest, though they held his life in their hands and at their mercy, quailed and paused.

“Death, or surrender!”

The summons hissed through the silence with a deadly meaning, a hoarse snarl such as the slot-hounds give when the stag holds them long at bay. Erceldoune stood erect, his eyes looking calmly down on the semicircle of the long shining lines of steel, each of whose hollow tubes carried his death-warrant: in that supreme hour when he tasted all the bitterness of death he was unmoved and serene; he knew how he should save his trust and his papers, though he knew that his life must pay the forfeit. He looked on the levelled rifles, and a smile passed over his face;—they had brought eight against one!—it was a distinction, at least, to take so much killing.

“The devil will never give in!” swore with savage Hungarian oaths the farthest of the band. “Seize him, and bind him!—we don't want his blood.”

“Take the papers, and gag him. Carl is right; we want them, not him,” muttered another, in whose Southern German the keen ear of him whose life they balanced caught the foreign accent of a Galician.

One who seemed the leader of the gang laughed—a rolling, mellow, harmonious laugh, which thrilled through the blood of Erceldoune as menace and challenge had never done; he had heard it a few nights before in the gaslit salon of the Parisian café.

“Basta, basta! ‘Too many words, my masters!’ Kill the Border Eagle, and strip him afterwards! His beak won't peck when he's shot down!”

“*Pace, pace!*” muttered a milder Sicilian. “The English government will make the fiend's own row if he is murdered. Give him his choice; we only want the despatches.”

“The papers then, or we fire!”

The moon shone clearer and whiter down into the ravine, while they pressed nearer and nearer till the half-circle of steel glittered close against him, the points within a yard of his breast;—and he who in the

Café Minuit had lamented so softly the prosaic fate of the violet bonbons, pressed closest of all. On the haughty repose of Erceldoune's face and attitude no change came; there was a proud disdain in the dark wrath of his eyes and the smile that still lingered on his lips—that was all;—disdain for the coward caution of his assassins, the womanish cruelty which compassed him with such timorous might of numbers, fearing one man unarmed and wounded!

“Death, or surrender!”

The cry echoed again, loud and hoarse now as the hound's bay, baffled and getting furious for blood.

His form was reared against the rock, his left arm pressed against his breast, holding to him the royal despatches; his eyes looked down upon them steadily:

“Fire!”

And while his voice, calm and unfaltering, gave the word of command for his own death-volley, with a swift, sudden gesture, unlooked-for and unarrested by them, he lifted his left arm, and hurled far away through the gloom, till they sank with a loud splash into the bed of the swollen rushing river, the white bag of the English despatches;—lost for ever in the deep gorge, and whirled on into darkness with the passage of the foaming waters, where no hand could reach and no foe could rob them.

And as the fierce, ravenous yell of baffled force and infuriated passion shook the echoes of the hills, the report of the rifles rang through the night with sullen, murderous peal, and Fulke Erceldoune fell.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HERALDS OF DEATH.

ALL was still in the heart of the forest.

The snowy summits of the Carpathians gleamed white in the moonlight; the cry of the jackal or the low growl of the wild boar, the screech of the owl or the rush of the bat's wing, alone broke the silence; above the dark, silent earth the skies were cloudless, and studded with countless stars, whose radiance glistened here and there, through the dense black shadow, on moss, and boulders, and dark cavernous gorges, and foaming torrents plunging downward through the night. And in the narrow channel of the defile, with the gnarled pines above and the waters roaring in their pent-up bed below, there lay the stiffened corpse of the Syrian mare, and across her body, bathed in her blood and in his own, with his head fallen back, and his face turned upward as the starlight fell upon it, was stretched the Queen's messenger, where they had left him for dead.

The night had swept on and the hours stolen apace, till the stars had grown large in the heavens, and the morning planet risen in the east before the dawn; and he had lain there, lifeless and motionless as the Syrian beneath him, through all the watches of the summer night which parted the sunset of one day from the daybreak of the next. His right arm, broken and nerveless, was flung across the neck of the mare, as though, Arab-like, his last thought as he fell had been of the brute-friend whom he had lost, and who had died for him; the blood had poured

from a deep chest wound, till the black velvet of his riding-coat was soaked through and through, and the mosses and the grasses were dyed with the stream that bore his life away ; his face was stern and white, like the faces of the dead upon a battle-field, and only a deep-drawn laboured breath, that quivered at long intervals through all his frame, showed that existence had not wholly ceased with the murderous volley which had brought him to the earth, as his own shot had brought the kingly, fearless strength of the Border Eagle reeling downward to his fate. Either the aim of his assassins had been uncertain from the fury of passion with which they had levelled and fired when they saw their errand baffled, and the despatches flung beyond all reach into the gorge of the mountain torrent, or they had been blinded by the flickering shadows of the moon, and the lust of their vengeance on him who had offered up his life to defend his trust, for two shots alone had touched him of the five which had been fired at him. One ball had pierced his breast, and brought him down senseless, and, to all semblance, lifeless ; it had been aimed by the leader of the band who had trifled with his ice, and mourned over the conserve of violets in Paris a few nights before. The other bullet, which had struck him in the chest, and would have shot him straight through the lungs, had been turned aside by the solid silver of his meerschaum, in whose bowl the ball was bedded, though the force of its concussion would have stretched him insensible without a wound. He had fallen as one dead, and they had left him for such in the narrow defile, hastening themselves to leave the pine-forest far behind them, and put the range of the Carpathians between them and Moldavia, taking their own dead with them, and plunging into the recesses of the pine-woods, where all pursuit could be baffled, all detection defied. Whether they were mountain banditti, or masked nobles, or insurgent conspirators, those vast solitudes would never reveal, since the dead would tell no tales and bear no witness ; his assassination, if ever known, would be traced to gipsies or charcoal-burners, while the odds were a million to one that the fate of the English State courier would never be heard of, but remain in the shroud of an impenetrable mystery, whilst he lay in the lonely and untrodden ravine, till the bears and the vultures left his bones to whiten unburied when they had sated their hunger on the sinewy limbs and stately frame of the man who had fallen to save the surrender of his honour and his trust.

Darkness closes thus over the fate of many ; he is " Missing," and we know no more.

As one dead, Erceldoune had lain through the long night-hours where his assassins had left him ; about him only the shrieking of the owls, the sigh of the winds among the pines, and the distant growl of the beasts of prey, to whom his assassins had trusted for the completion and the burial of their work. Weaker men would have succumbed to less danger than he had often brooked and passed through scathless ; and even now the athletic life within him refused to perish. The flowing of the blood had stopped, a laboured sigh now and then gave sign of vitality, though not of consciousness ; then, after many hours, a shudder ran through all his frame, and his eyes unclosed, looking upward, without light or sense, to the starlit vault above ; the iron strength, the prime of manhood, the dauntless Border blood within him, had beaten his foes still.

He remembered nothing.

The deep skies and "the stars in their courses" whirled giddily above him; the pine-boughs flickered, black phantom shapes, before his sight; the sounds of the winds and of the roar of the falling torrents smote dully on his ear: he had no sense but of the suffocation of the congealed blood upon his chest, and the sharp agony of every breath; he wondered dimly, dreamily, who he was, and where he lay. An intense thirst parched his throat and oppressed his lungs—a thirst he suffered from without knowing what the torture could be—and the plunge and splash of the torrent in the gorge below filled his brain with vague thronging images of cool still lakes, of rushing brooks, of deep brown tarns among his native moorlands, and through them all he stood ever up to the lips in the cold delicious waters, yet ever powerless to stoop and taste one drop! The sweep of a night-bird's wing touched his forehead as it flew low under the drooped pine-branches; at the touch consciousness slowly and confusedly awoke; the night ceased to whirl round him in a chaos of shadow, the stars grew clear and familiar, and looked down on him from the dizzy mists circling above. By sheer instinct he sought to raise his right hand; it was powerless and broken, and as he stretched his arm out he felt the chill, stiffened body of his dead Syrian, and the grasses wet with her blood and his own; then thought and recollection awoke from the mists of death, and he remembered all.

He knew that he was lying there wounded unto death, beyond all appeal for aid, all hope of succour, powerless to drive from him the frailest insect that with the morning light should begin the fell work of corruption and destruction, alone in his last hour in the solitudes of the vast Carpathian pine-forests, with no companion save the beast of prey, no watcher but the carrion kite.

Dread of death he had never known; there was no such coward weakness in him now, in his worst extremity, when he knew that he was dying, in the grandest years of his strength and his manhood, slaughtered by the baseness of a treacherous assassination, alone in the narrow, pent defile where his murder had been planned, and where no human step would ever come, except it were that of some mountain plunderer, who would strip off the linen and the velvet that the birds of prey had left untouched, while he lay there through summer drought and winter storm unburied, unlamented, unavenged. Dread was not on him even now in his dying hour, but a mortal sense of *loneliness* that his life had never known stole over him as he wakened in the hush of the forest night, paralysed, powerless, strengthless, felled in his full force, slain, like the golden eagle, by a single shot. The vast heavens, studded with their eternal stars, looked chill and pitiless; the dark, bare rocks towered upward in the moonlight, shutting him out from all the peopled slumbering world; no sound smote the stillness save the distant, sullen roar of the brutes seeking their prey, and the winds sweeping through the endless aisles of pines;—he died in solitude.

The night wore on; a profound and awful silence reigned around, only broken by the growl of the wolves or the scream of the jackal from their distant haunts; the ravening cry borne on the wind of those who, with each second which passed away, might scent blood from afar off, and

track it in their hunger, and come down to rend, and tear, and devour, finishing the work of slaughter. He heard that sullen bay where he lay all through the night, across the dead Syrian, motionless; he could not have stirred a limb, though the fangs of the wild boar had been at his throat, or the wolves in a troop been upon him. Hope or thought of succour he had none; he was in the deep heart of the mountains, where none could come; and he knew too well the lore of the desert and the camp not to know that all chance of life was over, that his last hour was here, and that if the wolf and the bear did not track him where he lay he would die of the loss of blood alone; or that if his frame bore up against the exhaustion of his wounds through the day which would soon dawn, he would perish but the more slowly, and the more agonisingly, of famine and of thirst.

The night wore on; the stars grew large as the morning drew near, and his eyes gazed upward at them from where he lay in the narrow pass of the defile; a thousand nights on Southern seas, in tropic lands, in Eastern aisles of palm, through phosphor-glittering waters while his ship cleft her way, through the white gleam of snow steppes while the sleigh bells chimed, through the torchlit glades of forests while the German boar was hunted to his lair, drifted to memory as the stars shone down on him through the break in the massed pine-boughs;—for he had ever loved the mere sense and strength of life; all

the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock to rock,  
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool river shock  
Of a plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the bear,  
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair!

And he knew that this glory of life was dead in him for ever, and that when those stars rose on another night, and shed their brightness upon earth and ocean, forest and sea, his eyes would be blind to their light and behold them no more, where he lay stricken out from the world of the living.

The day came.

The faint light dawned in the east, the darkness of the shadows was broken by the first rays of warmth, the night birds fled to their roost, and above the clouds rose the sun, bathing the sleeping world in its golden gladness, and shining full on the snow peaks of the Carpathians. The forest-life awoke; the song of countless birds rose on the silence, the hum of myriad insects murmured beneath the grasses, the waters of innumerable torrents glistened in the sunbeams;—and, alone in the waking and rejoicing world, he lay, dying in solitude in the dark defile.

About him, where never sunlight came, were dank grasses, black rocks, and the gloomy foliage of the pines, but above-head, far aloft through the walls of granite, was the blue and cloudless sky of a summer dawn. His eyes looked upward to it heavily, and with the film gathering fast over them; in his physical anguish, in his sore extremity, there were still beauty and solace in the day.

And, as he gazed, the heavens were darkened, the sunlit morning became more loathsome than all the solitude and darkness of the night;

wakened in the dawn and poised in air, drawn thither by the scent of blood, he saw the flocks of carrion-birds, the allies whom the assassins trusted to destroy all trace of their work, the keepers of the vigil of the dead! Cleaving the air and wheeling in the light, they gathered there, vultures and kites, ravens and rock-eagles, coming with the sunrise to their carrion feast, sweeping downward into the defile with shrill and hideous clamour till they alit beside him, in their ravenous greed, on the body of the Syrian mare, striking their beaks into her eyes and whetting their taste in her blood, rending and lacerating, and disputing their prey.

Thus he had seen them, many a time, making their feast on the lion or camel of the East; and a sickness of loathing came upon him, and a horror unutterable;—bound in the bonds of death, and powerless to lift his arm against them, he must lie, half living and half dead, whilst the hungry hordes tore at his heart and drained his blood!

A cry broke from him, loud and terrible—a shout for help, where help there could be none, wrung from the soul of bronze and strength of steel that bent and broke at last. Its echo, pealing from the rocks, scared and scattered the ravening birds one instant from their lust; they wheeled and circled in the sunlit air, then settled once more upon their spoil.

A single vulture, driven from the rest, was poised above him—waiting. Looking upward, he saw the bird, with its dark wings outstretched, sailing in rings round in the sunlight glare, impatient and athirst, its glittering eyes fixed on him—the watcher and the harbinger of death.

By the sheer force of animal instinct, strength for the moment was restored; he sprang up to drive from off him the murderous beak that would seek his life-blood, the carrion-greed that would wrench out his eyes whilst yet they saw the day! He strove to rise—at the action the wound opened, the hemorrhage broke out afresh—he fell back senseless.

The vulture was free to have her prey.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FACE OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EVEN in the silent heart of the Carpathian woods two had heard that shout of mortal extremity.

Alas! they were but a woman and a Silesian wolf-hound, resting together under the shade of the pines higher up, where the head of the torrent tumbled and splashed from rock to rock, its sheet of foam glittering in the warmth of the risen day. They heard it;—and the woman rose with a wild, stag-like grace of terror, blent with a haughty challenge of such weakness, and the dog, with his bristling mane erect, and his head lifted in the air, woke the echoes with a deep-mouthed bay. Both listened—all was still;—then she laid her hand on the hound's shaggy coat, and gave him a single Silesian word of command. He waited, sniffing the scent borne to him on the wind, then, with his muzzle to the earth, sprang off;—she followed him, the lights and shadows from the pine-boughs above flung, flickering and golden, on her uncovered hair; a woman fair as the morning, with the free imperial grace of the forest deer, and the beauty of the classic and glorious South; the beauty of Aspasia of Athens, of Lucretia of Rome; that beauty,



looking on which men grow drunk with a delicious madness, and, blind to all else in earth or heaven, only cry with the poet,

So one day more am I deified !  
Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

A few short seconds, and the hound plunged down into the defile, baying loud in fear and fury as he scented blood, as though he tracked the trail of the assassins. The birds flew up with whirling tumult from their meal, and wheeled aloft, scared and scattered; the vulture that had her talons tangled in the hair of the fallen man, and was stretching her plumed throat to deal her first aim at his sightless eyes, taking wing the most slowly, leaving her prey the most reluctantly, as though she knew that it was lost for ever. The saviour of Fulke Erceldoune, white to the lips, but rising above the frailty of her sex's usual craven and helpless weakness, fell on her knees beside him where he lay across the body of his slaughtered mare, as lifeless to all semblance as the Syrian; she pushed back the scented wealth of hair from off her temples with one convulsive gesture, and over all her face came a woman's quivering and loathing terror, as it was lifted for one moment in unconscious appealing prayer for the pity and the love of God.

For she knew that she was in the presence of crime, and she believed herself in the presence of death; this man had been slain foully in the heart of the forest solitudes, and she was alone, in the mountain ravine that had seen the guilt done and the blow dealt, with him whom his assassins had left to perish and lie unburied for the hawks and crows to tear. The night had seen the sin, and shrouded it; she and the sunny light of day had tracked and found it. And the sickness of its guilt was on her in all its ghastliness, in all its secret craven vileness.

One thought alone seemed left her, while the yellow sunlight reeled around, and the brightness of the morning grew reddened with the taint of blood, and the vultures circled in the air furious and lusting for their feast; one thought, which made her weakness, strength—her terror, fearlessness; was she too late, or could this human life, even in its last hour, be saved, be called back even though it had ebbed away?

Flung down on the dank moss beside him, she felt for the beating of his heart; a quick shudder ran through all her frame—her hand was wet with the blood that had soaked through linen and velvet, and flowed in its deep stream from his breast. Yet she did not shrink, but pressed it there, seeking for the throbbing of the life; the pulse beat slowly, faintly, still beneath her touch—he lived even now. But how succour the waning life ere it had wholly fled? She had no strength to raise, no power to aid him, and with every second that drifted on unused, the scarce-felt throb beneath her hand might cease, and all help come too late! The vultures had flown down, and were poised on the boughs, or settled on the rocky ledges, waiting for the prey which soon or late must come to them; the hound was tearing up the moss with his muzzle to the earth, whining and baying with a passionate fury, as though he had found the assassins' trail, and clamoured for command to hunt them down. She called him to her; the dog was her friend, her guard, her slave—he came, reluctantly, looking backward at the mosses he had torn

up in his thirst for the scent they gave; she drew him to her, and signed him to look at the dying man where he was stretched across his horse; then pointed to the westward with some words in Silesian. The hound shook his grand head, and looked upward with earnest, eloquent eyes—then, at his full speed, obeyed her and went down the ravine; she had sent from her her sole defender, while, for aught she knew, the murderers of the man she sought to save might at every instant return to the scene of their outrage, and deal with her as they had dealt with him.

But cowardice was scarce more in her blood than in his to whose succour she had come with the light of the morning, and whose face lay upward white and rigid as the face of the dead, in mute appeal, in voiceless witness, stern as one who has fallen in fierce contest, but calm as though he lay in the deep tranquillity of sleep. She gazed at him thus, and the hot tears gathered in her eyes, and fell upon his brow; he was a stranger, and not of her land; she knew not how his death had been dealt, nor in what cause he had fallen, whence he came, nor what his life had been; but his face touched to the heart all of womanhood that there was in her, where he lay blind and unconscious in the glory of the sun, struck down and left to die in the solitude of that lonely ravine. The falling of her tears upon his brow, or the soft touch of her hand as it swept back the hair from his temples, and fanned his forehead with a fragrant bough of pine to freshen the sultry heat of the noon-day, woke him to some returning life; a deep heavy sigh heaved his chest, he stirred wearily, and his lips moved without sound. She knew what he must need—all of comfort or of aid that she could give—and folding one of the broad dock-leaves cup shape, she filled it in the deep bed of the torrent, and, raising his head, held the cold delicious water to his lips.

Unconsciously, instinctively, he drank and drank, slaking the burning, intolerable thirst; she filled it three times at the channel of the river, and he drained in new peace and life from that green forest-cup, from that fresh and icy water, held to him by his ministering angel. Then his head sank back, lying against her, resting on her arm; his eyes had not unclosed, he was almost senseless still, save that he was vaguely conscious of a sense of coolness, languor, rest, and peace;—and the vultures on the rocks above looked down with ravenous impatience, waiting till the watcher should weary of her vigil, and their prey be their own again.

She would not have left him now though she had died with him. She knew the lawless brutality of the pine-woods, and the mountain hordes of gipsies and of plunderers, well enough to know that in all likelihood those who had left him for dead might return to strip him of all that was of value on his person, and would slay her, without remorse or mercy, lest she should bear testimony to them and to their work; but to desert him and leave him to the lust of the carrion-birds and the torrid heat of the noon never passed in thought even before her—she had cast in her lot with his.

The sun fell through the tracery of the firs upon the strange group in that dark defile—the rushing water, the mosses red with blood, the black flock of the waiting birds, the motionless form of Erceldoune, stretched across the lifeless body of his slaughtered grey, his head resting, as in

the serenity of sleep, upon the bosom of the woman who had saved him, while above bent the divine beauty of her face, with a golden light on the loosened hair, and the softness of a yearning compassion in the deep lustre of the eyes that watched him in his unconsciousness.

Time wore on, the sun rose to the noon height, the heat grew more intense, and they were still alone; he lay as in a trance still, but with that vague sense of coolness and of peace, all that he knew or sought to know; once at last his eyes unclosed, weary and blind, and saw, as in some vision, the face as of an angel above him. He had not strength to rouse, power to wonder, consciousness to know or ask where he lay, whether he slept, or dreamed, or beheld but the phantom of his own brain; but his eyes gazed upward at the loveliness that looked down on him, with the light and warmth of morning on it, and it floated through the mists of death and the chaos of unconsciousness, and sank into his sight and heart, never again to be forgotten. He lay there, while the sun was at its zenith and the day rolled onward, motionless and all but senseless still, conscious, through all, of the fragrance of cool leaves that fanned his brow and stirred the heated air with soothing movement, of the gentle murmur of river-waters sounding through the stillness, and—ever when his eyes unclosed and looked upward on the radiance of the day—of the face that he saw in the luminance of the light, even as the face of a guardian angel. And he knew no more in the dulness of bled pain, in the languor of profound exhaustion, that had in it its own strange beatitude.

The loud bay of a hound broke the silence when noon had passed, the rapid rush of the dog's feet scoured over the rocks above and down the winding path; faithful to her he served and loved, he had known that he had been bidden to seek succour, and had left, those he sought no peace till they had followed him—two Moldavian peasants, herdsmen or stable-helpers, who had understood the meaning of the hound's impatient bark and whine.

She, who had been the redeemer of Fulke Erceldoune from death, and to save him had given herself to the peril of his own fate, leant her head upon the hound's, trembling through all her frame in the reaction of a great thanksgiving, treading close upon a ghastly terror. She had had courage and force while his rescue needed them; that rescue wrought, the weakness of her womanhood prevailed—yet prevailed but for an instant; the next she rose, with the soft, proud grace which made her every action beautiful as the wild antelope's, imperial as a sovereign's in her court.

The Moldavians listened whilst she spoke with a profound reverence, and without pause or question hastened to obey what she commanded; deeds of violence were not rare enough there at the foot of the Carpathians, in the heart of the Principalities, to excite either the horror or the wonder of the passive serfs; they went without a word to their work, wrenched down the long boughs of the pines, stripped them, lashed the bare poles together, and covered them with lesser branches of the firs, overstrewn in turn by the yielding velvet moss of the forest, till they had formed a rude stretcher, rough in form but fragrant and easy, and laid him on it, lifting him with kindly gentleness. At the first movement which raised him, and the sharp agony it caused, careful and not untender though it was, he fainted again; they might have taken him where they

would, he knew nothing. The Moldavians prepared to raise the litter on their shoulders, then looked to her :

"Home, your Excellency?"

She started, and stood silent; then over the light and beauty of her face swept a shadow, as of some bitter memory.

"No—no!" she answered them, in their own Moldavian tongue. "Go to the convent of Monastica; it is nearer, and they will tend him better there. If any can save him, the Sisters will."

"And we are to tell them——?"

"Tell them where you found this stranger, lying as one dead, and powerless to say who are his assassins; do not give my name, or speak of me; that he is wounded, and alone, and in need, will be enough to gain him care and pity at Monastica. When you have left him in safety at the convent, come back here; you shall bury the horse, it shall not be food for vultures. Now go—each moment is precious. I shall know with what fidelity you serve him, and shall reward you as you do this well."

Yet, though she had bidden them go, she stood still, looking down on the litter where Erceldoune lay, as on a bier: she had saved this man's life at peril of her own, yet they would probably never meet again; she had redeemed him from amidst the dead, yet he would have no memory of her, no knowledge that she had been with him in the hour of his extremity, and rescued him from his grave. Her eyes dwelt on him in a silent and strange farewell, and a beautiful tenderness came over all her face as she bowed her head, while her lips moved with the words of a Greek prayer and benediction for the life of which she knew nothing, yet which in some sense had been made her own by every law of gratitude for a great deliverance.

Then she signed to his bearers to raise the litter and go onwards. They wound slowly with their burden up the narrow pass, and she sank down on the fallen trunk levelled by his assassins for their barricade, her rich dress sweeping the blood-stained mosses, her brow resting on her hands that were twisted in the lustrous masses of her hair; her eyes, with their mournful brilliance, their luminance fathomless as that of tropic skies by night, gazing into the depths of the torrent foaming below in its black bed; and at her side the Silesian hound, his mane erect, his head uplifted, his feet pawing the turf, as though he scented the blood-trail, and panted for command to hunt the evil-doers to their lair.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LADY OF HIS DREAMS.

A SMALL antique chamber, with grey walls and snow-white draperies; an ebony crucifix with a marble Christ hanging above a low altar draped with purple velvet, and brodered with gold, and fragrant with lilies in their silver cups; a painted Gothic window through which glanced stretches of green pine-woods and golden haze beyond; and an intense stillness through which pealed, softly and subdued, the chant of the *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi*; these were what Erceldoune opened his eyes upon, and saw, and heard, when he awoke from a long trance that had been death itself for aught he knew, and through which he had only

been conscious of burning torture, of intolerable pain, of wild, mellow strains of music floating through his brain, and of one face of divinest beauty bent above him whilst he lay bound in bonds of iron, in swathes of fire, powerless, and in his grave. For he had been delirious for many days, and was in the convent of Monastica.

His life had hung on a thread, for the ball was in his breast, and the fever of his wounds, combined with the weakness consequent on loss of blood, kept him in sharpest peril through all the rest of that sultry Moldavian August. But the bullet had missed his lungs, and the intense strength and power of resistance and endurance in him pulled him through; the Border-breed took too much killing not to rally against all which would have slain at a blow a weaklier and less hardily-trained frame. The shots had been safely extracted, and the skill in leechcraft of the sisters of Monastica was proverbial in the Principalities; women who had loved him best could not have tended him more tenderly and unweariedly than those high-born recluses who had sought the solitudes of the dense Moldavian pine-forests, where nuns, hundreds in number, lived unmolested in a conventual community different to those of any other country—unmolested, though utterly alone, in the heart of wild and mountainous regions. Erceldoune was saved, and awoke one warm, sunlit evening, conscious and calm, gazing dreamily and wonderingly at the dead Christ on the altar, and the narrow arched window, with its rich forest glimpse through the slit, while the anthem of the *Agnus Dei* pealed on the stillness of the quiet chamber. He thought himself dreaming still.

To his bedside came a nun, pale, gentle, with soft, dove-like eyes, a woman no longer young. Erceldoune lay and looked at her; the past was a blank to him, yet all unfamiliar as the chamber was to him, and all unreal his own personality, he vaguely desired and missed what he had seen throughout his delirium—what he did not behold on awakening. And the first words he spoke were:

“Where is she?”

The Religieuse shook her head, looking on him with a compassionate welcoming smile.

“I cannot understand, my son. I can speak a little French, but you must not talk yet, you are too weak.”

All European languages, most Eastern, had been as familiar to him as his own. He repeated his question impatiently in the sister’s tongue:

“Where is she?”

“Who, my son?”

“Who?” echoed Erceldoune, dreamily. “A woman—or an angel—who has been with me always.”

“None have been with you, my son, save myself and those of my order.”

He made a faint intolerant sign of dissent; and his eyes wandered over the place where he lay, in vague and weary search, missing in consciousness and in reality the face which had been ever before him in delirium.

“Where am I, then?”

“In our convent at Monastica. You were found all but lifeless in the forest by two peasants, who brought you hither. You have been in sore peril, my son, but, by the blessing of the most holy Mother of God, we

have wrought your cure. But keep silence and rest now, you are very weak."

"Weak?—I?"

He repeated the word in dreamy, wondering incredulity; he who had stood face to face with the lion in the still, sultry African night, and measured his strength with the desert king's, and prevailed; he who from his childish years upward, through a long, and daring, and adventurous life, had never known his force to fail, his power to desert him, could not realise that he could be laid low and powerless as any reed broken by the wind! Instinctively he lifted his right arm to raise himself—that right arm which had never failed him yet in battle, in storm, in the death-grapple, or in the blow dealt, Napier-like, in love of justice, in hatred of dishonour—it fell nerveless and broken. *Then* he realised that his strength was gone; and for the sole time in his life, Erceldoune could have turned his face to the wall and wept like a woman.

"I remember," he said, faintly. "I remember now. The cowards shot me down, and she saved me. They must know at the Foreign Office. Tell them I destroyed 'the papers;' but Lytton Bulwer must be waiting——"

The words died away unintelligible to the nun, for they were English, and his head fell back, and his eyes closed with a weary sigh; he felt how utter and how prostrate his weakness was, and it was bitter to him, bitter beyond all afflictions which could have befallen him. He lay motionless and exhausted, his thoughts wandering over all that past of peril which had long been a blank to him, and which now slowly and by degrees returned to memory, and striving to realise what manner of thing this could be, this calamity of stricken strength which his life had never before dreaded or conceived. Sweeping like fire through his blood, and filling his frame as with fresh life, there came with consciousness the recollection of the murderous gang who had stretched him there, and the fierce, natural thirst for vengeance on his coward foes who had fired on a solitary and disarmed man, for the hour of reckoning when he should rise and deal with that craven womanish brute, whose gentle, mellow laugh had bidden them "kill the Border Eagle," and whose shot had brought him to the earth.

A fair and open antagonist Erceldoune would honour, and forgive frankly and generously from his heart, but to the coward treachery that struck him in the dark, death itself would not be more pitiless or more inexorable than his wrath.

The shadows lengthened through the painted window, the music ceased from the convent chapel, the nun left him, and knelt before the altar lost in prayer; it was intensely still, no sound upon the air save from the distance the bells of one of the Moldavian monasteries chiming the vespers—a pause and hush as strange in his strong, rapid, varied, richly-coloured life of action and adventure as that which we feel when we enter the shaded silent aisles of some cathedral, and the doors close behind us, shutting out all the accustomed crowds, the busy whirl, and the swift press, and the hot sunlight of the city we have left without. He had never known in all the years of his existence that profound exhaustion, that death-like prostration, in which all vitality seems suspended, and in which a lulled,

dreamy, listless meditation is all of which we are left capable; he knew them now as he lay gazing at the altar, with its dead Christ and its white summer lilies, and the bowed form of the kneeling nun, while all sense of pain, of weakness, of thirst for the just vengeance he would rise and reach drifted from him, merged and lost in one memory. A memory luminous, poetic, angel-like, like the imaginations which fill the mind of painters with shapes divine and visions of beauty, but such as had never entered the life or the thoughts of Erceldoune till now, when, in the sunset stillness of the lonely oratory in Monastica he saw ever before him, with the gold light flung on the lustrous hair, and the depths of an unspeakable compassion in the fathomless eyes, the face of the woman who had saved him.

Where was she?

He questioned ceaselessly for many days each of the Order who came to his bedside and tended him with skilled care, and brought him cool fruits and sherbet, and prayed for him at the altar, where the lilies were placed fresh with every dawn, and the dead God looked down with serene and mournful smile. He insisted that a woman had come to him in the defile when he lay there dying, and had given him water, and had saved him. They thought his persistence the remembrance of some delirious hallucination, some dream which haunted him, and which he could not sever from reality. He saw the Moldavian serfs, who came each day during his danger to the convent for news of him, and, whilst he rewarded them, interrogated them as to how and where they had discovered him. They answered that a dog had led them to where he lay, and that they had seen that he was all but lifeless, and had made a litter of pine-boughs and brought him to the gates of Monastica for succour. When he pressed them, and insisted that a woman had been the first to rescue him, the Moldavians shook their heads; *they* had found him, and had brought him hither, which the nuns corroborated. They had barely more intelligence than that of a kindly good-humoured animal, and adhered doggedly to their statement; it was useless to question them; Erceldoune had them given half the gold pieces in his travelling-belt, and let them go. It was not his nature to pursue uselessly, nor to give expression to a futile annoyance or an unavailing disappointment; he was silent from that moment on the subject.

The Religiouses thought he had become convinced that his fancy was the phantom of his delirium, dissipated by reality; they were wrong, however. Erceldoune remained certain that no unreality, no mere vision fever begotten, would have been impressed as this was upon him; he *remembered* what it would have been wholly unlike him to have *imagined*. And this fugitive memory of one who had been his saviour in his extremity, yet who was lost to him on his awakening to consciousness, filled his thoughts unceasingly during the strange lull of his life in the solitudes of Monastica.

For many weeks he lay there in the antique quiet chamber, with the glimpse of hill and torrent through its single casement, and the cadence of the *Angelus* or the *Pro Peccatis* alone breaking the stillness at matins, mass, or vespers; the inaction, the imprisonment, the monotony of the convent were as intolerable to him as to a fettered lion, for

though solitude was his preference, it needed to be the solitude of freedom, of action, and of the grandeur of desert wilds. He recovered slowly but surely, the science of the sisters and his own unequalled strength bringing him through in the teeth of imminent peril; but it was far into the autumn and the pines were the only trees in leaf in the Moldavian woods, when he rose with anything of his old power in his limbs, with anything of the old muscular force in his right arm, and breathed without pain, and was free to go back to the world of the living without danger.

Meanwhile, Europe rang for a space with his attempted assassination. As soon as he had power he dictated the relation of his arrest in the pine-forest, and had it sent severally to the plenipotentiary in waiting at Jassy, and to the F. O. at home. A Queen's Messenger could not have been left for murdered, and English State papers of the first and most secret importance been waylaid by so singular and trained a conspiracy without the outrage being of import, and rousing alike the wrath of his government and the speculations of all other Powers. That those who had stopped him were no ordinary assassins and marauders the object of their plunder showed; common banditti would have menaced his money, not his despatches; that they were men of far higher grade, too, than Moldavian brigands, he had known by the tone of their voices, and that the one whose vote had been given to "kill the Border Eagle," and whose shot had lodged in his chest, was the man who had entered into conversation with him in the *Café Minuit*, he felt convinced; while the mere expression used argued more personal knowledge of him than any mere mountain robber from the Carpathians or the Principalities could have possessed. It seemed evident that his enemies had been men of considerable resources and power, that they had been well acquainted with his movements, and that their object had been political. Southern Europe was in the throes of revolt, and much of Central and Eastern Europe seething in intrigue; political gamesters would have counted one man's assassination a very little cost for the gain of political information and advantage in their unscrupulous Hazard.

At home, Erceldoune's special friend, Lord Lessington, was furious at the outrage to his favourite; the F. O. was aghast at the interruption of its most private and intricate "instructions;" the Upper and Lower House would have made matter for stormy debates and European questions from it had Parliament been sitting; the press resounded with the story; photographers crowded their windows with photographs of the pass and the struggle, taken, it is to be supposed, by a clairvoyant camera; and England did what she customarily does in such matters—growled at large Powers with threats, for which she apologised afterwards, and terrified the Principalities, being small, helpless, distant, and of vague geographical whereabouts to the English public at large, into an agonising state of fear, and an enormous penalty for "indemnity."

Amidst all, the criminals remained untracked. Moldavia said she did all she could to discover and render them up to justice. Whether or not this were true, they were undiscovered; the little State was heavily mulcted for the outrage, and the perpetrators went scot free at large, the night and their masks having shrouded them, the pine-forests telling no tales, and the sole clue to their subsequent identification lying in Excel-



doune's recognition by voice of their ringleader, as the vivacious and graceful bewailer for the sacrifice of crystallised violets, he had met at the Paris café.

The menace of England failed to track his assassins and bring them to their reckoning; but Erceldoune swore that sooner or later his own vengeance should find them, and strike home to that tiger brute whose soft, mellow, mocking laugh he would know again though a score of years should have rolled away before he stood face to face with the cruel craven.

"You bear no malice to your savage murderers, my son?" said the Abbess of Monastica to him, wistfully, one day, an aged woman, white-haired and venerable, gentle as a child, and unworldly as an infant, for she had taken the veil in her fourteenth year, and had never left the convent now that she had reached her seventieth, save on an occasional visit, as permitted by Moldavian rules, to the innocent festivities of Jassy.

"Malice, madam? No!" answered Erceldoune, with a disdainful laugh in his deep rich voice. "I am not a woman!"

The Abbess looked at him wistfully still; the answer was affirmative, yet she was not wholly secure that this was the meek and lowly mercy which she sought to win from him.

"Then you forgive them, my son, and would remember, if you met them, the Lamb of God's injunction, 'If thy enemy smite thee on one cheek, give him the other,' and would refrain from all vengeance—would you not?"

Erceldoune's hand came down on the massive oak table standing by him with a force that shook it to its centre.

"By my honour, madam, I would remember it so, that the life should not be left in one of them! Forgive? Ay! when I have turned dastard like them!"

The Mother Superior gazed at him with gentle, perplexed trouble in her eyes; the childlike innocent woman could not understand the grand, strong, generous, unfettered nature of the man, with its deep passions and its haughty honour, which made the low serpent meanness of malice as impossible and incomprehensible to him as it made the chastisement of cowardice and the vengeance of treachery instinctive and imperative, as resistless as an impulse as it was sacred as a duty.

"But forgiveness is God-like, my son!" she said, softly.

"Maybe, madam; but I am mortal."

"But it is a human duty!"

"To an open, gallant foe, madam—yes! I will render it to-morrow, and honour him from my soul the better he fights me and the harder he strikes; but the serpent that stings me in the dark I set my heel on, for the vermin he is, and serve God and man when I strangle him!"

The dark blood was roused in Erceldoune when he spoke of the dastard slaughterers, who had brought eight men against one, and had shot him down when his right arm was broken and his fire expended; every vein and muscle in him seemed burning and straining to get at them face to face in a fair struggle, and teach them in a deadly reckoning the vengeance of the Border Eagle.

The venerable Abbess sighed; she had ministered to him through his

unconsciousness and through his suffering, she had seen him bear his torture with a silent endurance that seemed to her superhuman in its heroism, and she had wept over the stately stature, levelled like the cedar felled by the axe, and the superb strength brought down to worse than a child's weakness, till she had felt for him something of a mother's tenderness, and found it hard to urge him to love and to pardon his injurers. Moreover, gentle Mother Veronica was no casuist.

"It must be bitter, my son, I know," she murmured, "and the evil spirit is strong in us, and fearful to subdue; but one who suffered a deadlier wrong than thine forgave the traitor and the murderer, though Judas sold him to the Cross."

Erceldoune gave a movement of impatience, and the muscles of his arm straightened as though by sheer instinct of longing to "deliver from the shoulder."

"Pardon me, holy mother, I am no theologian! But I know this, that if there had been a touch of loyalty and fealty among the eleven left, that scoundrel of Iscariot would not have lived till the morrow to hang himself. If I had been in Galilee, he would have had a lunge of steel through his lungs, and died a traitor's death!"

So startling a view of apostolic duty had never penetrated the sacred walls of the convent of Monastica; the whole range of her instruction from the Church had never given her a rule by which to deal with such a novel article of creed, and she sat silent, gazing at him with a wistful bewilderment, wondering what the sainted Remigius had replied when King Clovis gave him a similar answer.

Erceldoune, who felt a sincere gratitude to the gentle and aged woman who had shown him a mother's tenderness and care throughout a lengthened peril, bent to her with gentle reverence, and that stately and chivalrous courtesy which was habitual to him with women, and which savoured much of the *vielle cour*.

"Pardon me, madam, I spoke something roughly, and men should not talk of these matters to women. There is one broad ground on which we can meet and understand one another, that of your goodness to a stranger, and his sincere recognition of it. Let that suffice!"

And holy Mother Veronica smiled wistfully on him, and after seventy years of unsullied devotion to the Supreme Church, found herself guilty of the horrible heresy of loving one whose soul was lost, and whose wild living will, and grand, erring, wayward creeds, were the most fatal forms of tumult and revolt against which the Infallible Faith warned her!

An eagle from his native Cheviot-side fettered in a cage, would not have been less fitted for it than Erceldoune for his imprisonment at Monastica; as soon as he was strong enough to be raised in his couch, and was able to use his arm, he beguiled the time with what had often whiled away hours and days of enforced inaction, in quarantine, on board ship, becalmed in the tropics, or cooped up in Marseilles during the mistral. He painted extremely well. He was too thorough a man of action, too truly the English Effendi of the Eastern and Southern nations, ever to take art or indolence by choice; but there had come many times in his life when to paint the rare scenery, or the picturesque groupings around him, had been his only available pursuit; and he did this with singular

dash and delicacy, vividness and truth. Erceldoune would never have been a creative artist; he had not the imaginative or poetic faculty which idealises, it was wholly alien to his nature and his habits; but what he *saw* he rendered with a force, a fidelity, and a brilliance of hue which painters by the score had envied him. He passed the dreary weeks now at Monastica painting what he had seen; and the picture grew into such life and loveliness that the nuns marvelled when they looked on it, as the Religiouses of Bruges marvelled when they saw the "Marriage of St. Katherine" left in legacy to them by the soldier-artist Hans Hemling, whose wounds they had dressed; and cried out that it should be the Virginal altar-piece in a world-famed cathedral. Yet the picture was but a woman's face—a face with deep lustrous eyes, and hair with a golden reflex on it, and lips which wore a smile that had something more profound than sadness, and more divine than tenderness; a face looking downward from an aureole of light, half sunlit and half shadowed.

"Now I know that I have seen it, or I could not have painted it," said Erceldoune to himself, as he cast down his brushes; and that was why he had done so.

"Keep the picture, madam, as altar-piece, or what it please you, in token of my gratitude at the least for the kindness I cannot hope to return," he said to the Mother Superior; "and, if you ever see a woman whose likeness you recognise in it, she will be the one to whom I first owed the rescue of my life. Tell her Fulke Erceldoune waits to pay his debt."

And Mother Veronica heard him with as much pain in his last words as she had had pleasure in his first, for she saw that the phantom of his delirium was still strong on him, and feared that his mind must wander, to be so haunted by this mere hallucination of the lady of his dreams.

A few days later on, Erceldoune, able at last to endure the return journey through the mountains and across Hungary, attended a Te Deum to gratify the Abbess, in celebration and thanksgiving for his own restoration from death to life; left his three months' pay to the almsgiving of the Order; bowed his lofty head for the tearful benediction of the Mother Superior; and quitted the innocent community of religious women, in whose convent he had found asylum in the heart of the lonely Moldavian pine-woods; the *Angelus* chiming him a soft and solemn farewell as in the late leafless autumn, while the black Danube was swelling with the first rains of winter, and the forests were strewn with the yellow leaves that covered the grave of his dead Syrian, he went out from the solitudes of Monastica back to the living world.

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## THE GROTTA OF HAN.

"ONLY for ten days, though."

"Very well; where shall we go?"

"Ah, that is a matter for consideration."

"Switzerland?"

"It seems scarcely worth while to rush in frantic haste to Switzerland for one week—besides, I don't care for clambering up mountains. I admire them as adding to the charms of the valleys below, but I like to keep at a respectful distance from them—snowy peaks and glaciers are very well in their way, but it's not mine—I agree with Sir Charles Coldstream in preferring the ice at Gunter's—'less trouble, and more in it.'"

"Shall we make a tour in the English Lake districts, then, or in North Wales?"

"No, I object to travelling in England; the hotels are dismal and expensive, and smoking is not allowed on the railways."

"France—Belgium?"

"I think the latter; let us spend a few days in the romantic region of the Ardennes, where Rosalind taught Orlando how to woo, and Silvius sighed for Phoebe; where Jacques indulged in his pensive philosophy, and——"

"Yes, yes. Is the scenery fine there?"

"Very; wild sylvan scenes, the Meuse winding between hanging woods and castled crags that remind one of the Rhine. We can spend a few days, too, at Spa, a most charming little watering-place on the outskirts of the forest, with walks and rides through the woodlands, extensive tables d'hôte, music perpetually, rouge-et-noir, and sparkling steel waters, as *Bradshaw* calls them."

"I should like to visit the Ardennes and the Spa very much."

A few days after we were en route. The railway conveyed us to Dover, and the night packet took us across the calm and starlit channel to Ostend. There, in the fresh sea-breeze of the morning, we bathed from the yellow sands, undressing in a comfortable machine, and arranging ourselves in a becoming and convenient costume, which enabled us to disport ourselves in the water in the delightful vicinity of the gracefully-attired fair sex, and rendered the act of bathing an hilarious and rather romantic proceeding instead of a prosaic process as at English sea-side places, where the charms of the swain can barely compensate for the numerous annoyances inflicted on the bather.

From Ostend we journeyed along the road of iron, past picturesque old Bruges and busy Ghent to Brussels—happy city! devoted entirely to eating the most delicious ices, and listening to enchanting music beneath the balmy evening skies in a fairy grove where trees, silvered in the soft radiance of the lights of modern art, rustle gentle accompaniments, and play bo-peep with the stars as their feathery tops sweep the spangled heaven. From Brussels the Luxembourg railway carried us to Namur. Gradually, the flat scenery of the Low Countries, rich in grain and fruit-trees, gave way to wooded hills and undulating valleys. Finally,

we crossed the Meuse, glittering in the mid-day sun, and came in sight of Namur, and the frowning fortifications upon its neighbouring summits, then descended from the train with the notion of ascending the river by the steamer to Dinant.

The boat was advertised to start at two o'clock, but the steamers that ply between Namur and Dinant on the Meuse are boats of irregular habits, partly produced by the difficulties against which they have to contend in the extreme shallowness of the stream, and partly because they depend for their support less upon tourists than upon the country people, who in Belgium never appear to be in a hurry, and the consequence was that three o'clock arrived without any signs of the steamer arriving also.

Two Belgian gentlemen, a number of rustics in blue blouses, and some bales of goods, with the corpses of two murdered pigs, were waiting, and the former presently stated their conviction that the boat at Vapour had no intention of arriving at all, and took themselves off to the railway station, whereupon we followed their example, with our carpet-bags, and as the train ran along the side of the river the whole way, we did not regret our change of conveyance, particularly as we accomplished the journey in half an hour instead of five hours, which, we were subsequently informed, was the time occupied by the steamers, owing to the lowness of the river and the strength of the current.

Dinant is a picturesque little town, charmingly situated along the banks of the Meuse, beneath overhanging precipices and heights, with terraced gardens constructed on their slopes, and crowned by an inaccessible-looking fort. It is on the outskirts of the famous forest of Ardenne, a name associated in our minds with visions of soft romance, with the quaint pleasures of the merry greenwood, and the fantastic musings inspired "under the shade of melancholy boughs;" associated also with ideas of adventure, war, and the chase, and deeds of violence, invested by poetry with a halo of sentiment that veils their real brutality, so that we rather admire than execrate the name of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of the Ardennes.

Many interesting excursions can be made from Dinant, but the one which is especially recommended is to view the Grotto of Han, which is reached by a drive of about fifteen miles through the forest.

My friend and I have both the misfortune, if it be a misfortune, to be poor, but we have the compensating good fortune of being excellent pedestrians, and we formerly made a walking tour together in North Wales with knapsacks on our backs, when, in military parlance to suit the knapsacks, we did not fall out once, though in civil phrase, or rather uncivil expression, we fell out rather frequently; never, however, coming to other blows than those of the mountains. But upon this occasion, our host of the *Hôtel des Postes* at Dinant represented so volubly the advantages of his *voiture à deux chevaux*, which would convey us to the celebrated cave through the enchanting scenery of the Ardennes for the very moderate price of twenty-five francs, including "*les domestiques*," as he said, and everything else, that we could not resist going thither in that luxurious fashion, instead of setting forth to walk, as we should have done in the days of youth and hope when there was no heavy load of a heart to carry. We discovered, though, when we saw

our bill the next day, that under the term "domestique" he did not count the cocher, whose liquor was charged to the amount of four francs, and although we threatened the landlord with the terrors of writing to the *Times* to expose this extortion, he insisted upon his right to the money, and we paid it with the determination of trying the Hôtel de la Tête d'Or upon the occasion of our next visit to Dinant.

It was on one of those bright mornings with which the month of August very often abounds, that two young men, whose ingenuous countenances, fine figures, and stately bearing, proclaimed them Englishmen—in fact ourselves—finished their breakfast of the most delicious fresh trout, and the most fragrant café au lait, and proceeded to rumble down the long narrow street of the town of Dinant in an open carriage drawn by two horses, whose peaked collars, rope traces, and generally dingy harness, proclaimed them foreigners. The equipage, as our host himself confessed, was not brilliant, but we were not going to exhibit ourselves in Hyde Park.

Emerging from the white houses and groups of chubby infantile Belgians, we passed under the arched rock which guards, like a huge watch-tower, the southern approach to the town, and, turning to the left, we wound upwards through a thickly-wooded defile which opened to a tract of fair cultivated country, through which we could trace the course of our road by the avenue of trees which had been planted along it for the whole distance, affording delightful shade to the wayfarer. Again we entered a region of dense forest-land, in the midst of which, standing up from the dark green masses of foliage, we saw the royal château, one of the hunting-lodges of King Leopold, with its square white walls and pepper-pot turrets. Then we passed through a flourishing village, overlooked by a manor-house sort of château, not so neat, perhaps, as the villages in most parts of England, but with decent cottages, and full of contented and healthy-looking rustics. And, turning off the main road, we forded a musical, pebbly river, the water of which nearly covered the wheels of our carriage, and entered upon a mere track through a wild country, with occasional patches of cultivation, forded a second stream, and finally, after a journey of about four hours' duration, found ourselves in front of the Hôtel de la Grotte, in the village of Han.

A smiling damsel ushered us into the inn, gave us bread, butter, Dutch cheese, and beer of Louvain, to allay our hunger and thirst for the present, told us that cold meat should be ready for us on our return from our sight-seeing, and introduced us to a hardy-looking youth, who, she informed us, was one of the guides to the interior of the celebrated grotto. We accordingly entrusted ourselves to him, and he forthwith requested us to follow a small and very red-headed girl, who would show us the way to the mouth of the cavern, while he went round some other way for some purpose or other. The consequence of this arrangement was, that, although she guided us safely to the entrance of the grotto, she neglected to show us a grand and interesting object in its neighbourhood—the place where the river Lesse, which flows through the cave, makes its entrance. According to the literally translated account in the "Guide-Album of the Traveller to the Grotto of Han," which we unfortunately did not purchase till after we had inspected the place, the river, "wind-

ing in this delicious valley forms suddenly an angle, quits brusquely its bed, and precipitates itself from cascade to cascade, with a frightful roaring, into the sides of an obscure cavern, where it engulfs itself at an unknown depth."

It has invariably been my lamentable destiny in the various parts of the world to which I have wandered, to neglect to see something which ought to be especially seen. When I first visited Antwerp, I departed without viewing the great picture of the "Descent from the Cross." When I was at Venice, I actually omitted to stand upon the Bridge of Sighs and repeat Byron's lines. After crossing the pass of the Splugen, I descended Lake Como by the steamer one morning, in such heavy rain that I was compelled to seek the shelter of the cabin for the greater part of the way, and I went on to Milan, with the intention of returning to Como, but was prevented by circumstances, so that I passed over one of the loveliest lakes in Italy without enjoying and with scarcely seeing its beauties. When on my way from Stirling to Glasgow, I crossed Loch Lomond, although it was in the middle of a summer's day, the mist was so thick that I literally did not see any more of the shore than one small headland, to which the steam-boat happened to pass very near. When I was in India, although I was within a day's journey of Lucknow, I had no opportunity of paying it a visit; and although I was near enough to the Himalayas to see their snowy peaks glowing in the red light of the sunset, I was unable to leave the plains and make a closer inspection of their glories. I was for two days in Dublin without seeing the Phoenix, and I finally lived for six months in Portsmouth without going over the old *Victory*.

Having, therefore, committed my usual oversight, I, with my friend, followed the bright-haired girl into the dark entrance of the cave, situated half way up the side of a hill, thickly wooded and interspersed with jagged rocks. I knew by the light of my imagination, assisted by indistinct recollections of books read in boyhood, the perils to which I should be exposed; how that I should have to crawl along stifling passages in the rock on my hands and knees, and to be let down from one fearful abyss to another by a slender rope tied round my waist; but I did not hesitate, and the countenance of my companion also expressed that calm courage so characteristic of our countrymen. To tell the truth, we fancied that the whole affair was not unlikely to prove to be what is popularly termed a humbug, and we were rather indignant at being informed that the proprietor demanded a fee of five francs from each person visiting the grotto; indeed, I almost doubted whether it would be ten times as much worth seeing as a grotto of shells which I was once permitted to inspect at Margate for the payment of sixpence. Both anticipations were incorrect, for our subterranean route was perfectly safe, and sufficiently convenient, but the Grotto of Han must certainly be one of the most wonderful, beautiful, and extensive caves in the world.

We found in a small chamber in the rock a party consisting of a middle-aged gentleman and three very middle-aged ladies, with two or three children, and also of a fat, good-humoured-looking old Flemish couple, preparing to view the cavern. Three or four rustics, among whom was a second red-headed girl, apparently the elder sister of our little guide, were assisting the ladies to adapt their costumes to their subterranean wanderings, by tucking up their skirts, &c. The scene was amusing, but I felt that I could no longer hope to experience any new sensation of awe,

however vast and gloomy the place might be, in the company of this unromantic party of old women and children. Had the ladies been younger, indeed——However, in a few minutes the preparations were completed; the guides, consisting of an elderly man, of the able-bodied youth who had been engaged by us, and of the two red-haired girls, furnished themselves with oil lamps. The two men offered their arms to two of the old ladies, and the whole party got in motion, stumbling and sliding down a slimy passage in the rock. The fat, ruddy faces of the old Flemish couple beamed with good humour, and they evidently thought the whole affair a great joke, though the old gentleman was already in a state of perspiration and quite out of breath. He had turned his coat inside out, which gave him a very remarkable appearance, while his good lady had removed her bonnet and displayed an eccentric brass head-dress, like a helmet with the crown cut off.

The passage presently opened into a cave equal in dimensions to a good-sized room, and which, the guide informed us, was called the Hall of the Beetles. He then lighted a bundle of straw at a lamp, and by the fitful flame revealed to us some beautiful formations of stalactites and stalagmites, that is to say, of petrifications dependent like icicles from the roof, and of others rising from the ground like fanciful and incomplete pillars. To the left the rock had fallen into a shape that could be conceived a richly-ornamented tent.

Descending another passage for a short distance, we entered the Hall of the Foxes, said to have been the great council-chamber of these animals in this part of the world till the year 1828, when they were ejected as objectionable tenants. Here, again, were some beautiful petrifications in the shapes of draperies and pillars, and one remarkable one like a beehive.

For three hours, with the exception of a short time in which we rested for refreshment, we wandered over a subterranean extent of about a square mile, through a succession of passages leading into chambers of various sizes, but all of great beauty. At points where there were objects of especial interest the guides lighted bundles of straw, and the younger man ran about the rough rocks like a young goat in his zeal to show their wonders effectively. Some of the passages were wide and regularly arched, as though tunnelled by the hand of man; some were so low and narrow, that we could only pass along them stooping and in single file, while in places the passage had been enlarged, having been originally so small that it was only possible to crawl through it, and occasionally steps had been cut to facilitate the progress of the visitor.

From the Hall of the Foxes we came to the Hall of the Frog, which has apparently been the theatre of some subterranean revolution, from the enormous blocks of limestone which it contains piled upon one another. Thence to the Hall Vigneron, remarkable for an enormous stalagmite resembling a set of organ-pipes. Next comes the gallery of the precipice, which is about twenty-five yards in length, and contains, among other beautiful crystallisations, an exact marble basin. At the end is a balcony of fairy lightness, surmounted by two rich pillars, which guard a deep, black abyss that appears to descend into the bowels of the earth.

Passing along the largest passage in the grotto, called *La Grande Rue*, and traversing two or three halls possessing no very remarkable objects,



we arrived at the Hall of the Trophy, which has a cone-shaped roof of about thirty-eight yards in height, with walls seemingly decorated with the flowing draperies of flags, and which has the appearance of a chapel adorned with a rustic altar. Thence we reached the Hall of the Cascade, wherein is a chain of alabaster petrifications twenty-seven feet in height, that appear to be an enchanted waterfall; then the Hall of the Abyss, at the end of which is a black gulf filled with water; then the Gallery of the Adventurers, which is about seventy-five yards in length, and which opens to *les mystérieuses*, a suite of halls, the first of which, called the Portico, might be a fit entrance to a fairy palace; the second is named the Mosque; the third the Marvellous; and the fourth, the most charming of all, the Hall of the Alhambra. The walls of this are formed in the most delicate and fanciful tracery in pure and shining white, and the roof is supported by two exquisite pillars of Moorish architecture. Retracing our steps for some little distance, we came to the second largest chamber in the grotto, the Place d'Armes, a circular hall of about sixty yards in diameter and twenty-two in height, through which the murky river plunges in a succession of small cascades, echoing awfully in the dim cavern, and appearing of fearful depth where the light shone upon black pools, which reflected the vaulted roof. Crossing by a bridge of planks, we found seats and a table furnished with bottles of sherry, and here we paused for a short time to recruit our energies, which must, on the part of most of our party, have been very much exhausted, though it is astonishing what old women can do when they are excited about anything.

Near the Place d'Armes is another approach to the river, called the Styx Capitale, where a balcony overhangs the sullenly roaring waters at a height of some twenty yards.

The most beautiful effect of the water is obtained at a place where it is called the Cocytus. It lies in a deep and calm pool at the end of a cave, the roof of which, embellished with fantastic fan tracery, is reflected by the light of the lamps in the stream, and looks like some palace of enchantment, the home of water nymphs, rising with spires, and fretted domes, and delicate arches beneath the wave.

Descending stairs and passing through the Hall of the Sentinel, which presents nothing very remarkable, we entered the Hall of the Throne, a cavern of gloomy grandeur, that might be the throne-room of King Pluto, for at the end, beneath a gorgeously ornamented canopy, is a great throne, covered with embellishments well worthy of the state of the Ruler of the Shades; and from this we reached the Portico of the Draperies, where the rock has fallen into flowing shapes, thin and transparent as the works of the loom, and pendent from the walls, through which the light shines with rosy glow, as the guide burns behind them his bundles of straw. This forms a fitting entrance to the Boudoir of Proserpine, a charming chamber, with walls glistening with crystal, and containing a great lump of crystal that might be the diamond-inlaid dressing-table of Pluto's queen, and there is also a basin of pure cold water for her ablutions, which transforms the objects placed in it to sparkling stone. Leaving this sublime little cave, the Great Hall of the Dome is entered, the vastest chamber of this subterranean palace. It is about 150 yards in length, 140 yards in breadth, and 300 feet in height, and, though it does not possess the beauty of the smaller caves, the contemplation of the magnificence of its dimensions, dimly seen by the aid of the lamps and

straw torches, the vast dome-shaped vault above, the extent of the cavern lost in black shadows and mysterious voids, render it a fitting great hall to this palace of King Pluto. The intruder, accustomed to his annual Christmas pantomime, might expect to find himself surrounded by big-headed demons in flame-coloured garments executing a wild dance, and flourishing their tinfoil pitchforks, while the orchestra performed demoniacal music.

Seizing me, their wretched captive, two of the demons, whose hideous features had an unchanging expression of fiendish wickedness, bore me, in obedience to the mandate of their dread monarch, swiftly from the scene. Hurrying me along a grim passage of black and glittering granite, they emerged upon a more open space. On all sides huge rocks were piled in horrible chaos, as though the demons had been playing at bowls with them, and hurriedly thrown them together on being summoned to business. Through the midst flowed a dark and silent river. We embarked upon this awful stream, dimly seen in the lurid glare that shone from the fiends' pitchforks.

As the flames partially illumined the sombre vault above, they disturbed horrible winged things, vampires and harpies, which fluttered about us, chilling the very marrow in my bones. Was I, then, a condemned soul? Was this old Charon's ferry? Was my case hopeless? I reassured myself by reflecting that although I was in the power of a fell fiend, I had not as yet any reason to believe that I had come under the especial notice of the king of the lower world himself. This fiend had conceived a passion for the lovely Lauretta, and was jealous of me, her accepted swain—that was the fact. But oh! could nothing save me? The channel of the river grew narrower and darker as the demons quenched their burning pitchforks in the inky flood. Suddenly, a ray of clear silvery light streamed through the gloom. The cavern opened, and on a bank of emeralds, whereon was shed a lustre softer than moonshine, I saw the benevolent fairy Daystar. She waved her white diamond-bedecked wand, and the demons fled howling, while the dungeons of despair sunk to a grand crash of drums and trombones. The music changed to a sweet ærial strain, and I found myself transported to the blissful realms of the Fansea islands, where the flowers were bright gems, concealing in their gorgeous petals fascinating fairies in short muslin. But I am afraid that I am mixing up my recollections of the Grotto of Han with those of some pantomime. The effect, however, of the light shining upon the river and rugged rock at the mouth of the cave is very beautiful, and the transition from the gloom of the dark vault and murky stream flowing through it to the sunshine, flowers, and green grass of a pretty garden, is marvellously charming.

As soon as the landing is effected from the boat, by which alone access can be obtained to the cave on this side, the guide fires a small cannon placed at the entrance, and, according to the words of the "celebrated" Doctor Alleweireldt, in the Belgian Guide-book to the Grotto, "immediately after the first sound, a second follows, then a third, a fourth, and so on from twelve to eighteen seconds. At each fresh echo the sound seems more remote, till the last appears to be some leagues distant, too far removed for the re-percussion to be circumscribed within the limits of the parts of the Grotto which have been opened to visitors. Probably a vast extent remains to be traversed."

## MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S ESSAYS.\*

As the work of a learned and accomplished man, Mr. Arnold's writings deserve attention; but the attention which will be given to these essays will be given to them, at least in part, because of the peculiar position in which their author stands, and stands not altogether because of his accomplishments and learning. Mr. Arnold is in the advance-guard of the literary army. From his place in the front he can discern the country which as yet has not been reached. In other words, he is believed to be before his contemporaries; and it is assumed that his criticisms—not the most popular in the present day—will be approved in the future.

✓ He stands apart, or strives to stand apart, from all literary cliques. He will be responsible for his own opinions only: for these he may change whenever he chooses. It is not, he says himself, in his nature to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even his own, very obstinately. He tries to approach the truth on one side after another. He wishes to be tolerant; yet he is rather fastidious. He shows no local pride, and very little national pride. He has a contempt for provincial vulgarity, and would on no account be accused of the "acht-britische Beschränktheit." He will be nothing if not cosmopolitan. He believes

That through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

For him, indeed, "the individual withers, and the world grows more and more."

In collecting the various papers which appear in the volume he has just issued, Mr. Arnold, we doubt not, had quite another motive than that of mere book-making. To show what from the fields of literature we had best glean is, we think, his aim. "Essays in Criticism" he has called his book; and within its pages he has defined criticism as "the disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Such an endeavour he has made, and the result is before us.

The contents of the volume are, as may be expected, of a very miscellaneous character. The writer has little to say about the English literature of the present time; and that little is not in its praise. He says, very truly, that of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, "the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort." And he adds, to our disparagement, that "almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires—criticism." And so he argues that the power of English literature is impaired, and its value lessened. He would say that this is not a creative period in literature; that these are times in which work long done is to be tested; and that not until the foundations of that work are proved to be sure—and therefore kept to, or proved to be false, and therefore abandoned—can men

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\* Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. Macmillan and Co.

begin to build again. And the world, he would say, is aware of this; and because it is aware of it, a restless inquiry, an eager criticism, is the characteristic of contemporary literature. As far as religious literature is concerned, this view, we suppose, is correct; as regards other literature it may not be quite so true. Is it not possible that, in his wanderings far a field, Mr. Arnold may undervalue what his own country has produced? Is it not possible that, in his wide survey of the work to which men of letters in France and Germany are devoting themselves, he may forget that, while they have been testing, undermining, pulling down—according to their several tastes or tendencies—men of letters in England have never stayed themselves in their building, and have reared some things that, after all, are not quite useless? At least, they have written the “French Revolution,” “Vanity Fair,” “In Memoriam,” “Men and Women.”

These are works which could scarcely have been produced in a country fettered by strictly classic rules. The influence of an Academy upon the writers of these works might have been baneful; not beneficial. The literary influence of Academies Mr. Arnold approves. He believes—if we rightly understand him—that our literature would have been a better literature if our authors had been subjected to an Academy's rules. But the round stone will not fit the square hole; nor the square stone the round hole. New wine refuses to be poured into old bottles. The bondage of custom would weigh most heavily upon some of the chief branches of English literature. The influence of an Academy would make criticism easy and creation difficult. Mr. Arnold sees the case only from the critic's point of view. He discusses the subject at some length in the second paper in this book; but we shall not further speak of it here.

“The Function of Criticism at the Present Time” is the title of the first paper in the volume. Its purpose appears to be to maintain the dignity of criticism, or, rather, first of all to prove it—and this, we think, it fairly does. He asks in it, somewhat mournfully: “How much of current English literature comes into ‘the very best that is known or thought in the world?’”

Not very much, I fear; certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France and Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations which, I have said, is so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass—so much better disregarded—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it so far as they can by the best that is known and thought in the world; one may say that, to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own; and the more unlike his own, the better.

Criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible. Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. The epochs of *Æschylus* and *Shakespeare* make us feel their

pre-eminence. In epochs like those is, no doubt, the true life of a literature : there is the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness : but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries ; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

The extract we have made shows Mr. Arnold at his best ; and how very good that best is, every one will perceive. He argues well for the dignity and utility of criticism ; himself a critic most careful, most able, most honest—but at times a little impractical. Let us see now what he has to give us of “the best that is known and thought in the world.” The remaining pages of the book—that is, three-fourths of it—are devoted to criticism alone ; and by his own rule Mr. Arnold must be judged. Maurice de Guérin, Eugénie de Guérin, Heinrich Heine, Theocritus and S. Francis (Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment), Joubert, Spinoza, and Marcus Aurelius—all these are treated of in the “Essays in Criticism.”

The literary works of the two Guérins have of late attracted much attention. Brother and sister are both admired, but Eugénie's ability is generally more esteemed than Maurice's. Mr. Arnold does not take the common view. He prefers Maurice to the sister, but we are bound to say that the specimens he produces of Maurice's writing do not give us that high opinion of his genius which he himself has formed. Maurice de Guérin, like André Chénier, died before his literary faculty was known. He was a writer of poetry—in the favourite but inadequate metre of French poetry, the Alexandrine. He was also a writer of prose, and in prose writing Mr. Arnold thinks he excelled. But then he employed himself on subjects which Mr. Arnold seems to consider the most poetical : in his prose writing he sought to interpret nature, to get its secret, and be at harmony with it. He was, of course, a writer of merit. But what we have seen of his writings impresses us more with an idea of his elegance than of his strength. He lived much in retirement ; at his sister's home, Le Cayla ; in the religious retreat of La Chênaie ; at his friend's house, at the mouth of the Arguenon ; sometimes in Paris. But in Paris he was unhappy : town life was not the life for him. Life, which to some men means activity and warfare, meant for him repose and peace. He would see the battle from afar off, and only hear, when softened by distance, the voices that, heard close, were hoarse and loud in the conflict. “The best of what is known and thought in the world” ! Shall we have to go to Maurice de Guérin for that ?

But, after treating of the Guérins, Mr. Arnold has something to say of a man whose influence has been very great, if not very good. Heinrich Heine was born in 1798, and died in 1856—not an old man. He died in Paris, as most of us remember ; died tended by one who came from Germany to be near him and with him, and of whose life and love Romance has much to say. Upon Heinrich Heine, Goethe's mantle fell ; and there fell upon him not only the mantle of poetry, but something else which he prized—or affected to prize—even more than that.

“I know not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me

but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame, and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

So he spoke, who was master of many styles, who could be lively or severe, witty or serious—in prose and poetry—who could make people laugh and cry at the same sentence. Well, posterity will not grant him his request. We of this generation may put the sword upon his coffin, but it will not remain there very long. To us, as Mr. Arnold clearly shows, he may appear even more noteworthy for his fight against conventionality—against what Mr. Arnold would call "respectability," only that respectability is far too good a word to use—than for the beauty of the "Reisebilder," and the wide range of the later poems. But posterity will lay upon his coffin the laurel-wreath, which—though he asked it not—in his heart of hearts he desired. This is Mr. Arnold's opinion; and, in giving his grounds for holding it, he has made, we think, a worthy Essay in criticism.

Excellent, too, is the article upon Joubert—a man not, indeed, so famous as Heine, but still a man who—half forgotten in this generation—had a great influence over some of the best minds in his own. He, in his day, was a true critic, sound and complete in his judgments. Mr. Arnold has likened him to Coleridge, though from some of Coleridge's faults Joubert was free. Joubert was prevented by constant ill health from doing much active work; Coleridge was prevented by indisposition of the mind rather than of the body. Here, indeed, is a difference; but let Mr. Arnold show the similarity:

Both of them great and celebrated talkers, Joubert attracting pilgrims to his upper chamber in the Rue Saint Honoré, as Coleridge attracted pilgrims to Mr. Gilman's, at Highgate; both of them desultory and incomplete writers,—here they had an outward likeness with one another. Both of them passionately devoted to reading in a class of books, and to thinking on a class of subjects, out of the beaten line of the reading and thought of their day; both of them ardent students and critics of old literature, poetry, and the metaphysics of religion; both of them curious explorers of words, and of the latent significance hidden under the popular use of them; both of them, in a certain sense, Conservative in religion and politics, by antipathy to the narrow and shallow foolishness of vulgar modern Liberalism;—here they had their inward and real likeness. But that in which the essence of their likeness consisted is this—that they both had from nature an ardent impulse for seeking the genuine truth on all matters they thought about, and a gift for finding it, and recognising it when it was found. To have the impulse for seeking it is much rarer than most people think; to have the gift for finding it, is, I need not say, very rare indeed. By this they have a spiritual relationship of the closest kind with one another, and they become, each of them, a source of stimulus and progress for all of us.

As a writer, Joubert *s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire*. His efforts, through years of frequent pain and occasional prostration, have—because of this his characteristic, the longing for perfection—a value greatly enhanced. There are few men in our day who may not take a lesson from the patience of his labour. We see in him—with admiration—the genuine artist, content

to rest in Art,  
And waive a little of his claim.

But the justice of any claim to regard, to which he ever thought himself entitled, we shall assuredly be willing to admit. A few of his sayings must be given here :

"Do not bring into the domain of reasoning that which belongs to our innermost feeling. State truths of sentiment, and do not try to prove them. There is a danger in such proofs, for, in arguing, it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic; now, that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic ends by appearing to us as really doubtful."

"May I say it? It is not hard to know GOD, provided one will not force oneself to define Him."

To the modern cry for liberty, he was wont to answer :

"Moral liberty is the one vitally important liberty, the one liberty which is indispensable ; the other liberty is good and salutary only so far as it favours this. Subordination is in itself a better thing than independence. The one means harmony, the other a single tone; the one is the whole, the other is but the part."\*

Of Joubert and his words of wisdom we have now said all that our space will allow us to say, and our notice of the book in which his name is introduced must hasten to its end.

Spinoza and Marcus Aurelius are the remaining characters treated of by Mr. Arnold. The appearance of translations of the writings of both was the reason for their finding a place in the "Essays in Criticism." Spinoza's works—always interesting to men of theological learning—have, perhaps, in the present day a more general interest and value. And the few facts which are given us concerning his life and labour are, for common readers, clearly and pleasantly stated. Marcus Aurelius, too, is brought before us in strong colours; not a skeleton exhumed, but a living, moving man. And the reason that he stands before us thus, so plainly and to so great advantage, is that Mr. Arnold seems to have entered into the spirit of the best Pagan teaching, and to have made admirable selections from the emperor's works. Let our author himself say a few words about Marcus Aurelius—almost the last words in the "Essays in Criticism :"

It is remarkable how little of a merely local and temporary character, how little of those *scoriae* which a reader has to clear away before he gets to the precious ore, how little that even admits of doubt or question, the morality of Marcus Aurelius exhibits. In general, the action he prescribes is action which every sound nature must recognise as right, and the motives he assigns are motives which every clear reason must recognise as valid. And so he remains the especial friend and comforter of all scrupulous and difficult, yet pure and upward-striving souls, in those ages most especially that walk by sight, not by faith, that have no open vision ; he cannot give such souls, perhaps, all they yearn for, but he gives them much ; and what he gives them they can receive.

Yet no, it is not on this account that such souls love him most ; it is rather because of the emotion which gives to his voice so touching an accent ; it is because he, too, yearns as they do for something unattained by him. What an affinity for Christianity had this persecutor of the Christians ! The effusion of Christianity, its relieving tears, its happy self-sacrifice, were the very element,

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\* This may suit Mr. Arnold and the thoughtful Liberals, but how would it suit Lord Amberley? How would it be listened to in the Free Trade Hall?

one feels, for which his soul longed: they were near him, he touched them, he passed them by.

We have come to the end of what we had to say of Mr. Arnold's book. Something, indeed, of "the best that is known and thought in the world" he has given us; and he has given it in that disinterested spirit the possession of which is one of the most needful qualifications of a critic. Many of his judgments will be approved, and some will be contested. But whether we agree with them, or whether we differ from them, we shall surely say that "Essays in Criticism" are on no account to be classed with the mass—"so much better disregarded"—of current English literature.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

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#### A HINT TO IRISH LANDLORDS IN THE SHOOTING SEASON.

THERE is a strange-looking, hard old man, with a face like granite, at present living in the county of Armagh, within eight miles of Newry, who, forty or fifty years ago, ran the hourly risk of assassination, and still imagines he is hardly safe from Ribbon violence. Bullets have whistled past his head along quiet country roads; they have torn up the bed-clothes on his empty bed, while he was himself cowering under the window; his mill has been burned to the ground; his cattle have been maimed or killed; and he has received more pictures, in the rudest style of Ribbon art, of coffins, skulls, and cross-bones, than any Irish landlord or agent of my acquaintance. Yet, for forty years past he has been untouched; and no one has ever threatened—since, I believe, 1820—to molest him, or will ever do so, I predict, till the day of his death. Here is a secret for Irish landlords—an infallible specific against assassination—which I commend to their judgment.

Let me tell this man's story. He is a farmer and miller, residing in a district of county Armagh, which was once a scene of the most shocking murders and robberies; and he has amassed, by great industry and thrift, a considerable sum of money. Fully six feet in height, with almost no perceptible stoop, he retains in his seventy-sixth year much of the elasticity and vigour of his youth; but his scarred face, and his uneasy, wandering eye, evidently belong to a nature that has been fearfully tried and scathed. This man was, till two years ago, a member of my congregation, and I know that he never came to church without a large pistol in his pocket; he never stayed till night at either fair or market; he never allowed any one to travel behind him on the road without challenge or question of some sort; and—if he had to journey in the dark—he was never without company. One night, as he was going home from Newry with his carts and servants, he had dropped somewhat behind, and was hastening on to the front, when he heard a voice from behind say, "It's a fine night, Mr. H." Before the words had almost passed the speaker's lips, he felt the cold muzzle of the old man's pistol



on his brow, and might have been shot on the spot but that he mentioned his name, which was that of a well-known and trusty neighbour. The fact is, that Mr. H., though quite secure from assassination, has never yet got rid of his fears and suspicions.

I was once spending the evening under his hospitable roof, and the conversation very naturally turned—for old men are retrospective—upon the incidents of his early life.

"How is it," said I, "that you became so obnoxious to your neighbours?"

"Well," said he, "it was in the year 1816—the very year, I think, of the Wild-gorse Lodge murders—that I came over to live in my present place. I found myself almost the only Protestant in the midst of a dense Catholic population. I had none but Catholics in my mill. My head-miller displeased me, and I dismissed him from my employment, and took another man in his place—of course, a Catholic like himself. In a day or two I found a notice posted on my mill-door, demanding that I should at once reinstate the old overseer, and threatening to burn my mill if I did not instantly obey. The notice was signed by the 'Carders,' who gave a great deal of trouble about that time in the country; but I defied their threats, and refused to take back my old miller. The Carders were as good as their word. They burned down my mill. I then applied to the grand jury for damages, and got what rebuilt my mill and indemnified me against all losses; and what made the thing very galling to the Carders, who were mostly my nearest neighbours, the whole amount was levied by the high sheriff off this and another townland. The poor creatures were obliged to pay the large sums assessed upon them, but they were resolved to take their revenge upon myself. I received due notice to make my will, and got instructions to have my coffin ready, for the Carders were resolved to clear me out of the country.

"I followed my business as usual; minded my mill and my farm; and tried to keep my mind as easy as possible. But I was very uneasy. I seldom slept during the entire night, and often heard, as I imagined, the steps of the Carders near the doors. One night, however, in 1816—a week after the Wild-gorse Lodge murder—while my wife was brought to bed of twins, and her mother was sitting up in the room, we heard a knock at the back door. I never opened my door after dark at that time, but the servant-maid had been sent to a neighbour's house on an urgent errand, and my mother-in-law, imagining that it was the knock of the girl, hastily ran to the door and opened it. Instantly a band of Carders, with blackened faces, rushed into the house; I leaped into my wife's bed, and lay beyond her, covered with the bed-clothes, with the little twins beside me. The Carders immediately entered the bedroom, and demanded my person. I gave myself up for lost. One of them took down from the wall an old cavalry sword, and threatened to finish me on the spot. My wife cried to them to have mercy upon me, and showed them her twins not two hours born. They then cried for drink, and my wife treated them liberally, so that they left, after threatening to take my life at another time.

"Soon afterwards, three of this gang were arrested, tried at the Armagh assizes, and convicted. One of them—'Jack the Carder'—who was the leader of the party, was sentenced to be hanged on the 'Com-

mon,' within view of my house, and the other two were transported beyond the seas. I remember the day of the execution well. My wife tried to save his life, for she said to the judge, at the assizes: 'My lord, this was the only kind and feeling one of the party, for it was he that commanded the rest to leave the house, and not molest my husband.' It was this very testimony of my wife that clenched the case against Jack, for it proved him to be the leader of the gang.

"I thought I would now have peace. But the threatening notices came thicker than ever. The Carders were resolved to have revenge. I was obliged to send my wife and children away to her father's in county Monaghan, and for six or eight weeks I never slept in a bed or with my clothes off. I had to barricade all the doors and windows by night; yet shots were poured in and struck the clothes and posts of the bed, for they supposed I was asleep in my usual sleeping-place. During all these dreadful weeks I sat and dozed by the kitchen-fire, with loaded pistols near at hand, and a musket and bayonet resting against the 'dresser,' while the window opposite my seat was built up, so as to secure me against unexpected bullets."

"Surely," said I, "that was a dreadful life to lead. How could you have borne it at all?"

"I was resolved," he continued, "not to yield; for my neighbours wanted me to leave the country altogether, and return home to my old place. But the Carders, I believe, wanted my life. It happened that, on one fair-day, below" [at the end of his land], "there was a great gathering of the boys from all parts. I was at the fair. I got a hint to go home as fast as I could; but it was too late. A mob of Catholics ran at me with stones. I leaped into the river for safety, hoping to hide myself under the bridge; and there I was for nearly two hours pelted with stones, assailed with the most horrible imprecations, and nearly dead from standing up to my knees in the water. But I was relieved by my neighbour, John H., who, hearing the noise, ran down to his house, and bringing out his yeoman gun and cartridge-box, began to blaze away at the crowd with as much coolness as if he had been on parade, or was shooting at a target. The crowd instantly scattered, and I got away home by the shortest route. My neighbour's ball-practice was very effective. He killed a poor weaver sitting innocently at his loom, and wounded several others, one of them mortally. John H. got a year in gaol, but he has never forgiven me for the bloody part he took that day for my safety."

"How, then," said I, "did you escape after that fight?"

"My landlord, Counsellor D., was down on a visit to this neighbourhood, and was, of course, made acquainted with my history. He hit upon a capital plan to save my life. He called all the tenantry together—they were nearly all Catholics—and told them he would give them leases of their holdings, *and he made me the life of every lease*. They were delighted at their landlord's kindness, and thanked his honour in the warmest terms. From that hour to this—between forty and fifty years—I have never been assaulted or threatened. It is the interest of every neighbour I have to keep me alive. I am surrounded by the sons and the grandsons of the men who threatened my life; and though they hate, me still there is no man's death in this country that will be more

lamented than mine, for the farmers have their land here for two or three shillings an acre."

Mr. H. still believes that the Catholics hate him, and never—as I have said—goes abroad to this day without pistols. His wife, who was the sister of a well-known London clergyman now deceased, lost the sight of both her eyes shortly after the execution of "Jack the Carder;" and the Catholic neighbours, of course, interpreted it as God's judgment upon her house for its sins.

I commend Counsellor D.'s specific against assassination to all Irish landlords, agents, or bailiffs, whose lives may be in danger. So long as Ribbonmen have an idea that the only remedy for agrarian wrongs is a blunderbuss with slugs, there will be murders; but if they get the idea into their heads that to shoot the landlord or agent, who may be the life of their leases, would be madness, there will be an instant breaking up of Ribbon lodges, and a new era of industrial prosperity and peace for Ireland. Will the landlords try this experiment? Its advantages are twofold. It will make the Irishman a better farmer, and it will increase the longevity of landowners and their agents.

There may be differences of opinion about the leasing system in Ireland, but there can be little doubt that, in the north at least, the lease is a great desideratum of the tenantry, and it would be the best protection of life against Ribbon bullets.

T. C.

## A PORTRAIT—ROME.

BY THE LATE SIR THOMAS WYSE.

He turn'd around  
 From that ungracious door: he turned quite round,  
 And smiled, and oped his swarth hand to the sun,  
 And all those jocund things, which laughed amidst,  
 The riotous trees, the giddy fount, and smoke,  
 Lazy with pleasure, all the stir, and gush  
 Of the heart's music babbling from yon gate,  
 And children in the midnight of their sports,  
 And old men listening on their wasted staffs,  
 And with them laughed he loudly, with a clear  
 And measured anger—for calamity  
 Will sometimes stir and ope a closing wound,  
 And then it breaks in laughter. There and then,  
 And thus he laughed, and for a space he took  
 Breath from his years and injuries. His teeth  
 Clattered, as if athirst for sudden thoughts  
 That would not speak, but noiseless in the heart  
 Stuck, and he shut and oped his broad harsh lips,  
 Opened and shut again—and shook his locks,  
 And closed his eyes in misery, and from hand  
 To hand pass'd quick his shrivelled hat. Away  
 Then went he in dead silence, and there were  
 Who smote him as he went! Who spares the Jew?

## THE LAST SESSION.

THE commencement of the present and last session of the existing parliament we have, till now, suffered to pass unnoticed. It will be long remembered, if upon no other ground than the satisfactory position of the country up to the time of its meeting. Notwithstanding the depressed state of our cotton manufacture, and the injury to commerce in the war among the largest of our customers in the United States of America, the results of peace at home, wise commercial measures, and non-intervention in the affairs of other European nations, have told well. They have shown how much a rational policy regarding our own country is superior to that, which, abandoning the welfare of the people, commences scenes of extravagance and bloodshed, to uphold the fugacious pretences of foreign princes, or support alliances in which not the smallest advantage, and not always justice, has been to be charged upon our own side. Chivalry of old, when a couple of ignorant wooden-headed combatants, cased in iron, chose to knock heads together for amusement sake—fit subjects for a chapter in Burke's lamentations over fallen despotisms, when the arts of reading and writing were confined to a cunning priesthood—chivalry of old to deliver imprisoned damsels, fight windmills, or butcher men under pretence of upholding the doctrine that more especially anathematises murder and massacre—all that was suited to a barbarous era. The nobles of William the Norman were below the knowledge their age had not brain to comprehend. We live in wiser days; we interpret our faith differently, and we believe from the Queen upon the throne, to her meanest subject, most of us are of a similar opinion as to the men of the old times, except it be the Lord Manners who evoked in rhyme the death of arts, learning, and commerce, if we could only get back our "old" nobility, a very few of whom who entered the lists in the head-knocking contests above alluded to could either write or read. Perhaps it was our hereditary pugnacity from such exemplars that so often embroiled us in war in past time for no better or more hopeful achievement than to show our want of the power of reasoning. But we are wandering from the subject.

So striking has been the success of the measures of the government in most branches of the public service, that its opponents have been unable, on the least important questions, to wage anything like a successful warfare against the ministry, with all the force they could muster. Thus whatever defects the cabinet may possess, it was clearly seen to have had the confidence of the country. The tenacious efforts of enemies to remove it were vain. If not as active in the House as that enemy might have been, still efforts in disparagement of the ministry have not been spared. The ill success thus encountered has been set down by party as a "generous" determination to refrain from mischief, with a hypocritical affectation of pity rather than have to meet certain defeat. Year after year we have seen the fallacy of those obsolete principles of rule which were so long, and are still, the staple of old Tory legislation. Never did Brothers the prophet display his imaginary foresight with more sanguine credulity, never was a spirit-rapper's divination doomed to a more remarkable

falsification. It did not change the face of affairs whether the arguments used were answered or not. Debility in ratiocination sometimes nurtured the hope of an adverse division to the ministry, if only by accident. No matter for the principle of the question, the right or wrong, if the desired result could be gained. Out of doors, on some representative vacancy, a Tory now and then supplanted an opponent candidate. Pyrotechny was at once set at work in the way of rejoicing, and "Kentish fire" was squibbed off in triumph, but with no better result than the busy chambermaid met with upon an unusually high tide, when she stood on the beach and endeavoured to mop back the Atlantic.

But if this be the last sitting of the present House of Commons, while noticing its proceedings as it approaches its natural dissolution, we must not forget the chances and changes of a new election. We are not of those who dream of finding Roman patriotism in a mercantile nation, where money and its acquirement in any and all sorts of ways make the ruling passion. We must not forget that Roman patriotism is not to be expected in England. Our patriots must be wreathed with golden, not myrtle crowns—what is fame or glory to hard cash, or lofty feeling to 'Change-alley excitement? A nation flourishing upon commercial gains will never give self-interest the second place, while that passion is the moving principle of the majority. Such a nation will not overabound in those who can forget "themselves" for the public weal. We know how much temptation affects our best resolutions. Without any strain upon the imagination, we can anticipate the musters about to be made, and even now making in advance of the dissolution of the Commons, by those distinguished patriots the country attorneys. The seductive propositions, the direct promises, the wily temptations to the hesitating voter, the recommendation to be ready for the poll when the time comes, and the simplicity of the seduced in the matter of promise and reward under the indomitable pertinacity of the agent, one of the "Devil's Own," as Lord Erskine styled the members of his select profession, and so far all goes on aboveboard and well. But how much "pleasanter"—a favourite word, we believe, with the great Railway King some time ago in cases something similar—how much "pleasanter" for the agent, than soliciting, is it to be addressed by some "conscientious" elector, his right-hand palm uppermost, placed behind his back to be out of sight, and his fingers bent a little inwards, suiting the action with admirable significance to the words, "How much this time, Mr. Fluke?"

But enough of this distasteful topic, the besetting sin, the corruption, we fear, inevitable in nations that rise to power through commerce, and make lucre the main object of their humanity in place of the public good. Let us for once imagine this interchange of selfish feeling, this corruption to be much lessened, and pass it by as being too likely an anticipation of customary events, only hoping that when the agents appeal and temptations are tendered, the voter will suffer the balance to incline to that side which has been most beneficial to the country. It is thus to be seen that we do not suppose selfish feeling to have disappeared because miracles have ceased. The advanced situation of the country, the increasing revenue, the wise preservation of a pacific state in the

empire, about which Lord Russell has been so bearded by the Opposition, and the general assent to our advanced social position, may plead for the preservation of electoral integrity, with some persons, when the present parliamentary body shall cease to exist, though such be not always the course of things. Faults must be discovered and denounced for party purposes, whether real or fictitious. "Here's for a hare or a fern-bush!" as the young sportsman said, when he must needs have a shot at something, he did not know what!

Some of the Opposition agree that one or two good things have been effected by the present government, but too crudely, compared to the way in which they would effect them! Thus it would be a benefit to the public were the Crown to place them in office, that they might put the top-stone to what they could not found; in other words, perfect a temple of political perfection in their own superior style upon the labour of others, just reversing the cry of the starling in the cage, "Let me in" standing for "Let me out," a cry long iterated by some in the country, not exactly conjurors, but reiterated too long to be regarded now at what Lord Brougham would call "the eleventh hour," though feeling the most Christian-like humility as to the credit of the work being given to others, if those hitherto excluded be allowed to use it for their own benefit.

The public business before the Houses of Parliament, after the usual preliminary proceedings, has not yet been very important.\* Mr. Roebuck's speech, on the 27th February, in relation to Ireland, was a dose not at all palatable to the self-imagined superiority of the minor party which effects so much mischief against what is just and liberal, whether Catholic or Protestant, in that ever-feverish country, which seems determined never to be satisfied unless saved the extra trouble of acting and thinking. It is like an overgrown infant that expects to be supported on spoonmeat to the end, in place of feeding itself. However strong his terms, there was great truth in Mr. Roebuck's remarks, but we have recently touched upon the subject, and felt gratified that in a late number† we had not in any point misstated or misrepresented things in that country. In fact, we found them corroborated by members of the House whose acquaintance with facts there is indisputable. Some charged the evil upon one thing, and some upon another, and the anomaly of a predominant Church with a minimum of members, dividing the whole religious resources of the country, was not passed over, as indeed it could not well be. Yet evil as it is, this in no way accounts for the existing position of the people. The same breadth of land must be cultivated in the one case as in the other. That the state of the country in regard to personal insecurity, where land is concerned, and the want of confidence, have kept, and will keep, strangers away, there can be no doubt, yet even Irish capitalists hang back, while able to make large purchases of land. Whatever is the cause, the evil is too apparent; and until religious peace and political union are uppermost in the country, if ever they will be, little good can be expected. The Irishman himself, even when he emigrates, often becomes a source of trouble to his vicinity, as he has again and again shown in the United

\* When this was written.  
April—VOL. CXXXIII. NO. DXXXII.

† January last.  
2 K

States. It was upon the supposition, the other day, that the negroes, if freed, would confront them in the labour market, that the Irish in New York most cruelly ill-used the blacks there, and were only put down by military force. The same thing, we believe, happened in the Jerseys. No men work harder, in unwholesome places in the United States, only to squander their earnings in drink, not laying it by, and becoming, as the Scotch and English emigrants become, owners of land by degrees, from the log-hut and field to considerable estates. We have been told that before the civil war broke out in the States, the Irish would toil hard all the week in New York, and squander their wages in drink with negroes for companions, reckless of the future. Yet they rarely lost their affection for their friends in Europe, and the frugal among them, a minor part, had many in their numbers who remitted sums of money to their relatives at home to enable them to emigrate. In fact, the character of the labouring Irish is in all points as full of contradictions there, as it is at home, or in their dirty courts and riotous haunts in the British metropolis.

Lord Russell, it will be remembered, did not please the Opposition in his correspondence upon the Danish question—not an easy task, we take it. His lordship did not choose the “primrose path” to the grim graces of the Prussian court, though they say he deceived the Danes by holding out hopes never intended to be fulfilled. Perhaps his rhetoric had been formed too much on the model of that which includes a specific meaning, and he too honestly betrayed his own wishes. He had been accustomed to speak what he thought in good homely English, during his old intercourse with John Bull upon matters relating to Reform. The refinements of diplomacy are difficult to adopt with those who are accustomed to the use of the “negative sign,” because it demands from honest men a new valuation of their native language. The vernacular is too plain and honest for the wiles of political intercourse. That which might honour the man might injure diplomatic craft. The untutored individual speaks what he thinks, and has no idea of the adoption of so precious a gift as language to circumvent—“language only given,” as Talleyrand would have said, “especially to conceal thought.” “How deeply it is to be regretted,” say his lordship’s political foes, “that he did not know better.” How gladly—how disinterestedly—would our “accomplished” Malmesbury have afforded him some instructions! The use of a mallet and chisel may answer in shaping blocks, but to acquire the art of splitting hairs with dexterity is quite another matter. An experienced foreign minister must not suppose he is ever to be accommodated in his journeyings by bridges as wide as that of Westminster. On the contrary, he must reflect that his duties will oblige him, in mere *bienséance*, to cross by such delicate means of transportation as the Mahomedans tell us they use to reach their paradise—a bridge narrow as the edge of a razor, to be passed without toppling. There must be no hurry, no flutter, no sanguine generous emotion, but resolute repose over all. Words used in diplomatic intercourse, with the most dangerous design, must be spoken in the softest and most pleasing tone; and if written, it must be upon velvet, and presented wrapped in down, even if they bear the *ne plus ultra* of insult in summing up, or should outdo Mendez Pinto in defiance of truth. There is nothing more glorious in this

bland profession than the management of a politic insincerity. Nothing should be called by a right name. Compliment should be exchanged the more generously as the end becomes more involved, or the hate more deadly. There is nothing like being hung with a silken cord, on applying which the hangman compliments you on the prospect of "dying sweetly." It is not very consistent, perhaps, that a correspondence meaning "blood and thunder," should be written on gossamer, but it is genteel, and chivalrous, even in "human butchery." "Gentlemen of the French guards, give us your fire!" said the English at Fontenoy. "No, we cannot fire first—fire you first!" with a courtly bow, was the polite reply. This kind of intercourse elucidates character, puts the fine edge upon the diplomatic profession, and makes up what would be called the "gentleman" by the vulgar. One of such as Quevedo tells us in his "Visions to the Place never named by Court Chaplains," the devil finds himself compelled to set on horseback on the way to their final destination, they being otherwise so unruly from not being treated with the *politesse* they received on earth as belonging to Lord Manners's "old nobility." Lord Russell's enemies did him no harm, even if his lordship were a little *gauche*. The error was on the honest side, upon which we cannot compliment those who have again and again declared that the destruction of the country must inevitably follow the measures contemplated by their opponents. Their long reiterated prophecies of "ruin" as the result of ameliorating our sanguinary laws, of reform, of religious freedom, and free trade, recal to mind the girl who made a complaint against a man for ruining her, and before steps were taken to apprehend him, came and made a new charge that he had ruined her again. England's ruin was similarly declared and repeated—an offence, the immorality of the thing not excepted, like that of the young lady, who was content on her second complaint to admit she took more ruining than the magistrate imagined. Just so the country was ruined, and must still be ruining, if the Jeremiads of the party be of any value. How came the cry to be abandoned? Why do the complainants now slink out of their persevering asseverations? What is become of the bankrupt landlords, and of the corn at a price that would not remunerate tillage? Year after year those iterations were common. We grew sick of them. It cannot surely be on these grounds that the ministers of the country are to be opposed on the hustings at the coming dissolution of parliament? The assaults upon Lord Russell, who had combated the party for so long a time, were, no doubt, made for lack of more weighty matter to place in front of the battle. If the country can withdraw its glance for a moment from its more venal pursuits—that part of it, at least, which is honest—and looks at home, it must see that the public confidence can only be bestowed where experience has shown it may not be disappointed. The Opposition cannot place its claim to that confidence in what it has itself never achieved, not even in its wailings about national disgrace from the abandonment of its old principles, the disregard of its vaticinations, or its cries about the desolation of our lands by letting the people have the necessaries of life at too cheap a rate. The Church was to be ruined by the emancipation of the Irish Catholics; in place of so many of the clergy abandoning it for Roman Catholicism, out of the ambition felt to increase their influence over the consciences of their fellow-men—it was



wonderful, indeed, that the country could take so much "ruining" upon this score. We confess, of the Opposition and its baffled prognostications, that, to quote a great poet in reference to them,

The devil did not know what he did when he made some men politic,

more especially when they put on the character before they had served an apprenticeship to the art of telling "lies for their country's good."

Lord Russell and his show-comings having ceased to be subjects of animadversion, the patriotism of the rebellious states of North America awoke the sympathies of the opponents of the government. Slavery kindled those sympathies, it is more than probable, because they were its old advocates. They could not fail to remember how Lord Eldon and those "prophets of old" had supported the system, but the Southern slave-owners, it is pretended, were struggling for liberty, demanding that freedom, so it was alleged, which they refused to their fellow-men, in all respects their equals, except in the colour of their skins. The supporters of the slaveowners here, aided by that part of the moneyed interest which lent and lends the rebellious states money, speculates in cotton bonds, ruled by every species of gambling. Sordid interest thus became influential to too great an extent. Montesquieu says, of all slaveholders everywhere, that slavery in its own nature is bad, that the slave can do nothing from a motive of virtue, and that the master, from his unlimited authority, "insensibly accustoms himself to the want of all the moral virtues, and from thence grows fierce, hasty, severe, choleric, voluptuous, and cruel." England nobly wiped out the stain, in the teeth of the party which is still the idolator of the memory of those to whom that country owes the loss of America, and a thousand millions sterling wasted to uphold divine rights for continental despots. The neutrality which has been observed by her Majesty's government in the American contest, so difficult to maintain under our laws, was the wisest policy it could pursue. The blockade runner, the Exchange gambler, the English advocate for slavery, the foe to all principle that interfered with possible profit, legal or illegal, ranged themselves with the slave principle covertly, but really with no small dexterity and cunning in behalf of private gain. Some aided in the rebellion *sub rosa*. They contrived to cover their actions with a thick veil, and in place of supporting their own government upon a great principle of neutrality, abetted and assisted in the plunder of defenceless merchantmen. This sack of private property they aided for lucre's sake alone, in a contest commenced and carried on against the spirit of the time, in behalf of the most debasing of national usages, and against the neutrality their government laboured sincerely to preserve. We must repeat our satisfaction at the course held by ministers in regard to the United States. Some of the newspapers there in the interest of renegade Irish, and, for the most part, conducted by them, have made it a point to snarl at the mother country. The better order of the press and the American government have had a different feeling, and are well aware that England has a perfect right to do what they do themselves, namely, look to that which, in no way outraging the rights of others, is deemed best for her own advantage. The result of the contest, thus far in the balance, has been on the side of the North. Certain

peace overtures, originating among enemies to that calamitous war still raging, have proved of no effect.

If we direct our attention to the Continent, we find France still advancing in trade and population. We find the Roman Catholic world, or that portion of it which has moved forward with the time, to have been recently astounded by an encyclical letter of the Pope, which anathematised all progress. Nothing more suicidal could have been perpetrated. The Head of the Church of Rome declared open warfare with the advance of mind. This step had the merit of honesty at least, for the march of mind has no bitterer foe, to the grief of many sincere members of the Roman Church. There can be no mistake about the meaning of the document as a challenge to combat the expansion of knowledge. The Pope reminds us of the anti-Mosaical animal that is said to cut its own throat when it swims for its life. This letter cannot fail to alienate in no small degree at least one-half of the Roman Catholic body, the better and more enlightened part, which moved with the time and had constituted a sort of midway moderator between present advance and the cherished darkness of the middle ages. The gauntlet has been flung down by Rome itself, and seals at once the destiny of the temporal power of the City of the Seven Hills, the "mother of dead nations." In the last day of her temporal power, she remains stone-blind to what is going on around her. She will not see that man is no longer the slave of superstitions. That he no longer credits his fellow-worm for the attributes of the supernatural, because an assumptive fellow-being wears a triple crown, and affects to follow the example of the Founder of Christianity, while giving as a proof the violation of every principle Christianity bequeathed to mankind, of every institute it left for directing man to his future salvation. What is Christianity in its simple, or, as it may be styled, its originally pure "philosophic" form? what but the human intellect the more advanced, if it be considered apart from the encroachments and perversions of sects and hierarchies. The Pope may now not inappropriately commence the mass, beginning "*Circumdederunt me dolores mortis et pericula inferni invenerunt me!*" Here let us abandon him to his agony.

Among the notabilia in relation to our Catholic fellow-subjects may be remarked the decease of Cardinal Wiseman, a learned and staunch advocate of his Church, a kindly man, of pleasant manners, and mild in his intercourse with those of a different faith. Who will succeed him is not known. We trust not one of the numerous renegades from our own Church, who, having signed its Calvinistic articles, has become restive. The temporal power of our excellent sovereign and the privy council is now decried in our own Church, by certain officials inflated with an ecclesiastical self-consequence, which would fain dictate to that civil power it can hardly tolerate with decency of language. "Others may be content that the law of the Church should be in all respects subordinated to the law of the land; I am not so content."\* The writer of this has not yet declared himself out of the pale of our Church. "Cardinal" Denison would not sound amiss, for all that. Another finds fault with the law of marriage, wanting, no doubt, to make a "sacrament" of that which is no

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\* In a letter of Archdeacon Denison, dated August 20, 1864, to the Bishop of Gloucester.

more than a civil contract. The "cardinal" will have no interference with the law of the Church, no, not even by its own supreme head and council. If the head and the council are contumacious in this way, we apprehend that the complainant must bear it with patience, perhaps get the Bishop of Oxford to be lachrymose with him in an edifying exercise of Christian fortitude! There would be something ludicrous in all this, did it not relate to a subject of such weighty concernment as a lust after the renewal of the temporal ecclesiastical power in plenitude. No matter whether Protestant or Catholic—power is the point desired. This letter of the Pope, and the emancipation of the Italian kingdom, have marked a new and important era in the religious and political state of Europe. Perhaps it is not relished everywhere; even out of the pale of Rome there may be kindly sympathies towards its latitude of power rather than its details of worship.

The distress so extensively felt and so heroically borne by the manufacturing population of the cotton districts has been gradually reduced, and will, we trust, in a little time, exhibit only the memory of its miseries in the districts which suffered most from that calamity. The conduct of the public of all classes and professions to relieve the sufferers can never be forgotten. The unions recently oppressed with the destitution of the sufferers are getting more and more towards full employment. We have a hope, not unmingled with fear, that in the event of peace and a renewal of trade with the United States, things will return to their old track, and the countries encouraged to cultivate cotton by the present demand for the article will be abandoned for a recurrence to the old market, if only from that previous habit which in this country rules paramount over reason. It is dangerous to draw all the raw material from a source that upon a sudden contingency may become inimical, and, cutting off the supply, repeat the late scene of suffering. It is true that cheapness must rule in the market, and that the cotton-growing states of America, from their present enormous outlay in the war, may, when peace arrives, not be able to send us cotton at as cheap a rate as they formerly did, when the taxes there were comparatively nominal, and thus the expected evil, prices governing, will be stayed by the natural course of things. It will be most for the advantage of England to have various sources for the supply of the raw material, upon grounds it would be superfluous to detail here, from their obvious character.

The sums of money required to sustain the individuals in the north thus thrown out of work are very large, independently of the private subscriptions which did the donors such high credit. The levies in the shape of rates must have been extremely burdensome, and have laid a great strain upon those on whom the onus of payment as well as the management fell. The Poor Law Board, with the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers at its head, must, we take it, have had anything except a sinecure. The coadjutors of that gentleman in the other departments of the government had a comparatively idle time of it. If we know what hard labour is, and we imagine we have stout notions upon that point in a more secluded walk of life, we can only wonder how Mr. Villiers worked his way through the brunt of the day, when things loomed sufficiently heavy to make the boldest in toil look serious. The Poor Law Board had not the suffering district alone to contend with, to control, supply, and watch, but there

were the numerous complaints, errors, abuses, demands of instruction, surveillance of mal-practices among coarse-minded local officials to examine. There were also researches into facts that tended to improvement in practice to be sedulously regarded elsewhere than where they occurred. The burden for the last three years having been lightened, there must still be more to sustain in the way of labour than in any of the other departments of the government, and the gratitude of the country must be duly meted to the head of the board for his labours, and the supervision of the treatment of nearly one million of souls. We have not heard a single complaint in the application of the means at the disposal of the Poor Law Board, or of its supervision, during the far-protracted demands upon its assistance, of the good, bad, and indifferent local agents in activity. The Earl of Derby has given evidence of the competency of the agents sent down by the board to the north.

Under this head we cannot pass over the attempt of Mr. A. Smith to annoy the government by moving for the abolition of the assistant-secretaryship to the Poor Law Board, at a moment when the business of that board, if a little relaxed, was still enormously burdensome. It was the old story of the discovery of a mare's nest. The increased expense of the board since 1853 was the main plea. Who that has any recollection of the sudden pressure upon that board, and the enormous weight of the claims upon it from the unemployed manufacturing hands in the north, but must have seen and felt an increase must have occurred, and that the labour must have been great? Who must not have known, as well, that labour to an enormous extent still exists? Nothing could better explain the party spirit under which the motion originated. It was impolitic, where the truth of the labour was so obvious, that men of all parties appeared, by the division, to view the motion in its true aspect. The attempt to damage the administration, by an attack upon one of its most active and hard-working heads, in a matter the reverse of which was so obvious, and the motion itself was so damaging to the sagacity of the mover, that the House justly marked it by a division of one hundred and seventy-six for, with only seventeen in favour of what the mover perhaps imagined would have achieved for him a great party triumph. The honest Tories repudiated it. If it be possible, the honourable mover must have been led, after such a division, to a great distrust of his own perspicacity. If he were not, the rest of the world were. Mr. Villiers answered Mr. Smith in a mode perfectly satisfactory. It appeared to the House, as it no doubt really did to those who considered the subject among the community at large, without regard to party. Even in the sense of being mistaken for zeal in the behalf of his friends, Mr. Smith made a blunder; a fault is sometimes as bad as a crime to our own party. There was a bill brought in the same day by the President of the Poor Law Board, for the purpose of distributing relief to the poor in the unions in place of the parishes, a step that seemed to be demanded by the constitution of the unions at their formation. It will not much affect the metropolis, the different sections of which are for the most part governed by separate acts of parliament.

The revenue has exhibited a surplus, and under the wing of peace, foreign and domestic, has not only improved during the calamitous period of the cotton manufacturer's distress, but promises, under the judicious

plan of increasing consumption by diminishing the weight of duty, not only to ease the consumer, but to increase the revenue at the same time, and that upon articles of which the consumption is most extended. This overturn of the Pitt system of fiscal management, which was vexatious, because it consisted of small amounts levied upon almost every article of utility or consumption, exhibits an advance in the modern principle, the proposal of which would have been condemned as ignorant, because unprecedented, during the unscientific rule of our anti-free trade financiers. We can well remember how careful we once were on going to a public dinner to examine our hat, lest a stamp should be wanting, and an informer should pluck us in the way of fine, and put half of it into his pocket. There was no end to that kind of care under many heads of revenue in the time of George III. With the existing duties upon a few articles we are enabled to consume more of those which make a more profitable fiscal return than our fathers could make, while we pay no duty at all upon things in those times heavily burdened. In the early part of the last century, when wheat was 26s. per quarter, sugar was 59s. per cwt. unrefined, and double refined, 9½d. per lb.; Bohea tea from 12s. to 14s., imperial 14s., Hyson 35s., green 12s. to 15s. per lb.; port wine was from 32*l.* to 42*l.* per tun, because it was not then adulterated with twenty-five per cent. of brandy. The latter was then but 6s. 6d. per gallon, and rum the same price. We have thus gained in the prices of many commodities by our superior system of fiscal action, paying so much less than formerly. At that time the revenue was only about eight millions, and the population seven millions. The population is now seventeen millions, and the revenue, including Ireland, above seventy millions. The people are gainers, notwithstanding the payments still making for the amazing expenditure of the favourite and disastrous wars of George III., and the enormous debts thus incurred. Sad burdens still with which to wade through the Slough of Despond should reaction happen. The articles which are the produce of commerce and manufactures are not increased in price, while those connected with land, and land itself, have all risen in the market—land which free trade was to ruin!

The judicious course pursuing by Mr. Gladstone will still further exhibit the soundness of the principles upon which the financial business of the nation is conducted after a long party struggle. The details are laid upon every table in the daily journals, and we need not follow them out. The finances of the country are in good hands, because they are not in the hands of a minister who is only made a financier by place, trusting upon the point of right or wrong to the experience of an under-secretary. Mr. Gladstone is not one of those without whose presence the business of his office would proceed just as well from his non-acquaintance with its details, as has often occurred with official gentlemen. Mr. Burke used to say, cut off the heads of all the ostensible ministers, and the business of the country would go on just as well as before. If it were not so, how could a "Horse-Marine" become, as aforetime, a Lord of the Admiralty, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer be fashioned out of an Old Bailey lawyer! How could either fulfil his duties unless it were under the colour of a sort of ministerial metonymy, by which one office was "presumed" to be admirably filled by an individual who had been all his days devoted to a duty of an opposite character? Mr.

Gladstone must have studied commercial affairs from his intercourse and connexions among those who lived by them. His financial knowledge was not acquired by writing pasquinades upon present friends before a kindly intercourse with them could be foreseen to be the means to an end. Nor are we aware that the right honourable gentleman ever expended his distinguished talents in elevating to the dynasty of "heroes" those who held their Christian virtues through their apt comprehension and skill in the mysteries of Tattersall's, or the dubious morals of the race-stand. The pursuits of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, previously to his holding office, were somewhat more elevated in the sight of the better part of the nation, and the labours of the right honourable gentleman have but done justice to the expectations entertained as the result of his financial views, and to Lord Palmerston's judgment in associating him with the existing ministry.

In regard to the administration of the last-mentioned nobleman, particularly at the moment when a new parliament is shortly to be expected, it must be gratifying, after his long acquaintance with public business, to find the position he holds in the nation strengthen with his measures and brighten in its prospects under his own declining years. His lordship must perceive the vast advantage the country derives from his making its true interests paramount, and banishing the influence of secondary considerations. Thank Heaven, Hanover no longer hangs like a millstone round the neck of England. The concerns of foreign dynasties, no longer propped up with English blood and English treasure, must henceforth take care of themselves, unless they involve her welfare. The dream of a balance of power, to be purchased by debt, and the reduction of our resources for extraneous interests, has passed away—that insubstantial vision of infatuated cabinets. At what a cost were attempts made to realise it *de facto*, just as wisely as it would be to try and embody a rainbow. France is treading in our steps, and if the dunder-headed Germans, or the bamboozled Prussians, were to do the same, in place of being mocked by their rulers, unaware of the reality so clear to other people, that they only exist for those who wield the rod over them, it would be more conducive to their political interests. It is this true policy for the interest of his country that Lord Palmerston has at length made, we trust, a fixed principle in English rule. This is the achievement of a much more important work than might be supposed, if considered in relation to the coming time. The premier will date his celebrity from the change thus effected, and though it was one advised as most advantageous by far-seeing persons, they were, as they are almost always for a long season, in the minority. This will or might legitimately be one great advantage for the consideration of the country at the coming elections, if men, having the power of thinking and reasoning correctly, would do so, though by no means a natural result, even while men are said to be thinking beings. The extent to which venality exercises its power in this country of freedom is too little considered. It is interwoven in every texture; its extinction is impossible. The increase of the national wealth, advantageous as it is, increases the love for, and subserviency to, its domination. If we are a rich nation, wealth will govern us, let patriotism do what it may. Still wealth is power; we shall be more able than ever to support our independence in reference to

foreign nations. Under Lord Palmerston's administration, on several occasions, the voice of discontent has hushed itself, when an opposite course of former rule would not have had the same result, and this only because common sense was suffered to have its sway, in place of being checked, as of yore, and made the last law of the government. The present cabinet may point with just pride to that result shortly, when it appeals to the country. Except in Ireland, all has been tranquil. The Belfast riots in that country, as has been well observed, were a disgrace to the magistracy. If that magistracy suffered a civil war under its nose, and made no effort to prevent or stay its course from party motives, it deserves punishment beyond the disgrace which the act itself shows it cannot feel. If two armed factions meeting and firing upon each other, a military force being near and unable to act through the lapse of duty on the part of the civil power, it is only another of the many proofs, since the London riots of 1780, of the inefficiency of that class of magistrates, who, it is possible, may suffer party feeling or personal fear to prevail over the duty of the place they are so ill adapted to fill. Belfast should, if so, no longer be at the mercy of magistrates who, as in many corporations, may, it is possible, be chosen to eat and swill under party colours, and expect to do no more. A stipendiary officer should be appointed, who would do his duty without fear or affection, wherever party spirit carries the refuse of towns and cities into the perpetration of mutual murders. A strong, firm hand is wanted to crush mercilessly the doings of those who on both sides violate the principles of religion, each under the monstrous pretence of upholding its own interpretation of that which constitutes the Christian's duty. A tolerable proof that neither party at Belfast comprehended even the elements of that duty; at least we may be excused if this be our interpretation of the whole affair, from the colour it recently wore.

We have observed that France is copying us in extending the principles of free trade; even stolid heavy-brained Austria is moving in the matter. The speech of the emperor, upon the opening of the legislature, contained passages of no mean interest. It was sensible, lucid, and augured well for the government. It breathed a spirit of peace and advance, if it is to be regarded as something more than the mere verbiage too often the characteristic of such documents. Would to God that the day were come to beat the swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks! It is clear that Napoleon III. understands, and intends to benefit France as much as he is enabled to do in that way. The misery in the government of that noble country lies in the factions of Bourbonites, with inveterate hereditary predispositions for ignorant mischief in the art of governing, with slavish traditions of the Grand Monarque, and an incapacity for anything useful in the speculative republicans, who put excellent theories upon paper, and think they can govern by them thirty millions of people, every one going his own way; and lastly come the adherents of the House of Orleans. It is impossible to rule an empire so divided with a full free constitution, having three or four factions, each sanguine of success under its own colours. Even with the great name of Bonaparte at their head, the impulsive character of the French people is to be considered. It is this consideration, which no doubt has its weight with the emperor, who has more ability and good

sense than is possessed by all the other continental sovereigns united, not excepting Prussia, a country in which just now the amusing game is going forward that will show the metal of the Prussian people.

The question is, whether the crown, in plenitude of despotism, shall or shall not be limited by the parliament and constitution to which it is sworn? With honest men this would be no question. In Prussia it is the question whether the king, as Charles I. did in England, shall rule the country without the consent of his parliament, or not, and violate his oath to the constitution. The throne has three hundred thousand bayonet-reasons upon its side, and must be right, if God be always on the side of the strongest physical power, as some assert. Will the people act there as nobly as they did in England in defence of their rights, or not? Will they pack off their king as we did James II.? We do not imagine it of the German, the plodding, quiet visionary, unmatched in speculative theories, each himself a prince in the realm of imagination, in which the kingship and old European feudality hang up in the shade, rearing himself magnificent châteaux en Espagne, not in his own land. Germany is of necessity *la patrie de la pensée*, because thought is free even there as well as in the dungeon of the captive. The German, not in all the states equally, is ground by the iron hand, and will, from habit, seek in mental freedom that which is denied to corporeal action. Hence, on the one hand, for example, the value of the results of the meditative labours of the German literati; and on the other, their stationary position in relation to civil liberty. We cannot look upon Prussia just now less curiously in regard to the crafty and selfish policy of her sovereign than as to the course her people will pursue. Germany is only an aristocratic confederation, and is thus more easily ruled by the satraps who divide it up amongst them, under the surveillance of two masters in Austria and Prussia, whose friendship is purely diplomatic, and whose jealousy is unquenchable. The Germans are not a unity after all. "*Les Allemands*," says a distinguished writer, "*sont Saxons, Prussiens, Bavaurois, Autrichiens; mais la caractère Germanique, sur lequel devrait se fonder la force de tous, est morcelé comme la terre même qui a tant de différentes maîtres.*" The progress of civil liberty must be slow, indeed, among a people thus described, and faithfully described, divided, it would seem, as if to be rendered less able to assert the rights of freedom and humanity. We hope, too, that, in his boastings, the Prussian Alexander, having the assistance of Austria in his immortal achievements against the Danes, will not get beside himself after playing the character of the sovereign of Brobdingnag against the Lilliputians, and ultimately kindle a war in Europe in behalf of divine right, as the sovereigns of Europe did for Louis XVI., in case his subjects give him a lesson he may not be well pleased to learn. The ultimate annexation of the duchies may tend to conciliate the Prussians to the annihilation of the law which defines the power of the popular branch of the constitution. Will they not crouch? *Nous verrons!*

In America all efforts to restore peace have been ineffectual. The slaveholders still speak of resistance to the free states, as men accustomed to show an absolute will always speak, however actually circumstanced. They will not return to the old union. Slavery is there utterly abolished, and the "property" hallowed in their eyes, and for which they rose



in rebellion, cannot be preserved. The independence they possessed in their former representative system, and the gain of their encroachments on northern freedom by the introduction of slaves into free states, and by the fugitive slave law in addition, were not enough, though by moving into a Northern state with their slaves, they, in fact, converted it into a slave state, and even disposed of the "property" there. But that was not sufficient. The war is renewing with a terrible waste of life, and with all its previous bitterness. Fresh torrents of blood will flow now the campaign has opened. The North has thus far the best of it. The great slave empire is become a myth, and the laws of Kansas, the favourite code of the South, are as far as ever from becoming established. The prohibition to emancipate slaves upon any kind of plea, passed by the South, it is thought will be relaxed, to make soldiers of them. As far back as 1853, the measure of a great slave empire was secretly projected, and the present rebellion contemplated, for it is a rebellion to all intents and purposes, whatever colour our money-lenders may put upon it. The plea of every state being a separate country is ridiculous after the Union, and a full and fair representative system of all the states together had been effected to govern, except in certain local affairs. The North must be mad to yield up its rights, having two-thirds of the representative body from its population. To give up the mouths of its ports and rivers, to cancel the debts of the South, and admit the system of slavery it had abolished, after yielding so much, and making concessions which the aid of the democrats to the South obtained under the idea of keeping the Union intact (for the democrats cared nothing about the slave question), and then, when the catspaw was used, and rebellion proclaimed, they, the democrats, were repaid by being thrown back upon the Federalists for their pains. The South had no more right, nor as much right, to rise in rebellion as Wales has at this moment, and if the latter did so under any plea, even her own security, she would arm England to resist it. Slave-dealers in rebellion to establish free principles themselves, being in a state of perfect freedom before, is a farce. Their desire is the retrogradation of humanity for lucre sake. If to establish slavery from the Atlantic to the Pacific be as it was the object of the South, the world would be obliged to whoever would prevent a blot and a crime on the face of advancing civilisation in every enlightened country under the sun. Such a people is a common enemy, alike to Heaven and the common family of nations. Even Spain is moving to abolish her share in the existing iniquity, while the Southern Americans fight to render it permanent. The latest intelligence strengthens the cause of the North. The money-lenders and speculators in England, with the journals devoted to them, begin to look serious at the state of the slave-owners, by whose success they hoped to profit, the *morale* of the matter aside.

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